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THE GRAND CANAL.

By Henry James.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER ZEZZOS.

THE honor of representing the plan and the place at their best might perhaps appear, in the city of St. Mark, properly to belong to the splendid square which bears the patron's name, and which is the centre of Venetian life so far (this is pretty well all the way indeed), as Venetian life is a matter of strolling and chaffering, of gossiping and gaping, of circulating without a purpose, and of staring—too often with a foolish one—through the shop-windows of dealers whose hospitality makes their doorsteps dramatic, at the very vulgarest rubbish in all the modern market. If the Grand Canal, however, is not quite technically a "street," the perverted Piazza is perhaps even less of one; and I hasten to add that I am glad not to find myself studying my subject under the international arcades, or even (I will go the length of saying) in the solemn presence of the church. For indeed, in that case, I foresee I should become even more confoundingly conscious of the stumbling-block that inevitably, even with his first few words, crops up in the path of the lover of Venice who rashly addresses himself to expression. "Venetian life" is a mere literary convention, even though it be an indispensable

The Grand Canal from a Terrace.

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figure. The words have played an effective part in the literature of sensibility; they constituted, thirty years ago, the title of Mr. Howells's delightful volume of impressions; but in using them to-day one owes some frank amends to one's own lucidity. Let me carefully premise, therefore, that so often as they shall again drop from my pen, so often shall I beg to be regarded as systematically superficial.

Venetian life, in the large old sense, has long since come to an end, and the essential present character of the most melancholy of cities resides simply in its being the most beautiful of tombs.

Ganzer—a Retired Boatman who Assists Gondolas at Landing-places.

Nowhere else has the past been laid to rest with such tenderness, such a sadness of resignation and remembrance. Nowhere else is the present so alien, so discontinuous, so like a crowd in a cemetery without garlands for the graves. It has no flowers in its hands, but as a compensation, perhaps—and the thing is doubtless more to the point—it has money and little red books. The everlasting shuffle, in the Piazza, of these irresponsible visitors is contemporary Venetian life. Everything else is only a reverberation of that. The vast mausoleum has a turnstile at the door, and a functionary in a shabby uniform lets you in, as *per* tariff, to see how dead it is. From this *constatation*, this cold curiosity, proceed all the industry, the prosperity, the vitality of the place. The shopkeepers and gondoliers, the beggars and the models, depend upon it for a living; they are the custodians and the ushers of the great museum — they are even themselves to a certain extent the objects on exhibition. It is in the wide vestibule of the square that the polyglot pilgrims gather most densely; Piazza San Marco is like the lobby of the opera in the intervals of the performance. The present fortune of Venice, the lamentable difference, is most easily measured there, and that is why, in the effort to resist our pessimism, we must turn away both from the purchasers and from the venders of *ricordi*. The *ricordi* that we prefer are gathered best where the gondola glides—best of all on the noble waterway that begins in its glory at the Salute and ends in its abasement at the railway station. It is, however, the cockneyfied Piazzetta (forgive me, shade of St. Theodore—has not a brand new café begun to glare there, electrically, this very year?) that introduces us most directly to the great picture by which the Grand Canal works its first spell, and to which a

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DRAWN BY ALEXANDER ZEZZOS.

Regatta Day on the Grand Canal.

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thousand artists, not always with a talent apiece, have paid their tribute. We pass into the Piazzetta to look down the great throat, as it were, of Venice, and the vision must console us for turning our backs on St. Mark's.

We have been treated to it again and again, of course, even if we have never

A Girl of the People.

stirred from home; but that is only a reason the more for catching at any freshness that may be left in the world of photography. It is in Venice, above all, that we hear the small buzz of this vulgarizing voice of the familiar; yet perhaps it is in Venice, too, that the picturesque fact has best mastered the pious secret of how to wait for us. Even the classic Salute waits, like some great lady on the threshold of her saloon. She is more ample and serene, more seated at her door, than all the copyists have told us, with her domes and scrolls, her scolloped buttresses and statues forming a pompous crown, and her wide steps disposed on the ground like the train of a robe. This fine air of the woman of the world is carried out by the well-bred assurance with which she looks in the direction of her old-fashioned Byzantine neighbor; and the juxtaposition of two churches so distinguished and so different, each splendid in its sort, is a sufficient mark of the scale and range of Venice. However, we ourselves are looking away from St. Mark's—we must blind our eyes to that dazzle; without it, indeed, there are brightnesses and fascinations enough. We see them in abundance, even while we look away from the shady steps of the Salute. These steps are cool in the morning, yet I don't know that I can justify my excessive fondness for them any better than I can explain a hundred of the other vague infatuations with which Venice sophisticates the spirit. Under such an influence, fortunately, one needn't explain—it keeps account

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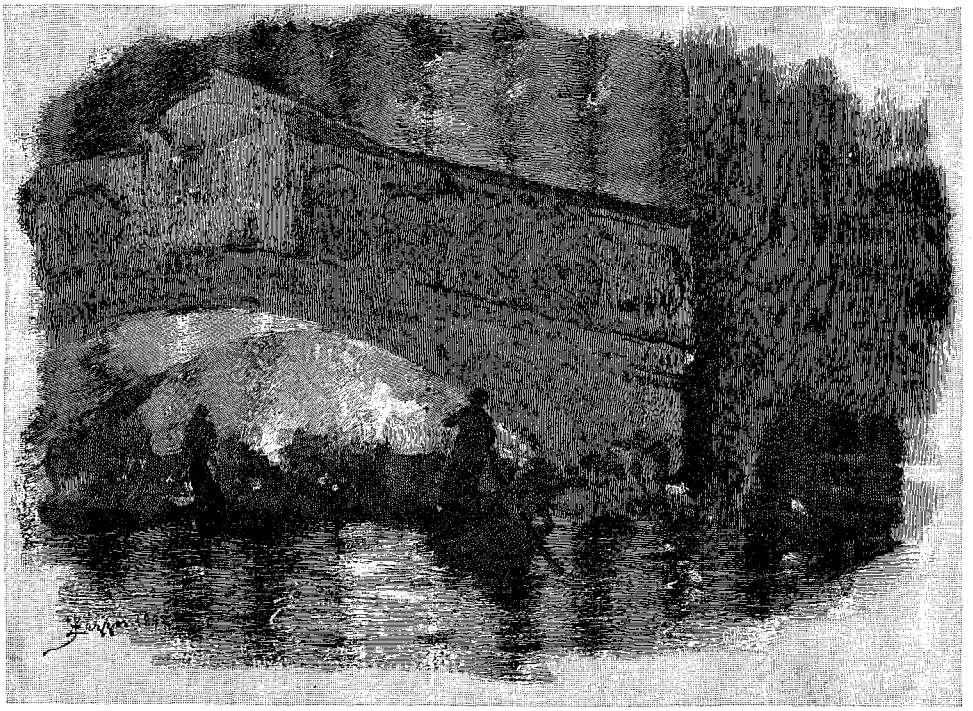
of nothing but perceptions and affections. It is from the Salute steps, perhaps, of a summer morning, that this view of the open mouth of the city is most brilliantly amusing. The whole thing composes as if composition were the chief end of human institutions. The charming architectural promontory of the Dogana stretches out the most graceful of arms, balancing in its hand the gilded globe on which revolves the delightful satirical figure of a little weathercock of a woman. This Fortune, or Navigation, or whatever she is called—she surely needs no name—catches the wind in the bit of drapery of which she has divested her rotary bronze loveliness. On the other side of the Canal twinkles and glitters the long row of the happy palaces which are mainly expensive hotels. There is hypocritical loveliness, for the stranger and the victim. I call them happy because even their sordid uses and their vulgar signs melt somehow, with their vague sea-stained pinks and drabs, into that strange gayety of light and color which is made up of the reflection of superannuated things. The atmosphere plays over them like a laugh, they are of the essence of the sad old joke. They are almost as charming from other places as they are from their own balconies, and share fully in that universal privilege of Venetian objects which consists of being both the picture and the point of view.

This double character, which is particularly strong in the Grand Canal, adds a difficulty to any control of one's notes. The Grand Canal may be practically, as an impression, the cushioned



A Moonlight Serenade—at the Rialto Bridge.

a little of everything everywhere, in the bright Venetian air, but to these houses belongs especially the appearance of sitting, across the water, at the receipt of custom, of watching, in their balcony of a high and well-loved palace —the memory of irresistible evenings, of the sociable elbow, of endless lingering and looking; or it may evoke the restlessness of a fresh curiosity, of me-

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thodical inquiry, in a gondola piled with references. There are no references, I ought to mention, in the present remarks, which sacrifice to accident, not to completeness. A rhapsody on Venice is always in order, but I think the catalogues are finished. I should not attempt to write here the names of all the palaces, even if the number of those I find myself able to remember were less insignificant. There are many that I delight in that I don't know, or at least that I don't keep, apart. Then there are the bad reasons for preference that are better than the good, and all the sweet bribery of association and recollection. These things, as one stands on the Salute steps, are so many delicate fingers to pick straight out of the row a dear little featureless house which, with its pale green shutters, looks straight across at the great door and through the very keyhole, as it were, of the church, and which I needn't call by a name—a pleasant American name—that everyone in Venice, these many years, has had on grateful lips. It is the very friendliest house in all the wide world, and it has, as it deserves to have, the most beautiful position. It is a real *porto di mare*, as the gondoliers say—a port within a port; it sees everything that comes and goes, and takes it all in with practised eyes. Not a tint or a hint of the immense iridescence is lost upon it, and there are days of exquisite color on which it may fancy itself the heart of the wonderful prism. We wave to it, from the Salute steps, which we must decidedly leave if we wish to get on, a grateful hand across the water, and turn into the big white church of Longhena—an empty shaft beneath a perfunctory dome—where an American family and a German party, huddled in a corner upon a pair of benches, are gazing, with a conscientiousness worthy of a better cause, at nothing in particular.

For there is nothing particular, in this cold and conventional temple, to gaze at save the great Tintoretto of the sacristy, to which we quickly pay our respects, and which we are glad to have, for ten minutes, to ourselves. The picture though full of beauty, is not the finest of the master's; but it serves again as well as another to transport (there is no other word) those of his lovers for whom, in far-away years when Venice was an early rapture, this strange and mystifying painter was almost the supreme revelation. The plastic arts may have less to say to us than in the hungry years of youth, and the celebrated picture, in general, be more of a blank; but more than the others any fine Tintoret still carries us back, calling up not only the rich particular vision but the freshness of the old wonder. Many things come and go, but this great artist remains for us, in Venice, a part of the company of the mind. The others are there in their obvious glory, but he is the only one for whom the imagination, in our expressive modern phrase, sits up. The Marriage in Cana, at the Salute, has all his characteristic and fascinating unexpectedness—the sacrifice of the figure of our Lord, who is reduced to the mere final point of a clever perspective, and the free, joyous presentation of all the other elements of the feast. Why, in spite of this queer one-sidedness, does the picture give us no impression of a lack of what the critics call reverence? For no other reason that I can think of than because it happens to be the work of its author, in whose very mistakes there is a singular wisdom. Mr. Ruskin has spoken with sufficient eloquence of the serious loveliness of the row of heads of the women, on the right, who talk to each other as they sit at the foreshortened banquet. There could be no better example of the roving independence of the painter's vision, a real spirit of adventure, for which his subject was always a cluster of accidents; not an obvious order, but a sort of peopled and agitated chapter of life, in which the figures are submissive pictorial notes. These notes are all there, in their beauty and heterogeneity, and if the abundance is of a kind to make the principle of selection seem in comparison timid, yet the sense of "composition," in the spectator (if it happen to exist), reaches out to the painter in peculiar sympathy. Dull must be the spirit of the worker tormented, in

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DRAWN BY ALEXANDER ZEZZOS. ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

A Temporary Bridge Across the Canal of the Redeemer (Redentore).

(Built annually for the Feast of the Redeemer—to give easy access to the church.)

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any field of art, with that particular question, who is not moved to recognize, in the eternal problem, the high fellowship of Tintoretto.

If the long reach from this point to the deplorable iron bridge which discharges the pedestrian at the Academy —or, more comprehensively, to the painted and gilded Gothic of the noble Palazzo Foscari—is too much of a curve to be seen at any one point as a whole, it represents the better the arched neck, as it were, of the undulating serpent of which the Canalazzo has the likeness. We pass a dozen historic houses, we note in our passage a hundred component "bits," with the baffled sketcher's sense, and with what would doubtless be, save for our intensely Venetian fatalism, the baffled sketcher's temper. It is the early palaces, of course, and also, to be fair, some of the late, if we could take them one by one, that give the Canal the best of its ages and the generations have worked their will upon them, and the wind and the weather have had much to say; but disfigured and dishonored as they are, with the bruises of their marbles and the patience of their ruin, there is nothing like them in the world, and the long succession of their faded, conscious faces makes of the quiet waterway they overhang a *promenade historique* of which the lesson, however often we read it, gives, in the depth of its interest, an incomparable dignity to Venice. We read it in the Romanesque arches, crooked to-day in their very curves, of the early middle-age, in the exquisite individual Gothic of the splendid time, and in the cornices and columns of a decadence almost as proud. These things at present are almost equally touching in their good faith, they have each in their degree so effectually parted with their pride. They have lived on as they could and lasted

Dinner-time—Type of Gondolier.

grand air. The fairest are often cheek by jowl with the foulest, and there are few, alas, so fair as to have been completely protected by their beauty. The as they might, and we hold them to no account of their infirmities, for even those of them whose blank eyes, today, meet criticism with most submis-

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sion, are far less vulgar than the uses we have mainly managed to put them to. We have botched them and patched them and covered them with sordid signs; we have restored and improved them with a merciless taste, and the best of them we have made over to the peddlers. Some of the most striking objects in the finest vistas, at present, are the huge advertisements of the curiosity-shops.

Fishmongers.

The antiquity-mongers, in Venice, have all the courage of their opinion, and it is easy to see how well they know they can confound you with an unanswerable question. What is the whole place but a curiosity-shop, and what are you here for yourself but to pick up odds and ends? "We pick them up *for* you," say these honest Jews, whose prices are marked in dollars, "and who shall blame us if, the flowers being pretty well plucked, we add an artificial rose or two to enhance the bouquet?" They take care, in a word, that there be plenty of relics, and their establishments are huge and active. They administer the antidote to pedantry, and you can complain of them only if you never cross their thresholds. If you take this step you are lost, for you have parted with the correctness of your attitude. Venice becomes, frankly, from such a moment, the big, depressing, dazzling joke in which, after all, our sense of her contradictions sinks to rest—the grimace of an overstrained philosophy. It's

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rather a comfort, for the curiosity-shops are amusing. You have bad moments, indeed, as you stand in their halls of humbug, and, in the intervals of haggling, hear, through the high windows, the soft plash of the sea on the old water-steps, for you think with intensified, by real participation. If you have had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of an old Venetian home, and to lead your life a little in the painted chambers that still echo with one of the historic names, you have entered by the shortest step into

Entrance of the Grand Canal.

anger of the noble homes that are laid waste in such scenes, of the delicate lives that must have been, that might still be, led there. You reconstruct the admirable house according to your own needs; leaning on a back balcony you drop your eyes into one of the little green gardens with which, for the most part, such establishments are exasperatingly blessed, and end by feeling it a shame that you yourself are not in possession. (I take for granted, of course, that as you go and come you are, in imagination, perpetually lodging yourself and setting up your gods; for if this innocent pastime, this borrowing of the mind, is not your favorite sport, there is a flaw in the appeal that Venice makes to you.) There may be happy cases in which your envy is tempered, or perhaps I should rather say the inner spirit of the place. If it didn't savor of treachery to private kindness, I should like to speak frankly of one of these delightful, even though alienated, structures, to refer to it as a splendid example of the old palatial type. But I can only do so in passing, with a hundred precautions, and, lifting the curtain at the edge, drop a commemorative word on the success with which, in this particularly happy instance, the cosmopolitan habit, the modern sympathy, the intelligent, flexible attitude, the latest fruit of time, adjust themselves to the great, gilded, relinquished shell, and try to fill it out. A Venetian palace that has not too grossly suffered, and that is not overwhelming by its mass, makes almost any life graceful that may be led in it. With cultivated and generous contem-

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porary ways it reveals a pre-established harmony. As you live in it, day after day its beauty and its interest sink more deeply into your spirit; it has its moods and its hours, and its mystic voices, and its shifting expressions. If in the absence of its masters you have happened to have it to yourself for twenty-four hours, you will never forget the charm of its haunted stillness, late on the summer afternoon, for instance, when the call of playing children comes in behind from the campo, nor the way the old ghosts seemed to pass on tip-toe on the marble floors. It gives you practically the essence of the matter that we are considering, for beneath the high balconies Venice comes and goes, and the particular stretch you command contains all the characteris-

The Bridge of the Rialto.

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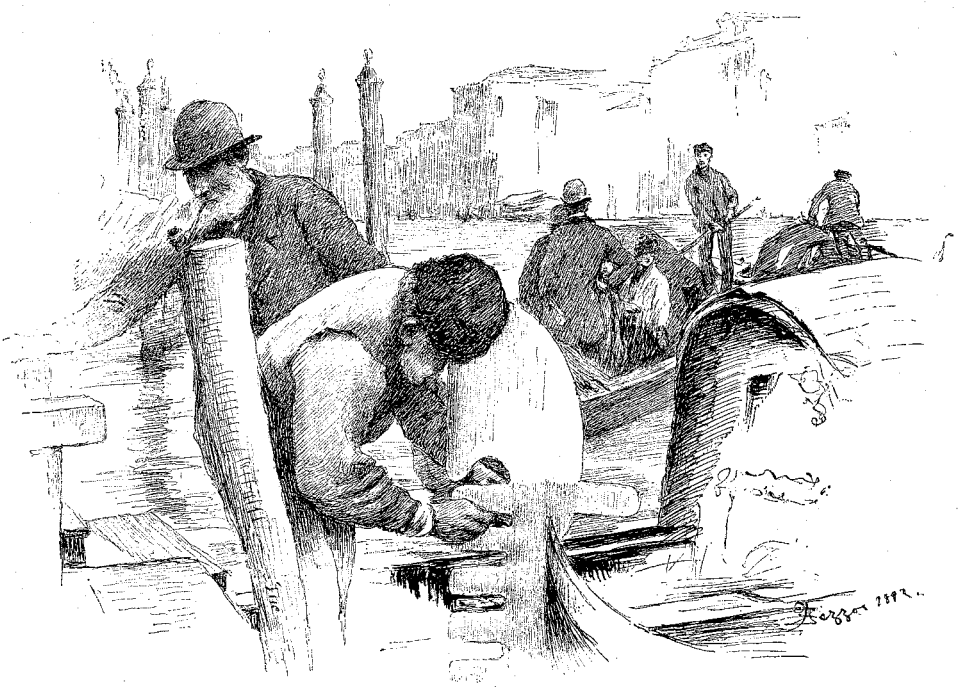
tics. Everything has its turn, from the heavy barges of merchandise, pushed by long poles from the patient shoulder, to the floating pavilions of the great serenades, and you may study at your leisure the admirable Venetian arts of managing a boat and organizing a spectacle. Of the beautiful free stroke with which the gondola, especially when there are two oars, is impelled, you never, in the Venetian scene, grow weary; it is always in the picture, and the large, profiled action with which the standing rowers throw themselves forward with a constant recovery has the double value of being, at the fag-end of great-nursery-maid pushing her small charges in a perambulator.

But why should I risk too free a comparison where this picturesque and amiable class are concerned? I delight in their sunburnt complexions and their childish dialect; I know them only by their merits, and I am grossly prejudiced in their favor. They are interesting and touching, and alike in their virtues and their defects human nature is simplified, as with a big effective brush. Affecting above all is their dependence on the stranger, the whimsical stranger who swims out of their ken, yet whom Providence sometimes



Traghetto—a Passageway of the Grand Canal.

ness, the only energetic note. The people from the hotels are always afloat, and, at the hotel-pace, the solitary gondolier (like the solitary horseman of the old-fashioned novel) is, I confess, a somewhat melancholy figure. Perched on his poop without a mate, he re-enacts perpetually, in high relief, with his toes turned out, the comedy of his odd and charming movement. He always has a little the look of an absent-minded restores. The best of them, at any rate, are in their line great artists. On the swarming feast-days, on the strange feast-night of the Redentore, their steering is a miracle of ease. The master-hands, the celebrities and winners of prizes (you may see them on the private gondolas in spotless white, with brilliant sashes and ribbons, and often with very handsome persons), take the right of way with a pardonable inso-

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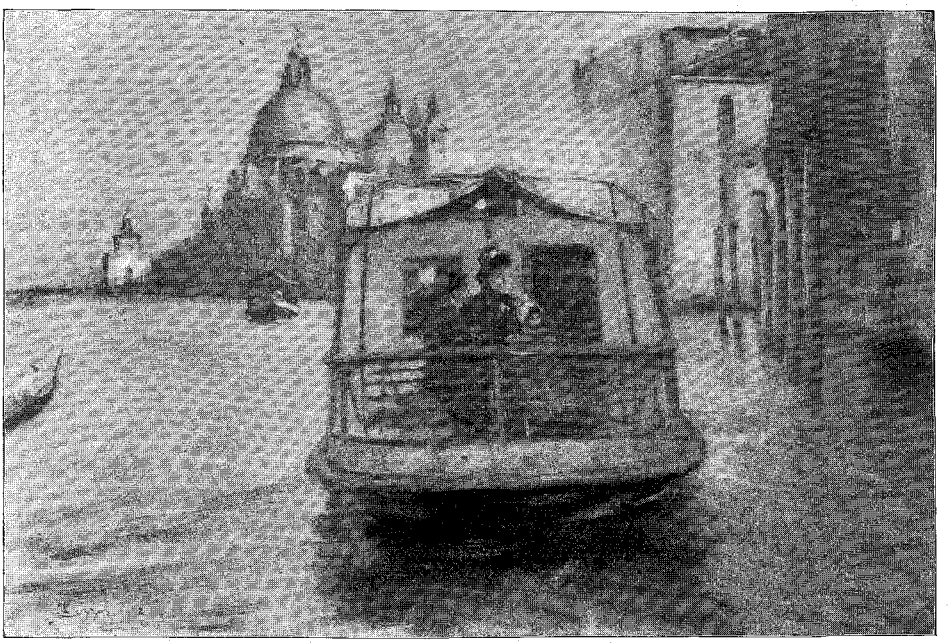

Vaporetto—Small Passenger Steamer on the Grand Canal.

lence. They penetrate the crush of boats with an authority of their own. The crush of boats, the universal sociable bumping and squeezing, is great when, on the summer-nights, the ladies shriek with alarm, the city pays the fiddlers, and the illuminated barges, scattering music and song, lead a long train down the Canal. The barges used to be rowed in rhythmic strokes, but now they are towed by the steamer. The colored lamps, the vocalists before the hotels, are not, to my sense, the greatest seduction of Venice; but it would be an uncandid sketch of the Canalazzo that should not touch them with indulgence. Taking one nuisance with another, they are probably the prettiest in the world; and if they have, in general, more magic for the new arrival than for the old Venice-lover, they at all events, at their best, keep up the immemorial tradition. The Venetians have had, from the beginning of time, the pride of their processions and spectacles, and it's a wonder how, with empty pockets, they still make a clever show. The carnival is dead, but these are the scraps of its inheritance. Vauxhall on the water is of course more Vauxhall than ever, with the good fortune of home-made music, and of a mirror that reduplicates and multiplies. The feast of the Redeemer—the great popular feast of the year — is a wonderful Venetian Vauxhall. All Venice, on this occasion, takes to the boats for the night, and loads them with lamps and provisions. Wedged together in a mass, it sups and sings; every boat is a floating arbor, a private *café-concert*. Of all Christian commemorations it is the most ingenuously and harmlessly pagan. Toward morning the passengers repair to the Lido, where, as the sun rises, they plunge, still sociably, into the sea. The night of the Redentore has been described, but it would be interesting to have an account, from the domestic point of view, of its usual morrow. It is mainly an affair of the Giudecca, however, which is bridged over from the Zattere to the great church. The pontoons are laid together during the day—it is all done with extraordinary celerity and art—and the bridge is prolonged across the Canalazzo (to Santa Maria Zobenigo), which is my only warrant for glancing

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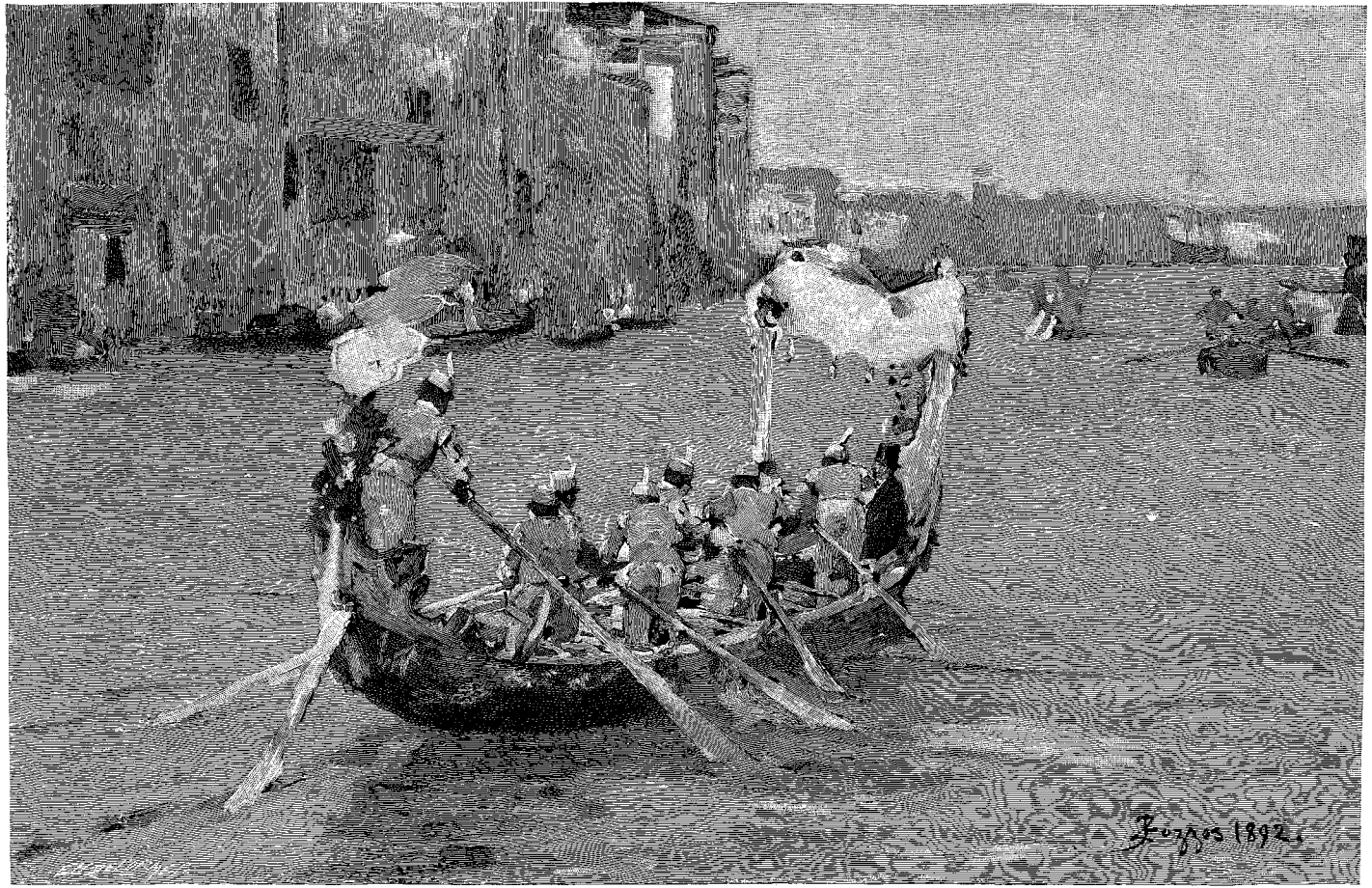

DRAWN BY ALEXANDER ZEZZOS. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

An Old Venetian Boat richly Decked with Silks and Satins, and Rowed by Gondoliers Dressed in the Ancient Fashion.

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at the occasion. We glance at it from our palace windows; lengthening our necks a little, as we look up toward the Salute, we see all Venice, on the July afternoon, so serried as to move slowly, pouring across the temporary footway. It is a flock of very good children, and the bridged Canal is their toy. All Venice, on such occasions, is gentle and friendly; not even all Venice pushes anyone into the water.

But from the same high windows we catch, without any stretching of the neck, a still more indispensable note in the picture, a famous pretender eating the bread of bitterness. This repast is served in the open air, on a neat little terrace, by attendants in livery, and there is no indiscretion in our seeing that the pretender dines. Ever since the *table d'hôte* in "Candide," Venice has been the refuge of monarchs in want of thrones—she wouldn't know herself without her *rois en exil*. The exile is agreeable and soothing, the gondola lets them down gently. Its movement is an anodyne, its silence is a philtre, and little by little it rocks all ambitions to sleep. The proscript has plenty of leisure to write his proclamations, and even his memoirs, and I believe he has organs in which they are published; but the only noise he makes in the world is the harmless splash of his oars. He comes and goes along the Canalazzo, and he might be much worse employed. He is but one of the interesting objects it presents, however, and I am by no means sure that he is the most striking. He has a rival, if not in the iron bridge, which, alas, is within our range, at least (to take an immediate example) in the Montecuculi Palace. Far descended and weary, but beautiful in its crooked old age, with its lovely proportions, its delicate round arches, its carvings and its disks of marble, is the haunted Montecuculi. Those who have a kindness for Venetian gossip like to remember that it was once, for a few months, the property of Robert Browning, who, however, never lived in it, and who died in the splendid Rezzonico, the residence of his son and a wonderful cosmopolitan "document," which, as it presents itself, in an admirable position, but a short way further down the Canal, we can almost see, in spite of the curve, from the window at which we stand. This great seventeenth-century pile, throwing itself upon the water with a peculiar florid assurance, a certain upward toss of its cornice which gives it the air of a rearing sea-horse, decorates immensely (and within as well as without) the wide angle that it commands.

There is a more formal greatness in the high, square, Gothic Foscari, just below it, one of the noblest creations of the fifteenth century, a masterpiece of symmetry and majesty. Dedicated to-day to official uses (it is the property of the state), it looks conscious of the consideration it enjoys, and is one of the few great houses within our range whose old age strikes us as robust and painless. It is visibly "kept up;" perhaps it is kept up too much; perhaps I am wrong in thinking so well of it. These doubts and fears course rapidly through my mind (I am easily their victim when it is a question of architecture), as they are apt to do to-day, in Italy, almost anywhere, in the presence of the beautiful, of the desecrated, or the neglected. We feel at such moments as if the eye of Mr. Ruskin were upon us; we grow nervous and lose our confidence. This makes me inevitably, in talking of Venice, seek a pusillanimous safety in the trivial and the obvious. I am on firm ground in rejoicing in the little garden directly opposite our windows (it is another proof that they really show us everything), and in feeling that the gardens of Venice would deserve a page to themselves. They are infinitely more numerous than the arriving stranger can suppose; they nestle, with a charm all their own, in the complications of most back-views. Some of them are exquisite, many are large, and even the scrappiest have an artful understanding, in the interest of color, with the water-ways that edge their foundations. On the small canals, in the hunt for amusement, they are the prettiest surprises of all. The tangle of plants and flowers climbs over the battered walls, the greenness makes an arrangement with the rosy, sordid brick. Of all the reflected and liquefied

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things in Venice, and the number of these is countless, I think the lapping water loves them most. They are numerous on the Canalazzo, but wherever they occur they give a brush to the picture, and in particular, it is easy to guess, they give a sweetness to the house. Then the elements are complete — the trio of air and water and of things that grow. Venice without them would be too much a matter of the tides and the stones. Even the little trellises of the *traghetti* count charmingly as reminders, amid so much artifice, of the woodland nature of man. The vine-leaves, trained on horizontal poles, make a roof of chequered shade for the gondoliers and ferrymen, who doze there, according to opportunity, or chatter or hail the approaching "fare." There is no "hum" in Venice, so that their voices travel far; they enter your windows and mingle even with your dreams. I beg the reader to believe that if I had time to go into everything, I would go into the *traghetti*, which have their manners and their morals, and which used to have their piety. This piety was always a *madonnina*, the protectress of the passage—a quaint figure of the Virgin with the red spark of a lamp at her feet. The lamps appear for the most part to have gone out, and the images doubtless have been sold for *bric-à-brac*. The ferrymen, for aught I know, are converted to nihilism —a faith consistent, happily, with a good stroke of business. One of the figures has been left, however—the Madonnetta, which gives its name to a *traghetto* near the Rialto. But this sweet survivor is a carven stone, inserted ages ago in the corner of an old palace, and doubtless difficult of removal. *Pazienza*, the day will come when so marketable a relic will also be extracted from its socket and purchased by the devouring American. I leave that expression, on second thought, standing; but I repent of it when I remember that it is a devouring American—a lady long resident in Venice and whose kindnesses all Venetians, as well as her country people, know, who has rekindled some of the extinguished tapers, setting up especially the big brave Gothic shrine, of painted and gilded wood, which, on the top of its stout *palo*, sheds its influence on the place of passage opposite the Salute.

If I may not go into those of the palaces this devious discourse has left behind, much less may I enter the great galleries of the Academy, which rears its blank wall, surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, well within sight of the windows at which we are still lingering. This wondrous temple of Venetian art (for all it promises little from without) overhangs, in a manner, the Grand Canal, but if we were so much as to cross its threshold we should wander beyond recall. It contains, in some of the most magnificent halls (where the ceilings have all the glory with which the imagination of Venice alone could overarch a room), some of the noblest pictures in the world; and whether or not we go back to them on any particular occasion for another look, it is always a comfort to know that they are there, for the sense of them, on the spot, is a part of the furniture of the mind—the sense of them close at hand, behind every wall and under every cover, like the inevitable reverse of a medal, of the side exposed to the air reflecting, intensifying, completing the scene. In other words, as it was the inevitable destiny of Venice to be painted, and painted with passion, so the wide world of picture becomes, as we live there, and however much we go about our affairs, the constant habitation of our thoughts. The truth is, we are in it so uninterruptedly, at home and abroad, that there is scarcely a pressure upon us to seek it in one place more than another. Choose your stand-point at random and trust the picture to come to you. This is manifestly why I have not, I become aware, said more about the features of the Canalazzo which occupy the reach between the Salute and the position we have so obstinately taken up. It is still there before us, however, and the delightful little Palazzo Dario, intimately familiar to English and American travellers, picks itself out in the foreshortened brightness. The Dario is covered with the loveliest little marble plates and sculptured circles; it is made up of exquisite pieces (as if there had been only

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enough to make it small), so that it looks, in its extreme antiquity, a good deal like a house of cards that hold together by a tenure that it would be fatal to touch. An old Venetian house dies hard, indeed, and I should add that this delicate thing, with submission in every feature, continues to resist the contact of generations of lodgers. It is let out in floors — it used to be let as a whole—and in how many eager hands (for it is in great requisition), under how many fleeting dispensations have we not known and loved it? People are always writing in advance to secure it, as they are to secure the Jenkins's gondolier, and as the gondola passes we see strange faces at the windows (though it's ten to one we recognize them), and the millionth artist coming forth with his traps at the water-gate. The poor little patient Dario is one of the most flourishing booths at the fair.

The faces at the window look out at the great Sansovino—the splendid pile that is now occupied by the Prefect. I feel decidedly that I don't object as I ought to the palaces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their pretensions impose upon me, and the imagination peoples them more freely than it can people the interiors of the prime. Was not, moreover, this masterpiece of Sansovino once occupied by the Venetian post-office, and thereby intimately connected with an ineffaceable first impression of the author of these remarks? He had arrived, wondering, palpitating, twenty-three years ago, after nightfall, and, the first thing on the morrow, had repaired to the post-office for his letters. They had been waiting a long time and were full of delayed interest, and he returned with them to the gondola and floated slowly down the Canal. The mixture, the rapture, the wonderful temple of the *poste restante*, the beautiful strangeness, all humanized by good news—the memory of this abides with him still, so that there always proceeds from the splendid water-front I speak of a certain secret appeal, something that seems to have been uttered first in the sonorous chambers of youth. Of course this association falls to the ground—or rather splashes into the water—if I am the victim of a confusion. *Was* the edifice in question twenty-three years ago the post-office, which has occupied since, for many a day, very much humbler quarters? I am afraid to take the proper steps for finding out, lest I should learn that, for all these years, I have misdirected my emotion. A better reason for the sentiment, at any rate, is that such a great house has surely, in the high beauty of its tiers, a refinement of its own. They make one think of colosseums and aqueducts and bridges, and they constitute, doubtless, in Venice, the most pardonable specimen of the imitative. I have even a timid kindness for the huge Pesaro, far down the Canal, whose main reproach, more even than the coarseness of its forms, is its swaggering size, its want of consideration for the general picture, which the early examples so reverently respect. The Pesaro is as far out of the frame as a modern hotel, and the Cornaro, close to it, oversteps almost equally the modesty of art. One more thing they and their kindred do, I must add, for which, unfortunately, we can patronize them less. They make even the most elaborate material civilization of the present day seem wofully shrunken and *bourgeois*, for they simply (I allude to the biggest palaces) cannot be lived in as they were intended to be. The modern tenant may take in all the magazines, but he bends not the bow of Achilles. He occupies the place, but he doesn't fill it, and he has guests from the neighboring inns with ulsters and Bädekers.

We are far, at the Pesaro, by the way, from our attaching window, and we take advantage of it to go in rather a melancholy mood to the end. The long straight vista from the Foscari to the Rialto, the great middle stretch of the Canal, contains, as the phrase is, a hundred objects of interest, but it contains most the bright oddity of its general deluged air. In all these centuries it has never got over its resemblance to a flooded city; for some reason or other it is the only part of Venice in which the houses look as if the waters had overtaken them. Everywhere else they reckon with them—they have chosen

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them; here alone the lapping seaway seems to confess itself an accident.

There are persons who think this long, gay, shabby, spotty perspective, in which, with its immense field of confused reflection, the houses have infinite variety, the dullest expanse in Venice. It was not dull, we imagine, for Lord Byron, who lived in the midmost of the three Mocenigo palaces, where the writing-table is still shown at which he gave the rein to his passions. For other observers it is sufficiently enlivened by so delightful a creation as the Palazzo Loredan, once a masterpiece and at present the Municipio, not to speak of a variety of other immemorial bits whose beauty still has a kind of freshness. Some of the most touching relics of early Venice are here (for it was here she precariously clustered), peeping out of a submersion more pitiless than the sea. As we approach the Rialto, indeed, the picture falls off and a comparative commonness suffuses it. There is a wide paved walk on either side of the Canal, on which the waterman—and who, in Venice, is not a waterman?—is prone to seek repose. I speak of the summer days — it is the summer Venice that is the visible Venice. The big tarry barges are drawn up at the *fondamenta*, and the bare-legged boatmen, in faded blue cotton, lie asleep on the hot stones. If there were no color anywhere else, there would be enough in their tanned personalities. Half the low doorways open into the warm interior of water-side drinking-shops, and here and there, on the quay, beneath the bush that overhangs the door, there are rickety tables and chairs. Where in Venice is there not the amusement of character and of detail? The tone in this part is very vivid, and is largely that of the brown plebeian faces looking out of the patchy miscellaneous houses—the faces of fat undressed women and of other simple folk who are not aware that they enjoy, from balconies once doubtless patrician, a view the knowing ones of the earth come thousands of miles to envy them. The effect is enhanced by the tattered clothes hung to dry in the windows, by the sun-faded rags that flutter from the polished balustrades (they are ivory-smooth with time); and the whole scene profits by the general law that renders decadence and ruin in Venice more brilliant than any prosperity. Decay, in this extraordinary place, is golden in tint, and misery is *couleur de rose*. The gondolas of the correct people are unmitigated sable, but the poor market-boats from the islands are kaleidoscopic.

The bridge of the Rialto is a name to conjure with, but, honestly speaking, it is scarcely the gem of the composition. There are, of course, two ways of taking it—from the water or from the upper passage, where its small shops and booths abound in Venetian character; but it mainly counts as a feature of the Canal when seen from the gondola or even from the awful *vaporetto*. The great curve of its single arch is much to be commended, especially when, coming from the direction of the railway station, you see it frame with its sharp compass-line the perfect picture, the reach of the Canal on the other side. But the backs of the little shops make, from the water, a graceless collective hump, and the inside view is the diverting one. The big arch of the bridge — like the arches of all the bridges—is the waterman's friend in wet weather. The gondolas, when it rains, huddle beside the peopled barges, and the young ladies from the hotels, vaguely fidgeting, complain of the communication of insect life. Here indeed is a little of everything, and the jewellers of this celebrated precinct (they have their immemorial row), make almost as fine a show as the fruiterers. It is a universal market and a fine place to study Venetian types. The produce of the islands is discharged there, and the fishmongers announce their presence. All one's senses indeed are vigorously attacked, the whole place is violently hot and bright, and odorous and noisy. The churning of the screw of the *vaporetto* mingles with the other sounds — not indeed that this offensive note is confined to one part of the Canal. But just here the little piers of the resented steamer are particularly near together, and it seems, somehow, to be always kicking up the water. As we

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go further down we see it stopping exactly beneath the glorious windows of the Ca' d' Oro. It has chosen its position well, and who shall gainsay it for having put itself under the protection of the most romantic façade in Europe? The companionship of these objects is a symbol; it expresses supremely the present and the future of Venice. Perfect, in its prime, was the marble Ca' d' Oro, with the noble recesses of its *loggie*, but even then it probably never "met a want," like the successful *vaporetto*. If, however, we are not to go into the Museo Civico —the old Museo Correr—which rears a staring, renovated front far down on the left, near the station, so also we must keep out of the great vexed question of steam on the Canalazzo, just as, a while since, we prudently kept out of the Accademia. These are expensive and complicated excursions. It is obvious that if the *vaporetti* have contributed to the ruin of the gondoliers, already hard pressed by fate, and to that of the palaces, whose foundations their waves undermine, and that if they have robbed the Grand Canal of the supreme distinction of its tranquillity, so, on the other hand, they have placed "rapid transit," in the New York phrase, in everybody's reach, and enabled everybody (save indeed those who wouldn't for the world) to rush about Venice as furiously as people rush about New York. The suitability of this consummation need not be pointed out.

Even we ourselves, in the irresistible contagion, are going so fast now that we have only time to note in how clever and costly a fashion the Museo Civico, the old Fondaco dei Turchi, has been reconstructed and restored. It is a glare of white marble without, and a series of showy majestic halls within, where a thousand curious mementos and relics of old Venice are gathered and classified. Of its miscellaneous treasures I fear that I perhaps frivolously prefer the series of its remarkably living Longhis, an illustration of manners more copious than the celebrated Carpaccio, the two ladies with their little animals and their long sticks. Wonderful indeed, to-day, are the museums of Italy, where the renovations and the *belle ordonnance* speak of funds apparently unlimited, in spite of the fact that the numerous custodians, frankly, look starved. What is the pecuniary source of all this civic magnificence (it is shown in a hundred other ways), and how do the Italian cities manage to acquit themselves of expenses that would be formidable to communities richer and doubtless less æsthetic? Who pays the bills for the expressive statues alone, the general exuberance of sculpture, with which every *piazzetta* of almost every village is patriotically decorated? Let us not seek an answer to the puzzling question, but observe instead that we are passing the mouth of the populous Canareggio, next widest of the waterways, where the race of Shylock abides, and at the corner of which the big colorless church of San Geremia stands gracefully enough on guard. The Canareggio, with its wide lateral footways and humpbacked bridges, makes, on the feast of St. John, an admirable, noisy, tawdry theatre for one of the prettiest and the most infantile of the Venetian processions.

The rest of the way is a reduced magnificence, in spite of interesting bits, of the battered pomp of the Pesaro and the Cornaro, of the recurrent memories of royalty in exile which cluster about the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi, once the residence of the Comte de Chambord, and still that of his half-brother, in spite, too, of the big Papadopoli gardens, opposite the station, the largest private grounds in Venice, but of which Venice in general mainly gets the benefit in the usual form of irrepressible greenery climbing over walls and nodding at water. The rococco church of the Scalzi is here, all marble and malachite, all a cold, hard glitter, and a costly, curly ugliness, and here, too, opposite, on the top of its high steps, is San Simeone Profeta, I won't say immortalized, but unblushingly misrepresented, by the perfidious Canaletto. I shall not stay to unravel the mystery of this prosaic painter's malpractices; he falsified without fancy, and as he apparently transposed at will the objects he reproduced, one is never sure of the

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particular view that may have constituted his subject. It would look exactly like such and such a place if almost everything were not different. San Simeone Profeta appears to hang there upon the wall; but it is on the wrong side of the Canal and the other elements quite fail to correspond. One's confusion is the greater because one doesn't know that everything may not really have changed, even beyond all probability (though it's only in America that churches cross the street, or the river), and the mixture of the recognizable and the different makes the ambiguity maddening, all the more that the painter is almost as fascinating as he is bad. Thanks, at any rate, to the white church, domed and porticoed, on the top of its steps, the traveller emerging for the first time upon the terrace of the railway station seems to have a Canaletto before him. He speedily discovers indeed, even in the presence of this scene of the final accents of the Canalazzo (there is a charm in the old pink warehouses on the hot *fondamenta*), that he has something much better. He looks up and down at the gathered gondolas; he has his surprise after all, his little first Venetian thrill; and as the terrace of the station ushers in these things we shall say no harm of it, though it is not lovely. It is the beginning of his experience, but it is the end of the Grand Canal.

TWO BACKGROUNDS.

By Edith Wharton.

I.

LA VIERGE AU DONATEUR.

HERE by the ample river's argent sweep,
Bosomed in tilth and vintage to her walls,
A tower-crowned Cybele in armored sleep
The city lies, fat plenty in her halls,
With calm, parochial spires that hold in fee
The friendly gables clustered at their base,
And, equipoised o'er tower and market-place,
The Gothic minster's winged immensity;
And in that narrow burgh, with equal mood,
Two placid hearts, to all life's good resigned,
Might, from the altar to the lych-gate, find
Long years of peace and dreamless plenitude.

II.

MONA LISA.

Yon strange blue city crowns a scarpèd steep
No mortal foot hath bloodlessly essayed;
Dreams and illusions beacon from its keep,
But at the gate an Angel bares his blade;
And tales are told of those who thought to gain
At dawn its ramparts; but when evening fell
Far off they saw each fading pinnacle
Lit with wild lightnings from the heaven of pain;
Yet there two souls, whom life's perversities
Had mocked with want in plenty, tears in mirth,
Might meet in dreams, ungarmented of earth,
And drain Joy's awful chalice to the lees.

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CHICAGO'S PART IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.

By Franklin MacVeagh.

IT will aid the editor of SCRIBNER'S, who wishes to inform the readers of the MAGAZINE as to the relations of Chicago and the great Exposition, if I state that this article is written at his suggestion by one who has no connection with the World's Fair management; because then it need not be read as if it were the doing of an enthusiast. The truth, however, is that it is much easier to keep within the facts, in this case, than it is to get beyond them, if one has only the usual imagination; and the editor in trying to get an unbiassed article might have saved himself some of his trouble. Moreover, there is probably nothing new to be said at all, which is another protection against enthusiasm; for everything touching Chicago's relations to the Fair has probably been said many times over—both as to her part in making the Fair, and as to how she will care for the people who visit it. But the facts have not been put all together, nor for the general public, in any more deliberate form than news items of the daily press.

In measuring the discharge of responsibilities by Chicago one should be careful to know what her responsibilities are. She has practically taken the work of the Fair upon her hands entire, even, in large measure carrying on her shoulders the Government's own Commission. But strict limitations to the responsibilities of whatever city might be chosen as the place of the Fair, were clearly fixed by the Government. The theory of the law was that the World's Fair should be controlled and administered by the Government's Commission; while the city was simply to furnish, to the satisfaction of the Commission, a site and buildings, and then to conduct the mere business administration. The scope of the Fair, and all intercourse with exhibitors and with foreign nations, and all matters of award and the general control, were to be in the hands of the Government. To carry out the engagements of Chicago a corporation was formed, the members of which are the shareholders, who fairly represent the entire community, and whose work is done by a board of forty-five directors. There are therefore two executive bodies, admirably contrived for conflicts of authority and general confusion and delay; all of which promised at the beginning, but have been for the most part averted by the uncontemplated dependence of the National Commission and its admirable good sense and patriotism, and by the youthful readiness of Chicago to do unlimited work and assume unlimited responsibilities. Perhaps any other American city would have done this, and felt obliged, by the Government's reluctance, to pay the way of its Commission, to discharge its own responsibilities and those of the Government, too. Chicago, at any rate, accepted very willingly the work which threw upon her an almost exclusive responsibility for the success of the Fair. And it has certainly had the excellent effect of unifying the management, by breaking down in practice the double authority fixed by the law. Since the Government would not adequately support it, the Commission had to look to the Directory for a part of its subsistence; and as in all governments the real power goes with the purse-strings, so it was in this. Possibly the power might have resided in the National Commission, if Congress had generously sustained it; and yet, looking back now, it is difficult to imagine the absence of the profoundly individual impress made upon the Fair by the characteristics of the city; nor does it seem possible that the remarkable power, energy, and public spirit which were so ready to devote themselves could have been declined. At any rate in this way, and in this alone, by indefinitely exceeding Chicago's responsibilities, has the World's Fair secured the advantage of the astonishing

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individuality of the city. And so favorably has the world been impressed that it is doubtful whether Congress, when it makes an appropriation, will now disturb the situation.

But there is another thing to be said of Chicago's responsibilities. It is generally assumed that the Fair is Chicago's enterprise, and only countenanced by the Government; for it is forgotten that Congress, feeling obliged to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, chose to hold a World's Fair, and established it before deciding where it should be held. There was after this a sharp contest in Congress between the partisans of four cities. This is a different thing, and carries very different responsibilities from a proposal by Chicago to hold a fair on its own account, coupled with a request for the Government's endorsement. As I have intimated, Chicago hasn't troubled itself to draw lines about its responsibilities, and it has been prompt to fill all the gaps left by the Government; but if we are to weigh the performance of her duties we must understand what her duties are.

And here, before going on to specify what has been done by Chicago, and what will be done, let me say a word about the finances. I am writing before it is possible to know what action Congress will take; but I have no doubt whatever that, whether Congress contributes or not, the Fair will not be allowed to fail, or even to suffer. Chicago is committed, not to the world—for her responsibilities there are distinctly limited—but to herself; and under whatever hardship or injustice, she will unquestionably raise all the money needed if the Government refuses to participate.* No one who understands Chicago could doubt this for a moment; and if Congress declines the responsibility it will be because she knows Chicago will assume it.

Nothing, however, in my opinion, could be a more unjust hardship. What are the facts?

1. That the sum put in the bill for the city to contribute was five millions.

2. That no higher sum was mentioned while the contest of the cities was before Congress.

3. That the deliberate judgment of Congress and of the contesting cities, at the time Chicago was chosen, was that five millions measured all a city should contribute in addition to a site.

4. That the bill had practically passed, and simply paused in the hands of a committee while the city was chosen, that the name might be inserted; and at this juncture, and when Chicago had been chosen, one of the unsuccessful cities chose to say it would have provided ten millions, whereupon the committee chose to think Chicago ought to double the amount which Congress had itself adopted. Three Chicago men went before the committee to meet this situation. They thought it would not do to stand upon their rights, and yielded to the pressure. They telegraphed the fact, and received in reply a telegram from leading Chicago financial institutions and wealthy citizens, sustaining them. Perhaps the committee ought to have insisted upon the amount in the bill when the cities contested, and which was part of a moral contract; but they did not, and Chicago, which had not entered a ten-million contest, found itself with its obligations suddenly doubled—doubled in a day—never having before contemplated such a thing.

5. That the committee of Congress itself faltered, fearing Chicago might be promising under pressure more than it could perform. It therefore cross-examined Mr. Gage, the Chicago spokesman, as to how Chicago could get the other five millions of dollars. Mr. Gage made the best answers he could, the new situation being wholly unexpected. He said, "We will raise another million by subscription, and then we will pledge the gate receipts and borrow the other four from our people. We will get it somehow, for we have promised."

6. That as five millions was considered sufficient, no one ever expected that Chicago ought to exceed ten.

7. That Chicago has voluntarily raised the sum to eleven millions, and herself proposes to raise it to thirteen.

8. That meanwhile the National Commission, which had to be made satisfied with site and buildings, and determined

*This paper had been written before the final action of Congress.

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the scope of the exhibits, demanded so much that eighteen millions will be needed to open the Fair. These demands were wise and were heartily believed in by Chicago; but the Government took the responsibility of making them.

9. That Congress has itself pronounced that Chicago has already fulfilled its financial obligation to the Fair, leaving, one might think, nothing to be said.

It is true that Chicago was expected to furnish the site and buildings, but certainly not at a cost of eighteen millions. If Congress refuse to share the wholly unexpected increased expense of her own enterprise, Chicago will beyond any question pay it all. But would it be worthy of the nation to take advantage of a clause in the bill originally associated with a liability of five millions of dollars, and already obliged to include a liability of double the original amount, to make a single city pay eighteen millions in face of the fact that the increased cost has been incurred by the Government itself—and when Congress has formally enacted that Chicago has fulfilled its obligations?

And these financial relations have worked from the beginning other mischief, and have made Congress not simply parsimonious, but unfriendly and unjust as well. No one certainly can deny that it is unfriendly and unjust to enact a great World's Fair and select a city to hold it in, throw the whole expense and responsibility upon that city, and then treat the whole affair with practical hostility. And that has occurred; and Chicago, in addition to lacking the support of certain influential parts of our country, and those the parts most known and listened to by foreign nations, has had to carry the weight of governmental suspicion, hesitation, and indifference. The only thing volunteered by Congress has been an investigation, and its only anxiety has been to escape expense.

And under these not too easy or flattering circumstances, what, speaking now specifically, has our youngest American city done? That it has done wonders all the world now knows; and in this we may all take pleasure, for it is a national achievement due to national traits in their most national development.

In the first place, then, Chicago, expecting at first to furnish five millions of dollars, has supplied eleven millions, and will certainly supply two millions more; and the other five, if the Government doesn't.

She has also arranged a site for the Fair which in extent, in situation, in plan, and in adornment, exceeds by far anything ever before attempted for World's Fair purposes.

She has provided these remarkable grounds with buildings equally remarkable; which in size, variety (within the wonderful harmony of a general plan), and artistic value, constitute the greatest possible aid to the development of national architecture, and suggest the single regret that they are not to remain always, to interest and instruct the nation.

She has brought sculpture and kindred forms of adornment into generous use to make the buildings more worthy, more interesting, and more beautiful; and has given to sculpture other wide and distinguished opportunities.

She has brought color to its most artistic and refined exterior uses, and protected and defined it to a single large result; so that nothing in the hundreds of acres is too large or too small — neither a building nor a boat — to be brought into a general harmony.

These great effects have been made possible by seeking them with singleness of purpose and largeness of mind. In the first place, politics had to be vigorously excluded; and their complete exclusion and the substitution of pure public spirit in their stead, is one of the remarkable feats of this enterprise. The expenditure of eighteen millions of public money within two years, in an American city, without wasting a penny through politics, and without letting a politician ply his trade for one moment, is a unique achievement, and a very important contribution to American history.

To achieve these great effects, another rigorous exclusion had to be made, and was made almost or quite by instinct—

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the exclusion of localism. From the first the directors simply sought out the best things and the ablest men, regardless of where they came from. The architecture, for instance, is by picked men whom all would say represent the best development of that art throughout the United States. The color directors come, one from the West and one from the East. The chief landscape architect is Frederick Law Olmstead, the recognized head of his profession. So in all things else a perfect cosmopolitanism has prevailed.

But more than this, none but the largest and noblest plans and the best ideas have been adopted from the beginning until now. Nothing is inadequate, nothing without great plan, nothing incomplete, and nothing inharmonious; and nothing falls short of "the best that is thought and known in the world." There is no note of provincialism and of localism: all has been excluded but the evidence of unique public spirit, wonderful energy, and the better knowledge of the world.

Another achievement is now assured in the certain completion of site and buildings within the time specified.

And another doubt has been resolved by the unprecedented foreign interest in the Fair. The international character of the enterprise will be more accented than that of any previous exposition. The number of foreign countries exhibiting will be not less than fifty-nine, and in many an exceeding interest is felt. What seemed the impossible has been rather easily accomplished; and it now seems as if we had been overlooking the special reasons why both exhibitors and visitors and governments should prefer to get into the midst of a nation rather than to merely reach its coast. Indeed, the justification of the location of the Fair in the interior is now seen to be complete; for not only will foreign exhibitors have access to all of our people, and all foreigners who come see a much greater portion of our country, but our own people will better see our own country and get better acquainted with each other.

But, after all, the best thing that Chicago can boast of is that she is building a Fair that can conveniently be visited by more of the American people who are not rich than could visit it in any other city. This is her finest justification; and we may be sure she has done this great work with this inspiring thought in her mind. And it can truly be added that, as she has been building for the people, and as politics and mere localism have been excluded, so nothing that is petty or sordid, or any other way unworthy in motive, has been admitted within her plans. She could not have built as she has with sordid motives or a narrow mind. The building of the Fair could not be given over, as it wholly is, to the spirit of art and beauty, and high and wide usefulness, if the men who direct it or the community supporting them felt it to be other than a great public trust, committed to hands that must be kept clean and to minds that must be kept clear. It is right that this should be said, for it is a part of the evidence of how Chicago has discharged her responsibilities, and of how she has dealt with the honor of the nation.

And so, not by magic but through well-considered purpose, hard thought, and hard work Chicago, in acknowledgment of her responsibilities, presents a World's Fair site and buildings that not only surpass what has been done by previous World's Fairs, but equally surpass the expectations of the nation; and at the same time give guarantee that the Exposition will be filled to overflowing with the exhibits of almost the entire world. The outside alone will be enough for any man to see; and the inside will certainly excel that of any other exhibition. Even the more purely intellectual and spiritual sides of exhibitions, contrary to general expectation, will be here more than ever accented; and there has again been done what was thought to be impossible, in placing it beyond question that the Fine Arts department will be one of the greatest successes of the Fair. And though the Fair has from the beginning been treated as a vast educational enterprise, the other important end, of making it an entertainment upon a vast scale, has been completely secured. Orchestral and choral music will be beyond doubt at their best; and amusements and nov-

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elties will be in such increased numbers over those of other expositions, and of so much greater elaboration, and will occupy so much more space, that they will constitute a new development. And great preparation and provision has been made for congresses of every useful kind; and for the accommodation of these the new Art Institute, now building by day and night in the centre of the city, will be entirely set aside. All these are provided, or all fully assured; and are noted here as chief instances only among the things which Chicago has thus far done in fulfilment of her legal obligations, and her self-imposed duties to the nation and the world.

The other of the two main questions to ask is, what Chicago has done or can be trusted to do to take care of, and make safe and comfortable, the visitors to the Fair.

The facilities for getting to and from Chicago have not been open to question. A railroad centre so phenomenal can easily take the people to and from the city. All of the great railways centring there — and I believe there are more than thirty small and great—are, however, making special preparations. Additional tracks are laid in some instances, and new rolling stock is being generally added. I am credibly informed, too, that every terminal station in the city, except one which has been quite recently built and another which will be entirely new, will have its facilities materially increased. The railroad managers are taking advantage of all previous experience in handling crowds, to provide against all delays and discomforts that can possibly be foreseen.

The transportation of the people from other parts of the city to the Fair presented difficulties which have been completely solved. All excursion trains—that is, all trains with passengers for the Fair exclusively, no matter from what distance, nor over what lines they come—will deliver their passengers over the Belt lines, in the Fair grounds, without entering the heart of the city at all, and will take up their passengers at the same place. The transportation facilities within the city will be these:

1. Surface street-car lines, including one first class cable line, which has in anticipation just now doubled its capacity by doubling its loop facilities. This line has handled an immense Sunday traffic easily without these extra facilities.

2. A double-track elevated railroad just completing, and therefore a new resource.

3. A boat system from the old city front. This transportation will be in the hands of one very responsible company. The vessels will be large, safe, and well appointed; and the company is obliged to furnish a service equal to at least fifteen thousand passengers per hour.

4. The Illinois Central Railroad Company's right of way runs from the centre of the city almost to the Fair grounds, and consists of six tracks, two of which are for suburban passenger traffic. The right of way is being raised, and four tracks being added for exclusive World's Fair passenger traffic—two for express trains from and to the centre of the city without stops, and two for trains that stop at all city stations. These four tracks will run into the World's Fair grounds, where the terminal facilities will be ample and perfect. The facilities of this line, of course, could be largely increased by the partial use of its other tracks, but that will not in the least be necessary. The line will be protected by the latest and best automatic block system; and it is expected to carry the bulk of the people.

5. The World's Fair is reached from the heart of the city by parkways, and many people will choose to drive. A cheap cab system prevails, and the streets are well supplied with hansoms and other cabs. The cabs will of course greatly increase.

6. Very many people, living or stopping near the Fair grounds, will need no conveyance.

Transportation within the grounds will be all that could be wished. As all the principal buildings are directly reached by the interior water-courses (which have a circuit of more than two and a half miles) three classes of boats will be used—omnibus boats making regular trips and stopping at each building; express boats making round

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trips without stopping; and boats answering to cabs, to be hailed and engaged for the trip or by the hour.

There will also be an elevated railway making a five-mile circuit, and reaching everywhere within the grounds; and finally there will be the usual rolling chairs that are found at all Expositions in profusion.

But can visitors be comfortably lodged? It must be remembered that when the numbers of admissions to World's Fairs are mentioned, these do not mean people. Visitors, of course, multiply their visits. But in addition to the multiplication of visits there is to be borne in mind the fact that very many of the visitors at all expositions are the people of the city in which it is held, or who come from distances that admit of excursion trains. This greatly reduces the apparent need of house accommodation. It is a noteworthy fact that Paris (at least as far as I could observe) didn't build a single new hotel, or enlarge an old one, in 1889.

Then the mass of the visitors who will need lodgings will wish moderate prices, and will choose boarding-houses; and boarding-houses can rise in a night. At Philadelphia there were boarding-houses in profusion, because they could so easily be improvised; and so it will be in Chicago, where people, as at the Centennial, will turn an honest penny by taking boarders or lodgers just as far as the demand shall exist. And the same is true of restaurants, which, however, are already in very abundant supply. The danger is not that there will be too few restaurants, lodging, and boarding houses, but that there will be too many to be profitable.

But after all allowances are made, there will be great use for hotels, and especially for those of the highest grade. That Chicago has always had hotel accommodations ample for special occasions is quite true, and great gatherings like national conventions have chosen it for that reason; but lately, and especially in view of the World's Fair, hotels have largely increased in number (and they have also improved in quality). I recall four large hotels of the first grade that have opened since Chicago was given the Fair (besides the Auditorium hotel, also opened about that time), two that are opening now, three nearing completion, and the duplicate Auditorium that is to be ready next spring. There are other permanent ones doubtless built or building not seen by me; and there are large hotels to be improvised near the grounds, and I think another permanent one about which I am not particularly informed.

Of course all hotels can, if required, increase their facilities by taking on rooms near at hand; and if there should be need it would then be profitable to temporarily use some of the great fireproof structures constantly going up. Such extreme possibilities I only mention to show how impossible it is that an enterprising American city could be without accommodation for expected visitors; but I think it will be clear from the above that no extraordinary provision will be necessary. Certainly one would think not when the experience of Paris in 1889 is recalled. It will, however, allay any remnant of apprehension, if I state, after very good authorities, that there are, great and small, fourteen hundred hotels in the city.

A bureau will be established by the Directors, and another by the Lady Managers, which will systematically aid all who may require their services in placing themselves satisfactorily. These bureaus will have all the necessary information, and will have agencies at all the stations; but of course a variety of private enterprises will anticipate a great deal of the necessity for these services.

The police arrangements, I am definitely assured by Major McClaughrey, the able chief of police, are receiving the fullest attention, and will be ample and efficient. The force for the World's Fair itself will not tax the general police force, but is a separate body which has been organized and growing with the Fair, under the command of Colonel Rice, of the United States Army. It will consist of not less than five hundred men. The city force has been "taken out of politics," and has been severely reorganized by Major McClaughrey; and even in its political days it was always effective in emergen-

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cies. It will number probably from 3,400 to 3,700 before the Fair opens; and will be greatly strengthened by the new Bureau of Identification on the system of M. Bertillon, of Paris, which is an interesting feature of the preparations. This bureau will have the Bertillon measurements of most of the principal "crooks" and criminals of Europe and America; and the fact that their identification by this dreaded system is easy, will deter many from coming, so that it would not be strange if Chicago should become during the Fair less the resort of the criminal classes than it, or any great city, usually is.

A word now about the water-supply of the city, for the reason that more or less has been rather sensationally published upon the subject, both in England and America, in the way of warning to those intending to visit the Fair. The simple truth is that there will be no trouble with the water-supply next year, as there is none now; for Chicago has now and will have then what it has always had, except for a few brief intervals (which cannot now occur), the most favorable water-supply enjoyed by any of the great cities of the world. The difficulty is to explain how any hubbub has risen against water that is not only not bad, but is good and wholesome and delicious almost beyond comparison. Lake Michigan, which the city faces, is the source of supply, and is a great body of the freshest, clearest, coolest, and purest water that can be imagined. As a source of supply for a city it is ideal. The drainage of the city is, of course, not into the lake, but into the Chicago River, which is also the port of the city and leaves the lake port unused. The course of the river was long ago changed, and is not into but out of the lake, and through a canal to the Illinois, and so on to the Mississippi. Thus the drainage flows westward over and beyond the lake's watershed, leaving the lake itself as pure and clear as when it was an Indian highway.

Then, why is there any criticism? I fear it must be admitted that enough excitement was aroused by the contest over the location of the World's Fair to make criticism of Chicago rather enticing, so that rigid investigation, which might forestall it, isn't held to be obligatory. The starting-point of the story —which could easily have shown itself to be but a temporary accident, against whose effect a remedy was preparing and then almost completed—was a flood in the Chicago River. In this year of singular storms and downpours more than one flood had occurred; and when the flood is heavy enough the devices of engineering, pumping-works, and all are overcome and the current of the river is turned toward the lake. The river drains such a very small district that floods are not frequent and are of very short duration; and it is only the exceptional ones that can carry the river-stream very far beyond the shore of the lake. Now, the water-supply has been taken, since the city grew large, at a point two miles from the shore, considerably away from the direction of the river, and considered to be beyond the possible reach of the waters of a flood. But as it was proven that, under certain coincident conditions of wind and flood, the waters of the river could get that far, tunnels were undertaken *four* miles long, to unimpeachable distance and depth, and they have just been completed; so that the remedy was almost at hand when the criticism arose. The new drainage undertaking, which the city has just entered upon, involving a probable outlay of thirty millions of dollars, confirms the fitness of the present system, of which it is but an elaboration meant to anticipate the demands of a city of several millions of people. When that is finished even floods cannot affect the steady course of the river, but will themselves suffer capture and be sent harmlessly into the valley of the Mississippi. Meanwhile the new tunnels make the water-supply perfectly secure. Doubtless the World's Fair has hastened these tunnels, but they were begun before it was thought of. And it may be said generally that no city could be more careful at all times, or more enterprising or indifferent to cost, in the protection of its water-supply and the management of its drainage; and to this is doubtless due, in large measure, the remarkable healthfulness of the city.

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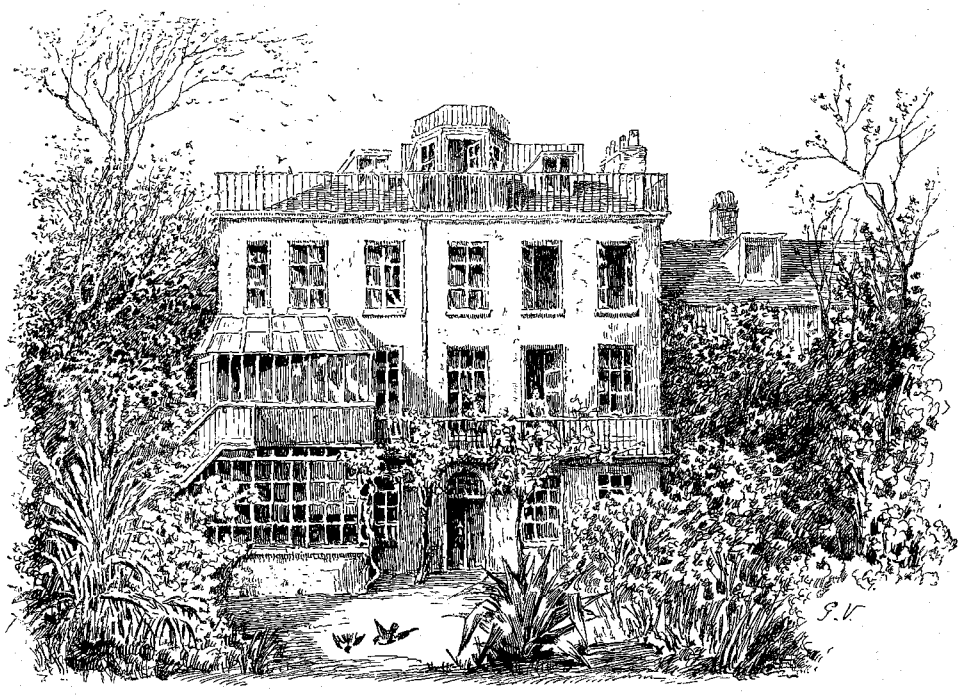

Hauteville House, the Residence of Victor Hugo, on the Island of Guernsey.

CONVERSATIONS AND OPINIONS OF VICTOR HUGO.

FROM UNPUBLISHED PAPERS FOUND AT GUERNSEY.

By Octave Uzanne.

THE English weekly review, the *Athenæum*, published in April last the following curious information :—"Mr. Samuel Davey, archivist and expert in autographs, announces to us that he has acquired a *journal intime* of Victor Hugo, 'The Journal of Exile,' consisting of about two thousand pages of close writing, as well as a thousand letters addressed to the poet. These letters were contained in six stout packages of divers papers, which the son of Mr. Davey bought some years ago, and which seem to have been sold by the people of Hauteville House as so much waste paper. The journal commences in July, 1852, and goes to 1856. It is a minute relation of the conversations of Victor Hugo with his family, his friends, and distinguished visitors, that seems to have been written day by day. Victor Hugo must have reviewed this journal himself with care. With his own hand he has made corrections and additions. The correspondence extends over a period of nearly fifty years. It comprises letters of a great number of celebrated people—writers, artists, musicians, actors, politicians, and political refugees—from all parts of the globe."

This note, furnished by a literary review generally well informed, and of which the authority is very great in the United Kingdom, was enticing, and as I found myself in London at the moment when it appeared, I hastened instantly to the house of the expert and dealer in autographs, Mr. Samuel Davey, situated on Great Russell Street, immediately opposite the British Museum.

The worthy Mr. Davey, whom I now count among my friends, received me

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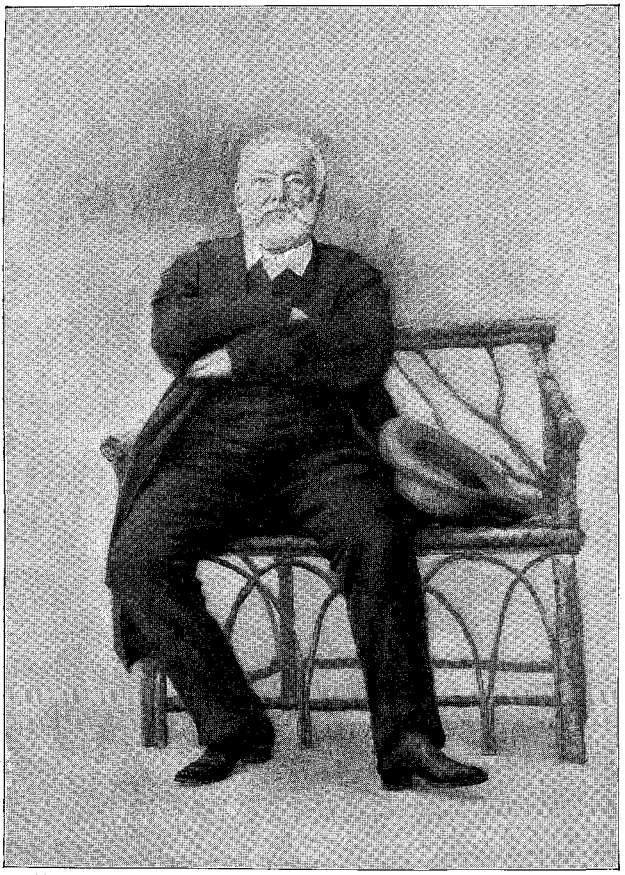
with exquisite urbanity, and, far from making a mystery of his discovery, he was, on the contrary, eager to communicate to me this treasure and to tell me how, about two years before, his son, since deceased, was put in possession of these papers by a person whose family had been established for some time at



Hugo, from an Unpublished Photograph made about 1880.

Hauteville House. The story, as he narrated it, was very simple and direct:

Papers in considerable bundles, accompanied by old books, were thrown out of the work-room of Victor Hugo a little time after the death of the poet for the purpose of clearing and cleaning the place. These notable papers were offered to all the visitors at the island, and—incredible as it is—no buyer was found at any price. An expert in autographs from Paris—let us not discredit him by giving his name—examined the lots and went away hesitating, his sight no clearer than a blind man's. It was at that time that an unknown person at Guernsey took upon himself to disburse eight or ten shillings to acquire the whole *en bloc*. This seems like a dream, but it is so. The son of Mr. Davey then bought from the unknown person this considerable stock of papers, of every kind, for a pound sterling or two, and set to work, with admirable patience and the veritable tact of an enthusiastic expert, clearing up, revising, and classifying this avalanche of papers.

I still had some distrust as to the journal, and as in my character as an amateur of autographs I knew in all their variations the handwritings of Victor Hugo and of his sons, I asked leave to run over the two large octavo vol-

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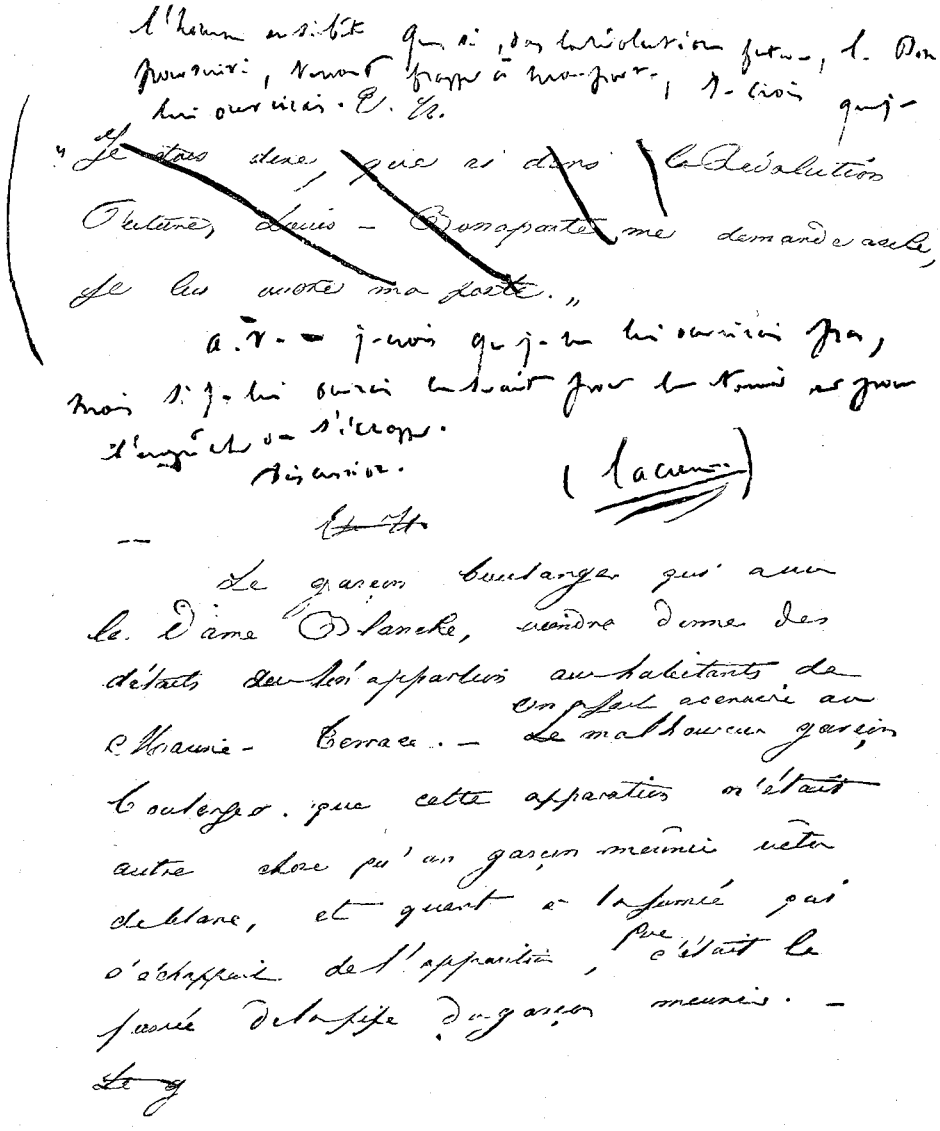

Facsimile of a Page of the Journal of François Hugo, showing Victor Hugo's Interlineations.

umes, which the archivist had spread before me, in a superb binding of blue half morocco, with this flaming title: "Journal de l'Exil." The letters, kept separately, were not bound. I saw instantly that the handwriting of these manuscripts was not that of Victor Hugo, but that of his son, François-Victor. The sheets were of unequal size, but intelligently arranged. I saw before me in reality a random collection of papers which had been brought into some order and which form to-day a very curious series of rare interest. Here and there, in the graphic monotony of these pages, numerous and large corrections appear; written in a commanding and confident fashion, they were undeniably from the hand of the great poet. They traverse the lines, they take their flight along the margins, they put a sort of official seal upon all the conversations recorded, which they sanction as veracious.

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After the reading of half a volume I was able to convince myself that the title, "Journal de l'Exil," was only relatively exact. According to my idea, we had here a diary of François-Victor Hugo, the translator of Shakespeare's works, who must have amused himself by noting every evening the detailed conversations—literary, artistic, political, economical, æsthetic, and dramatic — held every day during the repasts of the Titan in exile. The true title of these manuscripts, it seems to me, should be "The Table-talk of Victor Hugo at Guernsey."

It would be difficult to sum up the bewildering dialogues embodied in these three heavy volumes. They represent a period of five years after the *Coup d'État*, and it can be imagined what an extraordinary universality of things is discussed in them. All the men of the time are judged, from Louis Bonaparte, Granier de Cassagnac, Generals Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Changarnier, Magnan, and Saint-Arnaud, to Émile de Girardin, Lamennais, Montalembert, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Dupin, Louis Veuillot, and Frédéric Lemaître. Each dinner brings to the table, in turn, various guests; but the author of the "Châtiments" is the chief talker, with the despotism of genius, and plays the pope according to the state of his mind, but always with amplitude and magnificence. The dialogue is familiar, and often rather badly written. One feels that the editor—François-Victor Hugo—intended to make only a personal memorandum, a rough model for the future, which he would have developed later as far as concerned the literary style, and polished its primitive form.

I took some extracts, and on my return to Paris I hunted up MM. Meurice and Vacquerie, testamentary executors of Hugo, who, in a newspaper interview, recognized the authenticity of these dialogues and anecdotes, and were surprised, astounded, at the existence of this amazing journal, which they could not secure. I was then able to return to London, with complete confidence, to copy the principal passages of these unpublished works, and to sketch the general spirit of them, for the purpose of presenting the essence of them to the numerous readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

Portrait of Victor Hugo, published by "l'Oracle Européen," in 1828.

The task was arduous, and not too agreeable. I trust I have executed it to the complete satisfaction of the public beyond seas.

The "Journal de l'Exil" takes up Victor Hugo at his departure from Brussels, July 30, 1852, and accompanies him to 1856. It begins thus: "M. Victor Hugo and his two sons, François and Charles Hugo, quitted Brussels yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, to go to Antwerp, where they were to embark for London, which place they will only pass through in order to arrive as soon as possible at the island of Jersey, where they intend to fix their residence. A great number of French refugees and some Belgians were assembled at the station to bid adieu to the exiled poet."

On the passage of Victor Hugo to

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London nothing especially striking is reported, unless it be a visit to Mazzini, whom he wished to dissuade from the possibility of carrying out his project. From London Hugo passes to Jersey, where he arrives August 5th, and where he straightway becomes enthusiastic over the beauty of the site. "Jersey," he cries, "is a grove, through which plays the voice of the ocean. It has the sharp aridity of Brittany and the smiling grace of Normandy. In its heaths, its ferns, its rocks, its green paths, its vast denuded plains, in the wind of the sea, Jersey has every beauty." On his way the poet sees some elms. "How sweet this is!" he says, "I find the elm again. It is a tree of France."

Hugo, from a Portrait published by "Le Sylphe," in 1829.

August 6th the travellers alighted at the hotel of the Pomme d'Or. In the evening Victor Hugo reads some passages from "Napoléon le Petit," from the "Crime du 2 Décembre," from "Dieu et Loi;" then, in a voice profoundly agitated, he says these words: "Oh, my country! It is at this hour when I see thee bleeding, inanimate, with drooping head, and eyes closed, with parted lips yet no longer speaking, the mark of the lash upon thy shoulders, the nails of the boots of thy executioners printed upon thy body, naked and soiled, and like one dead—a laughing-stock!—it is at this hour that the heart of the exile overflows with love and respect for thee."

The exiles installed themselves, August 12th, at Marine Terrace, a coquettish little dwelling at St. Clement, near St. Helier's. They were not long in receiving visits from the best known persons of the time. One of their first and most constant visitors was General Le Flô, also an exile. It is in talking with him that Victor Hugo makes this cruel and unjust *mot* on Proudhon. "If the empire becomes a fact, we shall find citizen Proudhon changed into His Excellency Count Proudhon, Senator." Hugo elsewhere shows but little tenderness to this writer. He goes so far

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as to say, "The conduct of Proudhon was that of a wretch."

It is at this time, as soon as they are fairly established, that the hosts and guests of Jersey commence their curious conversations, anecdotes, stories about artists and men of letters of the period.

Hugo, from an Etching by Salmon, published in 1840.

August 14th, Mme Hugo relates the visit which she made with Béranger to Rosa Bonheur. She thus describes the artist: "Rosa Bonheur is a pretty woman, with well-defined features, a very lively eye, abrupt gestures; she has small hands, small feet, a slight figure, and delicate features. Yet, from this *ensemble* there arises a vague impression of the masculine. She herself relates that from childhood she cared nothing for ribbons or dolls, but only for oxen, cows, and sheep, and when, later, her father, seeing that she had a taste for drawing, had her attempt historical pictures, at the age of twenty, carried away by her vocation, she returned to her beautiful cows, to her dear oxen—quitting men for beasts."

August 17th, in the course of a conversation which unfortunately is not recorded entire, Victor Hugo thus expresses some remarkable ideas on God: "God exists; but being absolute, perfect, He has not created the perfect and the absolute because He would have reproduced Himself. God, then, has created the imperfect and the relative, and therein He has placed man. Man suffers because he is among the imperfect and the relative. Man suffers because he expiates. He expiates in this world a fault he has committed in an anterior world. He does not know what that fault is, that original sin, but the feeling of it remains. This sentiment of former sin is found in all religions. Upon his good or bad conduct will depend his re-entry into the primitive and happy existence, and in the same way everything in nature will be transformed. Mineral life passes to organic vegetable life; vegetable life becomes animal life, of which the highest specimen is the ape. Above the ape commences intellectual life. Man occupies the lowest degree in the intellectual scale, a scale invisible and infinite, by which each spirit mounts to eternity, and of which God is the summit. All worlds are progressing; they are all in travail."

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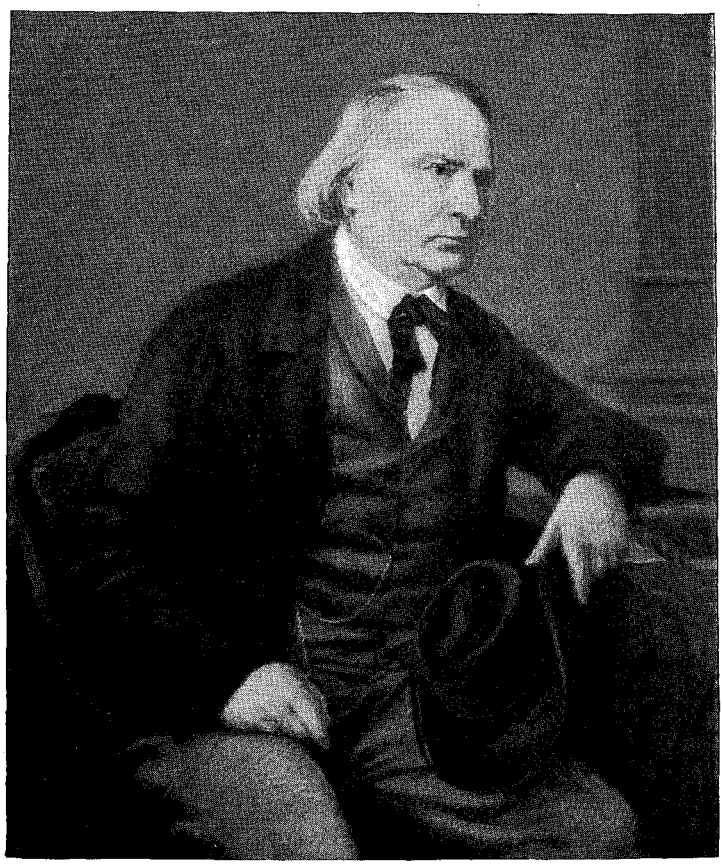

Hugo, from a Photograph made about 1850.

Do not these lines show an unknown Victor Hugo—a Victor Hugo who is a metaphysician?

Again, one finds the romantic poet in his fashion of regarding the possible *rôle* of Louis Bonaparte. "If Louis Bonaparte," he says, "had been an intelligently ambitious man instead of being a miserable ignorer, armed with the popular name of Napoleon, he would have had a magnificent and unique *rôle* to fill—to renounce the frippery and the tinsel of vanity; to renounce money and luxury; to renounce the title of Prince, uselessly added to that of President, while treating loftily the sovereigns of Europe; to secure the good of his people; to restore liberty; to bring about all possible improvements; to encourage art; to raise France, while making himself humble; to live poorly and worthily, and, above all, to be an honest man; to respect the constitution; finally, his four years' term having elapsed, to depart, saying, 'I resign the power given me by the people, and I leave it to him whom the people shall judge to be more worthy than I.' And all would have cried to Bonaparte, 'Remain. We shall keep you in spite of yourself.'"

Upon the subject of the most desirable form of government he advances this proposition to General Le Flô: "I have been, like you, a liberal monarchist. Then I recognized that the two principles, Monarchy and Republicanism, could not live together without devouring each other, and in this meal the Republic, to which belongs the future, would eat up the old Monarchy." And Le Flô replies: "I believe, indeed, that the Republic has the future to itself; but a very distant future."

In his quality as a soldier Le Flô

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abounds in stories. The war in Africa furnishes him the greater number. He thus estimates his companions in arms: "General Bedeau is a man who, in battle, hunts for the most dangerous place. Lamoricière was a weak head. Papa Bugeaud did not know exactly where honesty stopped and rascality began. As for Changarnier, he is a man silent and impassible, but of a sure and implacable decision. He is the strongest of the French generals. Saint-Arnaud was a fellow without morality; thoughtless and witty. I could cite you a hundred examples of his joyous frivolity."

It is about this period, September, 1852, that Victor Hugo seriously discusses the project of going to France in a balloon and casting over Paris collections of "Napoléon le Petit." The thing was actually resolved upon for some days. It is probable that before executing this fantastic project Victor Hugo reflected upon the inconveniences of such a propaganda.

Among the curious ideas given out at this time by the poet, this one is worth instancing. "The inhabitants of the sun are at least five hundred feet high. There are vehicles in the sun. I am led to know this by observing the movements that are made in the stars. At any rate, where there are inhabitants there are vehicles. Perhaps there are no houses, but there are vehicles. This is why: The first instinct of man is to move bodies. In order to be moved they must be carried. To carry them, a vehicle is necessary. The sun is at once the source and the end of all great geniuses, who come in turn to inhabit for a time the inferior spheres. These inferior spheres are—the moon, the earth, Saturn, Venus, etc."

The journal of November, 1852, reports a neat judgment of the poet on J. J. Rousseau. "He is *naïveté* in corruption and puerility in profundity." It contains also two amusing anecdotes. "M. A. (Auguste Vacquerie, doubtless) related to Hugo that Gérard de Nerval had become crazy. Without bread, without a roof, and without lodging, the poor devil had been taken in by his friend, Théophile Gautier. One fine morning, or rather one foul morning, Gérard being in bed sick and crazier than ever, at the house of his friend Gautier, now more than ever his nurse, suddenly the two friends are interrupted. It is the highly troublesome visit of Gérard's father, who enters the chamber of the sick man, pays no attention to his unlucky and wild son, or to Gautier, looks with care at every piece of furniture, passes from the table to the commode, from the commode to the chair, from the chair to the arm-chair, from the arm-chair to the clock, from the clock to the carpet, all the while saying: "That's good; that suits me; that is worth so much; this chair needs repairing; the clock must be regulated, such a clockmaker will repair it."

"Oh, come," finally says Gautier, "did you come here to make an inventory of *my* furniture?" (the *my* was especially orotund).

"*Your* furniture!" exclaims Gérard's father.

"Yes, of my furniture? Your son is in my house. Your son was without fire or home, and it is I, his friend, I, Théophile Gautier, who have taken him in, and he is at my house among my furniture. Now do you understand?"

"No, monsieur, I do not understand you. My son is lodged here. He is old enough to have his own furniture. This furniture, then, I assume to be his, and as he owes me money I am going to sell the said furniture."

The dialogue, as may be supposed, was closed only by putting Gérard's father out of doors.

The other anecdote relates to relatives of Lamennais. This latter had a sister who was married to a certain Blaise. Blaise had two sons, one named Louis and the other Auguste. It came one day to the knowledge of Blaise that Lamennais had just sold a manuscript for a considerable sum—from four to five hundred thousand francs. Addressing himself to his eldest son: "Did you know, Louis, Lamennais has sold his last volume for five hundred thousand francs. *Tiens.* Say, now, how would it be if Auguste should learn to make literature?"

Some time after these anecdotes Victor Hugo and his son engaged in an interesting discussion regarding the value of conquerors. The point of de-

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parture was the French Revolution, and the poet speaks first of Napoleon I. with enthusiasm. Charles Hugo denies the usefulness of this conqueror, as well as that of Alexander and of Cæsar. The manuscript continues as follows :

Victor Hugo. "Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are violent civilizers, who introduced civilization by upsetting the world."

Charles Hugo (his son). "Then, if Hannibal was a civilizer, Attila must also be a civilizer."

Victor Hugo. "Attila at the head of his army of barbarians invading the South is nothing but the representative of the peoples of the North invading the peoples of the sunshine. Attila comes to warm himself, that is all ; while Hannibal civilizes. Alexander and Cæsar civilize ; Charlemagne civilizes ; Napoleon civilizes. They bring ideas of progress into the lands of shadows. They violently incubate by war the germs of progress, but they do not incubate them gently by thought, as did Virgil, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. The men of the sword are inferior to the men of the pen."

From this point the conversation turns upon the social bearing of the works of Victor Hugo. The latter says : "I have intended to rehabilitate the pariah, whatever form he may take, whether it be a buffoon like Triboulet ; a courtesan like Marion Delorme ; a poisoner like Lucrezia Borgia ; the oppressed, like the people. Those who say that I have made art for art's sake, have said a silly thing. No one more than I has practised art for society and for humanity. I have always worked for this end, and known what I wished to do."

Auguste Vacquerie. "That is true, but I believe that you are an exception, and that few poets have had a consciousness of their work. It is plain that Molière did not see his dramas as sad as we see them."

Victor Hugo. "I believe, in fact, that Molière, although he was very unfortunate and put his misfortunes into his works, did not see all the sinister sides of his dramas. Æschylus, in the same way, did not clearly perceive all the aspects of his work, for his time was too restricted for him to see them all. That is the sublime side of art, that in creating a work the poet creates at the same time the infinite in his work, and each century, each movement of posterity, discovers there a new horizon ; and that is why, since art does not progress, neither Æschylus nor Shakespeare will be surpassed."

Shortly after this conversation there began to be a serious disturbance about an apparition which haunted the shore, and rapping spirits that troubled Hugo's sleep. The passages relating to these are curious and should be cited entire.

"For some time it has been pretended—sceptics may laugh—that an apparition has haunted the strand, and particularly the approaches to Marine Terrace. This apparition, which assumed a luminous form, was named 'The White Lady.' Throughout all the island the White Lady was reputed to be the familiar genius of Marine Terrace. Victor Hugo had at first smiled a little about this apparition, then when he heard it said that several persons had seen and reseen the spectre, he thought of Shakespeare and remembered Hamlet and the shade of Banquo. Jersey, for that matter, is an island filled with legends. There is not a rock, not an old ruin which does not pass as haunted by apparitions. Some pretend even that the devil has appeared there. Marine Terrace itself had its legends and its spectre. To conjure or to mollify the shade which every night had wandered upon the Terrace, it had been thought *à propos* to draw a big black cross upon the wall which separated the Terrace from the sea.

"Credulous minds believe blindly all mysteries ; sceptical minds deny them all ; great minds are serious in the presence of mystery, in presence of the night, in presence of the unknown. They do not say absolutely, yes ; they do not absolutely say, no. Great minds do not affirm as the credulous do, but they do not deny as do the sceptical.

"Victor Hugo used to hear in his chamber strange sounds. Sometimes papers would move all by themselves when there was no wind ; sometimes he heard blows struck upon the wall ; Charles Hugo and François Hugo, in the

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neighboring chamber, heard the same sound. One evening Mme Hugo had gone to sleep, having forgotten to blow out her candle. Mme Hugo awoke in darkness; who could have blown out her candle?

"In the night of the 22d of February Victor Hugo, by chance, entered the *salon*, the two windows of which looked out upon the street. He saw neither fire in the chimney nor light upon the table; the servants were sleeping. Victor Hugo goes up to his chamber and goes to bed. At two o'clock in the morning Charles and François Hugo return. They see the windows of the *salon* illuminated, not only as if there were a great fire, but lighted candelabra. The two young men enter astonished, so astonished that, to clear up the thing—so luminous and so obscure at once—they try to open the door of the *salon*. It is locked. François Hugo goes to bed; Charles asks for the key from his mother and his sister, who do not know where it is. He hunts for it and finally finds it. Then he feels himself seized with such a terror that he flees without daring to enter the *salon*."

At this passage in the "Journal de l'Exil" the table-tipping appears. Charles Hugo is surprised by these unaccustomed facts, and interrogates the table. The spirit present in that piece of furniture declares that her name is the White Lady, and she cannot say any more unless in the street, at three o'clock in the morning. Victor Hugo, to whom the thing was told, was not very brave; he found the hour and the place of rendezvous badly chosen. He preferred to remain at the house, and everybody else did the same. During the night, as often happened, Victor Hugo was still working when the bell rang violently. The poet instantly thought of the White Lady. He looked at his watch; it was just three o'clock in the morning. "Ghosts are punctual," he said.

The phenomena of apparitions and of turning tables did not make Victor Hugo forget politics. The journal reports to us that he had a notion of reassembling the National Assembly in England, and if England refused to give it an asylum, in America. "The Americans would be very happy," he said, "to give England such a slap in the face." The Assembly having deliberated, the deputies would return and would go to Nantes, where they would fortify themselves, and whence they would issue proclamations and appeals to insurrection.

According to Pierre Leroux, this plan and all others must remain useless. If a new religion was not brought to the people, nothing would make the people free, even if Bonaparte should be killed.

"Let us not kill Louis Bonaparte," responded the poet; "let us abolish the death penalty."

Pierre Leroux. "Yes, doubtless, my dear friend, doubtless."

Charles Hugo. "But the galleys; isn't that as hard as death?"

Victor Hugo. "To me there is an immense difference between the galleys and the death penalty. Death for some is annihilation; for others it is hell; for this man, it is heaven; for all it is mystery. And brutally, abruptly, without transition, you cast a human creature into this fearful unknown. Death is a thing by itself. When you condemn to the galleys, the sacred principle of human life is respected."

Pierre Leroux. "Our epoch is an epoch of decadence. Its literature sufficiently proves it. Thus, dear friend, all these little poets whom you have created, and who are, so to speak, the foam of your works—all these little poets have no talent, and, above all, no imagination."

Victor Hugo. "What, Théophile Gautier, Alfred de Musset, Alphonse Karr, Janin?"

Pierre Leroux. "No, they have no real talent coming from themselves. No one will speak of them fifty years from now. There was only one of them, as I think, who had any future. He died in the hospital. It was H. Moreau."

Victor Hugo. "Dear friend, you are mistaken. He was not worth as much as the others, and he is hardly known."

Pierre Leroux. "I return to my subject. Our epoch is an epoch of decadence. Its literature, born of vice, proves it. It has the vices, the useless and lux-

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urious superabundance of the letters of the Byzantine empire; of the time when there appeared all those poets, all that artificial literature that you remember. Our letters to-day are the fatal announcement of the fall and the engulfing of humanity."

Victor Hugo. "You are completely mistaken. Never was there an epoch so grand as ours. Never was literature so complete. Complete poetry is composed of three things: Man, Life, and Nature. Former French poets found only man mingled with life. There is not in Molière, or in Racine, the shadow of an allusion to a tree, a plant, a star. It is only in this century that the French school, of which you speak with disdain, has perceived that there is a heaven, stars, fields, hills, rocks, the sea, water."

Further on is a curious indication of the care with which Victor Hugo sought out the titles of his books. He says, to begin with, that he wishes people to *understand* them; then, after having hesitated a long time among several titles for the book, which appeared some time later as "Les Châtiments," he rejects "L'Empire au pilori," and decides for a time upon "Il faut rendre à César ce qui est à Mandrin."

Charles Hugo. "Oh, that is too long. How can anybody say, Send me some 'Il faut rendre à César ce qui est à Mandrin?'"

François Hugo. "Why not simply, 'César Mandrin?' It's shorter, and is the same idea."

Victor Hugo. "'César Mandrin,' yes, that is good enough."

Auguste Vacquerie. "As for me, I don't understand. I prefer a hundred times the title of 'Châtiments' to all the other titles."

Some days later General Metzacas pays a visit to Victor Hugo, and they talk of California. "California is a curious country. Liberty and the gold fever have there developed a strange phenomenon. They kill, they pillage, they rob, without anyone's interfering. They gain 100,000 francs a day and lose it with the same facility. Amid the disorder of morals and the absence of laws one thing only is observed; it is rest on Sunday."

Mme Hugo. "What! Sunday has crossed the sea?"

Victor Hugo. "Alas, yes, my child. More English than the English, the Americans pass the Sabbath stretched in chairs, their boots on the window-sills, a spectacle which has suggested to a Frenchman the rather witty saying 'We are going to hold a review of soles.' But the most singular thing is the need of whittling with which all Americans are possessed. It is such that on Sunday they give the sailors little bits of wood, because if they did not they would whittle the ship. In court, at the most critical moment, the judge, whittling, says: 'Prisoner, are you guilty?' and the accused tranquilly responds, whittling, 'I am not guilty.'"

Following these geographical fancies I find reported this word of Mazzini on Victor Hugo: "He is the chief of jugglers." Fourrier, not less unjust, has this *mot*, also preserved in the "Journal de l'Exil," "Victor Hugo is the king of Quakers."

But it is particularly in anecdotes that the manuscript is rich. The poet relates an adventure of Pierre Leroux: "Do you know the story of Pierre Leroux? He was never willing to marry. Nevertheless he asked a young girl of her parents. 'You wish our daughter?' the parents said to him. 'Certainly.' 'But you do not wish to espouse her?' 'No.' 'Why?' 'Because I do not care to marry.' He was refused, but betook himself elsewhere and was accepted."

Victor Hugo reports that being at the burial of Balzac, in 1850, he came near being crushed between the tombstone and the hearse. He was saved only by a strange chance. A man who was on the other side of the tombstone saw his peril, and, lifting him by his shoulders, prevented "the world's assisting at the spectacle of Victor Hugo crushed by Balzac."

The Pole Rémenyi often gave musical *soirées* at Marine Terrace. On one occasion, after a comparison between Rémenyi and Paganini—a comparison that Victor Hugo found exaggerated—the exiled poet gave these definitions: "The organ is the voice of the infinite. The

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orchestra is the complete *résumé* of instrumental music. The violin sings like a human voice. The human voice is a translation of divine harmony, composed of the sounds of nature, of the wind, of the sea, of birds, of the rustling of trees, of the murmur of brooks, and of the peal of thunder. This music of nature has as its interpreter the instrument; the instrument is a Word." Is not that the very way of thinking and expression of a romantic poet?

We find him again, as we know him, in the following conversation, August 18th:

My Mother (Mme Hugo). "I am going to send for the Hennequin's book on the 'Soul of the Earth.'"

My Father (Victor Hugo). "You are quite right to send for that book. It cannot lack a certain interest. Hennequin has very well defined Fourrier, showing him to be a bourgeois to whom God has granted three or four great rays of light and progress. As for me, if I had a book to make on the soul of the earth, I should show it transmitting three or four grand ideas to humanity. But since, unfortunately, men of genius are wanting, it takes at hazard a grocer, a bourgeois, whom it intoxicates with these great ideas. That is the history of Fourrier. A thick-headed bourgeois, a vulgar grocer, who has caught a glimpse of one or two eternal truths."

Then the conversation turns on Frédéric Lemaître.

Victor Hugo. "Actors have only one time, that of their theatrical life, and as nothing remains of them after their life, they should have the greatest respect for the things of the present (*actualité*). This is the moment of their triumph. Frédéric Lemaître did not understand this, and he wasted his last years treating with the Coignards and playing an unsuitable répertoire. So now Frédéric, worn out, is completely extinguished. Talma did differently, and though he had not a genius as varied and as complete as that of Lemaître, his work will last longer, will endure as long as the work of an actor can. For Talma had the intelligence to choose great *rôles* which have left great memories. Lemaître had no such sagacity."

The "Journal de l'Exil" contains pages far more severe and of a very different tone, such as the following, under the date of November 23d:

Charles Hugo. "Who will say that Louis Bonaparte did not believe that he was saving society when he committed the crime of December 2d?"

Victor Hugo. "I heard it said the other day that Torquemada was a greater wretch than Montalembert. That is an error. Torquemada burned people alive, and in that way killed four hundred thousand persons. I concede that Montalembert has not done so much. But Torquemada mistakenly sought to save humanity from hell by burning it in this world. He was a man of convictions. Moreover, this same Torquemada, at the age of ninety, was living with a hood of iron on his head, to escape assassins; he was living in haircloth, imposing voluntary poverty upon himself. If, in reality, this man had, as he believed, saved humanity from eternal perdition by a few hours' torture, then Torquemada would evidently be one of the benefactors of humanity; whereas M. de Montalembert did not, and does not, in anywise *believe*, and arrests progress in order that he may be called M. le Comte de Montalembert and may gain money. Men can be judged only by their intentions, and their intentions can be known only because their characteristic actions have a relation to themselves. When men act against their interests, they are pure in intention; when they act for their own interests, they are culpable in intention."

The same day there is a conversation between the two sons of the master, giving us the touching story of Marie Duplessis, whence was derived Dumas's drama, "La Dame aux Camélias."

François Hugo. "Little Dumas has just captured another success with 'Diane de Lys.' Have you read Gautier's feuilleton?"

Charles Hugo. "Yes, he's lucky, is the little Dumas. He has won a success already with his 'Dame aux Camélias.' Still the romance from which he took the play was finer than the play, and the real history is even much more interesting. Dumas has completely marred it."

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Here Charles Hugo relates the story. Marie Duplessis was a young woman of fashion who owed a wonderful success to her beauty. At the Champs, at the Bois, her carriage was more surrounded than any other. She had a great number of admirers, acknowledged and welcomed. But of those who could not approach her was a young collegian of eighteen, who was madly enamoured of her. As long as she was *à la mode* the young man held himself aloof. Then she fell ill and the admirers dropped away. At that time the collegian came to her door to inquire as to her condition, and, learning from her domestic that she was deserted and uncared for, he became her nurse. He remained by her bedside to the last, and when she died he alone followed her coffin, and he alone tended her grave, which was always covered with fresh camelias.

Charles Hugo, who shows taste enough in this conversation, seems not to have had as much at all times.

Victor Hugo. "Louis Bonaparte has sent me two books on artillery, with this inscription: 'A tribute of high esteem and of profound consideration.' For that matter, Louis Bonaparte is a fairly good writer; he has a certain talent."

Charles Hugo. "Talk of Louis Napoleon. Bah! He has hardly more talent than his uncle. We must be done with this mass of stupid prejudices. Homer has only two or three fine scenes; I say it, I, who have translated the 'Iliad.' As for Horace, I prefer Musset to him."

Victor Hugo glances quietly toward his right at a big fellow just arrived from the Provinces. "Monsieur, what have you been giving my son to drink?" The young man replies, "Nothing, Monsieur, nothing."

Charles Hugo. "It is as it is with the Bible. You admire the Bible, you admire Job. Job and the Bible are commonplace."

Victor Hugo. "Don't talk about things that you know nothing of. Are you sure you have even read the Bible? Know that Job is one of the greatest masterpieces of the human mind. It is, perhaps, the greatest masterpiece. And to-morrow, if all literature was to be destroyed, and it was left to me to retain one work only, I should save Job."

Here Victor Hugo makes a masterly analysis of the Book of Job. He is interrupted by Auguste Vacquerie, who says: "The discourses of the three friends of Job are interminable and horribly tiresome."

Victor Hugo. "What you call interminable and tiresome is perhaps the finest passage of the poem."

(They go down into the *salon* and the discussion continues.)

Auguste Vacquerie. "I grant you that the subject is grand, but not the prologue. This prologue that you find immense I find petty and ignoble. The God of Job is a miserable God, an ingrate, who plays at dice for the soul of a man, who renders this man wretched and delivers him over to Satan solely because the man is virtuous. That belittles and degrades God. A work that diminishes God is not a grand work."

Victor Hugo. "When I say God, I do not insist upon God such as Christian orthodoxy represents Him. If you will, this God of whom I speak to you shall be Jupiter, and the subject will not be the less superb. It is not a question of orthodoxy that I am discussing, it is a question of art."

From Job Victor Hugo passes to Hamlet, of whom he gives a remarkable study, and, summing up the subject, he closes thus: "There are superior spirits who reach to heaven through the starry azure, and before whom we should all bow down."

Charles Hugo. "Then why have you hung on the heels of Racine and harried him? His name carries weight enough, surely."

Victor Hugo. "Well, are you going to put Racine on the level of the others? We have attacked Racine because he was a usurper of renown."

Charles Hugo. "What tells you that the others are not 'usurpers of renown?'"

Victor Hugo. "My intelligence. When I read a celebrated author and do not find in him the merits that ought to win for him his celebrity, I do all that I can to put him in his true place. I

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think it a duty to rectify the judgments of posterity."

The conversation, pursued some time longer, ceased for want of hearers.

It was late, some had withdrawn; as for those who remained, the grocer, Asplet, and the paper-maker, finding no great interest in this literary conversation, were commencing to get sleepy.

Among the souvenirs of Victor Hugo this one is notable; it shows all the vehemence of the poet: "Dupin is the greatest of wretches. When I was in the tribune and that rascal hindered me from speaking, I cried out to him, 'Hold your tongue, then, you vile rascal. Let me alone, blackguard.' Dupin pretended not to hear and swallowed my insults unmoved."

After Victor Hugo attacking Dupin we have Charles defending Hébert *à propos* of the French Revolution.

Charles Hugo. "I am sure that Hébert has been calumniated, as well as all the Revolutionists."

Victor Hugo. "Hébert may have had some heart at odd moments, but he none the less represents the bad side of the Revolution. In the Revolution the head was Robespierre; the heart was Danton; the belly, Hébert."

To these reflections upon the personages of the first French Republic, succeed others upon a great man of the Roman Republic. Victor Hugo says that he admires the figure of Brutus, the devotion of the citizen to his country, for which he slays his children. Charles responds that Brutus is a man destitute of all human sentiments, and that, moreover, Brutus never existed. Auguste Vacquerie comes to the help of Charles. He says that if he had existed, Brutus sacrificed a human sentiment, paternity, to a local sentiment, patriotism, and he cites these lines of Corneille:

"Je rends grâce au ciel de n'être pas Romain
Pour conserver encore quelque chose d'humain."

Victor Hugo says that for him the family cannot stand against the country. Auguste Vacquerie resumes: "Happily God has not put a man in this horrible dilemma, where he must choose between his country and his children. Brutus never existed. If he had, he would be more to be pitied than admired."

Victor Hugo. "Brutus did exist, and Brutus is a great figure. Abraham is a primitive Brutus, sacrificing his son Isaac to God. All great acts, all great devotions of humanity are relative."

Victor Hugo cites this fact, drawn from the "Romancero:" Don Diego, in obedience to the Queen of Spain, sends his six sons to the siege of Zamorah, where all six perish. What could be more relative, and yet more grand, than this father sending his six sons to death in obedience to a Queen, who was not equal even to Christine; and what could be greater than this father forgetting that he is a father to save his country?"

Victor Hugo has the notion of overturning everything in France—all its institutions, even the Academy, which must be re-established upon another footing. "The idea of the Academy is very grand," he says, "and very beautiful. It is the Senate of the future, for the great power of the United States of Europe will be an academy composed of all the illustrious scientific and literary persons of France, named by the suffrage of the men of letters and of all the intelligent youth of the schools."

While waiting to be in condition to overturn everything in France, the poet complains of the proscription. "I find it extremely disagreeable to nourish, not the real exiles who are brave fellows, but to have at my heels the spies of M. Bonaparte; for out of every eighty exiles twenty are spies."

Some days later Victor Hugo returns to the subject of his visions and his nocturnal fears. "Formerly I used to sleep like a tranquil man. Now I never lie down without a certain terror, and when I awake in the night I awake with a shudder. I hear rapping spirits in my room, and this sound (Victor Hugo taps upon the table). Two months ago, before the White Lady had sketched her portrait, I did not have this terror, but now, I confess it, I experience an accursed horror."

Mme Victor Hugo. "Why, good heavens! you always had that disposition. When Saxe-Coburg died, and his mother

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entered your room, the sight of that great woman in despair, weeping for her dead son, cost you such a fright that for a fortnight you could not stay alone after nightfall. It was the same with the vision you have told as being the dream of the last day of a condemned man. The apparition of that old woman pursued you for a long while."

Auguste Vacquerie. "All this upsets my ideas. I believed that we were in the epoch of the majority, and I see with vexation that we must still have ruts and religions!"

Victor Hugo. "The world is still in its infancy. It does require ruts and religions. It is doubtful if the average human being has arrived at even a modest degree of reason. Yes, I believe that at some time, in thousands of millions of years, perhaps, every man will have no other religion than his own philosophy. At the present hour man still has need of religion and of written revelation. The truths that man finds must be confirmed by God. Those which are developed from the phenomenon of the tables—I discovered them fifteen years ago; I made a book upon these very truths. It is the book that my daughter urges me so much to publish. This book is confirmed by the phenomena. For that matter, all great men have had revelations—all superior minds. Socrates had his familiar genius; Zoroaster, so he said, distinctly perceived good and evil; Shakespeare saw phantoms. Very well, a hundred years from now it will be said that this book about the tables was inspired by the familiar demon of Marine Terrace."

Auguste Vacquerie. "Notwithstanding, I, who belong to the party of the nineteenth century, I must say that if the intervention of the spirits were strictly proven to me, it would modify my ideas. I should believe that man is nothing more than an instrument on which the spirits play, that the phenomenon of inspiration, for example, is produced not by the labor and the creation of man but by an idea, a sort of spirit that takes its place in the brain of man. Thus, in my own case, this is so true that I have been ten years unsuccessful in finding some idea, which finally came to me all at once, at the moment when I least expected it. And so, too, I was composing a scene to-day so touching that it brought the tears to my own eyes, when suddenly an idea so comical crossed my brain that I fairly ran on the shore eager to put it into execution."

Victor Hugo. "Inspiration comes to me in exactly the opposite way. There is in all my work not a single idea, not one line, that I have not sought for; not a single word that I have not meditated on. Thus, do you know how the idea of *Ruy-Blas* came to me? I wanted to represent a minister invested with absolute power, the undisputed ruler of a great kingdom; when he has arrived at the highest degree of power, one day, amid his courtiers and his flatterers, there enters to him an unknown man who commands him as his master. That is the idea from which *Ruy-Blas* came."

Charles Hugo. "As for me, I believe that to make a fine thing one must take some trouble. When Vulcan made Minerva spring from the head of Jupiter he broke the skull of the god. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, of philosophy, of the Idea."

Victor Hugo. "You are wrong to measure beauty by difficulty. Thus I consider prose infinitely more difficult than verse. I hate to write prose, I passionately love to make verses, and I consider that prose is very inferior to verse. It has required all the will with which I am endowed to reach the point that I have reached. When I was a very young man I wished to quit lyric poetry for dramatic poetry. I maintained that I should make a revolution in the art. I brought all my family down upon me. I had them all against me. I remember that my wife's father said to me: 'You are wrong, you are attempting an impossible thing.' My father, who nevertheless was very fond of me, said: 'It is senseless. You wish to revolutionize art. It is madness.' A relative, an amiable young woman, said to me, mockingly: 'Ah, we have then more talent than Racine?'"

Charles Hugo, who judges difficulty to be one of the conditions of art, also thinks that rigidity and absolutism are conditions of political integrity. About

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the same period the "Journal de l'Exil" reports this judgment of Hugo on the English press in particular and the press in general: "I was reading an English journal the other day. It boasted of having always been faithful to Bonaparte and of having greeted him as a great man at the time of the *Coup d'État*, and it claimed that in this it had more clearness of perception than the other papers. One cannot imagine the feebleness of the English press with reference to Bonaparte. As to the French press, it is dying. Its annihilation will bring on the decadence of the book trade. Books will no longer be sold when papers are not bought. Now, how will journals be bought that are not read? Or journals be read which contain no controversy, and therefore present no interest? From the moment the journals are not read the taste for reading is lost, and, naturally, that for books. That is why Théophile Gautier got only five hundred francs for three volumes on Constantinople."

Victor Hugo exclaims (in September, 1854): "If I were writing the history of the French Revolution (and I shall write it), I would tell all the crimes of the revolutionists, only I would tell who are really guilty of those crimes. It is not the revolutionists, it is the royalists. Above the tribunal of the Convention which judges and which condemns Louis XVI., there is the throne of France, where were seated Pharamond and his successors; and it is not from the tribunal of the Convention that the condemnation of Louis XVI. issues; it is from above — from that invisible throne of the kings of France. Starting from that, I should be very tender with the royal victims. I should pity Marie Antoinette; I should pity Louis XVII., and I should add: 'Do you know who tortured Louis XVII.? It was not Simon; it was Louis XIV. Behind Simon there was Louis XIV. urging his hand.'"

This way of considering history is really an extraordinarily poetical conception, if not absolutely exact.

Perhaps there is less exaggeration in this judgment given upon Robespierre, after a striking *résumé* of the acts of the revolutionist: "Robespierre is a magnificent scoundrel. That is the word that paints him exactly."

Here is the way in which Victor Hugo described the destiny of Saint-Arnaud, and saw in the malady by which the General died a chastisement of God.

My Father. "Has anyone here read the article of Raspail in the *Nation?*" No one had.

My Father. "I am the only one here who reads. Raspail makes a study of the cholera, and he explains it thus: The cholera is nothing but an invasion of infusoria into the human body." (Here Victor Hugo recalls his well-known theory, admirably anticipating the ideas of Raspail and his works on the cause of diseases.)

Charles Hugo. "It is cholera which struck Saint-Arnaud, like a just chastisement?"

Victor Hugo. "Yes; what a chastisement; what a visible punishment. This man, this General, dies in his bed at the very moment of the taking of Sebastopol, when his name was to be changed from Saint-Arnaud to Duke of Sebastopol and Prince of the Crimea. . . . What justice! A man of the slums, he ends in the sewers! and he felt it himself. He says, 'The misfortune that assails me is unexampled!'"

M. Auguste. "Yes, Saint-Arnaud felt that it was a chastisement. One feels in his address to the soldiers to what degree he has suffered."

Victor Hugo. "His expiation has been sufficient. I shall take pity upon him. I shall strike his name from my verses."

It is near this point in the manuscript that I find a very fine story of an American who had assumed the mission of liberating the slaves. After he had liberated seven of them, he was prosecuted and condemned to a fine greater than his fortune. "You see," said the judge, "while trying to free the slaves you have lost not only all your property, but more than your property." "Yes," responds the prisoner, "I have lost my property, but I shall continue my mission, and if a single slave finds himself here who has need of my help,

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let him come to old Tom; although he is seventy-one years old Old Tom will know how to rescue him."

After the capture of Sebastopol Louis Napoleon was credited with schemes of conquest.

Charles Hugo. "It is possible that Bonaparte may invade Belgium and put an army on the Rhine."

Victor Hugo. "Although I approve nothing that that rogue can do, nevertheless I should think it well if Belgium were invaded by France and conquered by her."

Charles Hugo. "But the Belgians have their nationality. If they wish to remain Belgians, and not to become French, it is their right."

Victor Hugo. "They should not resist nature, which has placed Belgium within the natural limits of France. Belgium is, properly speaking, a French department."

Charles Hugo. "Nevertheless there is something above geographical lines, territorial dispositions; it is the idea of the fatherland. The Belgians have a right not to be Frenchmen."

My Father. "That is absolutely as if you said that the Franche-Comté and Alsace have a right not to be a part of France."

Charles Hugo. "Doubtless the Franche-Comté and Alsace might easily form independent states; then the comparison is not absolutely just, for the Belgians have their language, their government. The Alsacians and the Francs-Comtois speak French."

Paul Meurice. "I beg your pardon, Charles, the Alsacians speak German at Strasburg; the usual language is not French, it is German."

Charles Hugo. "That is possible, and so do the Belgians speak Belgian."

Victor Hugo. "That is to be disputed; the Belgians generally speak in French *patois*. Moreover, it would render Belgium sacred to make of it a French department. What has it ever produced, in men, in writers, in thinkers? Besides, it is in the order of things that the small states must disappear. We shall have the United States of Europe, then the United States of the World. From the unity of France will issue that of Europe; from the unity of Europe, that of the World. The United States of the World will be governed by an institute; an assembly of all the thinkers, philosophers, writers. The century belongs to science and art."

One may call this dream a Utopia; but one may also see in it a prophecy, the fulfilment of which is still afar off.

More scientific and better founded, perhaps, is this *aperçu* of the soul:

Victor Hugo. "In this century I am the first who has spoken not only of the soul of animals, but also of the soul of things. All my life I have constantly said, when I saw a tree branch broken or a leaf torn off, 'Leave that branch; leave that leaf. Do not disturb the harmony of nature.' As for animals, I have not only never denied their souls, but I have always believed in them."

Charles Hugo. "Lamartine also believed in the souls of animals. There are in 'Jocelyn' admirable lines upon a dog:

'O mon chien! Dieu seul sait la distance!—'"

Victor Hugo. "Lamartine also had this prescience. But to return to what I was saying a moment ago. I believe in the soul of animals. But let us understand each other about this word soul. When I say the soul of inorganic matter I believe that the soul, enclosed, buried, is completely passive. When I say the soul of animals, I believe that the soul, less enclosed and less buried than in the inorganic matter, is still three-quarters passive, and allows instinct alone to pass. The soul of the beast assists, then, in a confused manner, at the acts of the beast. Nevertheless I believe that in perfect strictness it is permitted to the instinct of the beast to arrive at so perfect a state that it can guide the beast to a sublime action. We have an example of it in the lion of Androcles and in the lion of Florence. Then the beast, recompensed for his sublime effort, passes from the animal state to that of the archangel. Man himself is only half responsible. He has but a relative will. The condition of animals is a hundred times more painful than our own. Their soul is in the horrible position that a Paganini

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would be in, enclosed in a tower, immured, blind, deaf, with no instrument but a stick. What, then, would be the genius of Paganini? It would perforce remain unknown to us."

The "Journal de l'Exil" is less crowded during the last two years, 1855 and 1856; several portions are only reports of conversations taking place in 1853 or 1854. It contains, nevertheless, interesting historical documents, and remarkable discussions, such as that upon suicide, which follows:

Charles Hugo. "Excessive sorrow excuses suicide."

Victor Hugo. "Sorrow excuses, but does not absolve suicide, which is a grave thing; no one has the right to break his fetters and leave life, to abandon the dwelling God has given him in putting him in this world. I believe that the crime of the suicide should be chastised by a penalty beyond this world, especially when the suicide has quitted life without an imperative reason, without extreme trouble. Then I believe God makes him begin again, under harder conditions, the existence that he has wilfully shattered."

M. Auguste. "Gérard de Nerval, one Monday when he replaced Théophile Gautier, in his *feuilleton de théâtre*, wrote for *La Presse* an article on suicide. He analyzed a play with the title of 'Le Mort vivant,' the subject of which was this: A man despairing of his wife, whom he loved, and weary of being poor, finally blew his brains out; hardly was he dead and buried when his soul was allowed to see the life he would have led had he had the courage to go on. The suicide saw a letter that would have given him a considerable inheritance; he saw the wife that he had loved forgetting him for others, divers accidents arrived, and, dead, he was a witness of life."

Charles Hugo. "The idea is very fine."

Victor Hugo. "Yes, it's a fine idea and novel. There is much to be got from this subject. In 1838 I proposed to Anténor Jolly to make a *Théâtre fantasque*. The thing fell through on account of the stupidity of the directors, but nothing is finer than the fantastic mingled with the human drama. For example, what is more amazing than the appearance of the *Commander* in the 'Don Juan' of Molière? Only Molière was wrong to call his play 'Le festin de pierre' (The Feast of Stone); he should have called it 'Le convive de pierre' (The Guest of Stone), which is the literal translation of the Spanish. 'Le convive de pierre' is more terrible than 'Le festin de pierre.' All this does not prevent Molière being the greatest poet of the century of Louis XIV., which allows Boileau to find in him talent as a rhymer only, and the *grands seigneurs* of his time to treat him as nothing but a comic poet. Moreover, the characteristic of the century of Louis XIV.—and here I am going to astonish the classic fogies—is *Romanticism*. What is more romantic than this century, in which Versailles was created, that palace, those fountains where the writhing waters springing from the stone wed what is most solid to what is most liquid; the strange time when they cut their hair to make a perruque of it, when they played the tragedies of Racine half in Greek costume, half in that of Louis XIV., tragedies that Madame de Sévigné discussed in her letters, a smile on her lips, for she esteemed but lightly this literature on stilts. The century of Louis XIV. is a century of fancy dominated by the sombre and severe figure of Molière; and poor Molière, obliged to laugh with his time, produced jesting dramas of which the depth was really sinister. And as he strewed them with the bright laughter of the powdered marquises and the eternal sobs of the human heart, he has made a prodigious work, which partakes of the age of Louis XIV. and of all the ages."

M. Auguste. "There is a new point of view from the dramas of Molière, and in my judgment it is to be exploited; it is the infernal side, on which Molière sees humanity; his dramas are the most sinister ever created, for not only are they sad in suffering but sad in infamy; his characters are a collection not merely of wretched, but of rascally, persons. Vice is complete, virtue is absent, the sublime is never present. Molière is the demon of this hell. You hardly

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catch a glimpse of the honest side of humanity, and if vice is splendidly developed in *Tartuffe* and *Célimène*, virtue barely glimmers in *Elmire* and *Henriette*, and the sublime personified is never found as Shakespeare has given it in *Juliet* and *Desdemona*. Shakespeare is the god of his heaven; he has perceived an ideal superior to the humanity of which Molière has depicted the under side, and the ceiling of his theatre, at most, but touches the planets of the human heart."

Let us cite, in closing, this neat saying of Hugo *à propos* of the name of Shakespeare, the orthography of which François Hugo wished to change; a saying which may serve as a close for all these conversations: "Saturn turns a name over a long time between his teeth to make it what it should remain for posterity."

Caricature of Hugo, made by Isabey, in 1840.

VILLON.

Francis B. Gummere.

"Au fort, je meurs amant martir,
Du nombre des amoureux saints!"
—*Petit Testament.*

Ah, my singer of olden days,
That tweaked your stupid time by the nose,
Taunted, tippled, and went your ways—
What did you care for laurels and bays?
Down from the balcony fluttered a rose.

High in the heaven of heavens afar,
Glittered your planet—"Glory," suppose;
And ways so foul should the wanderer bar!
What did you care for the mire—or the star?
Down from the balcony fluttered a rose.

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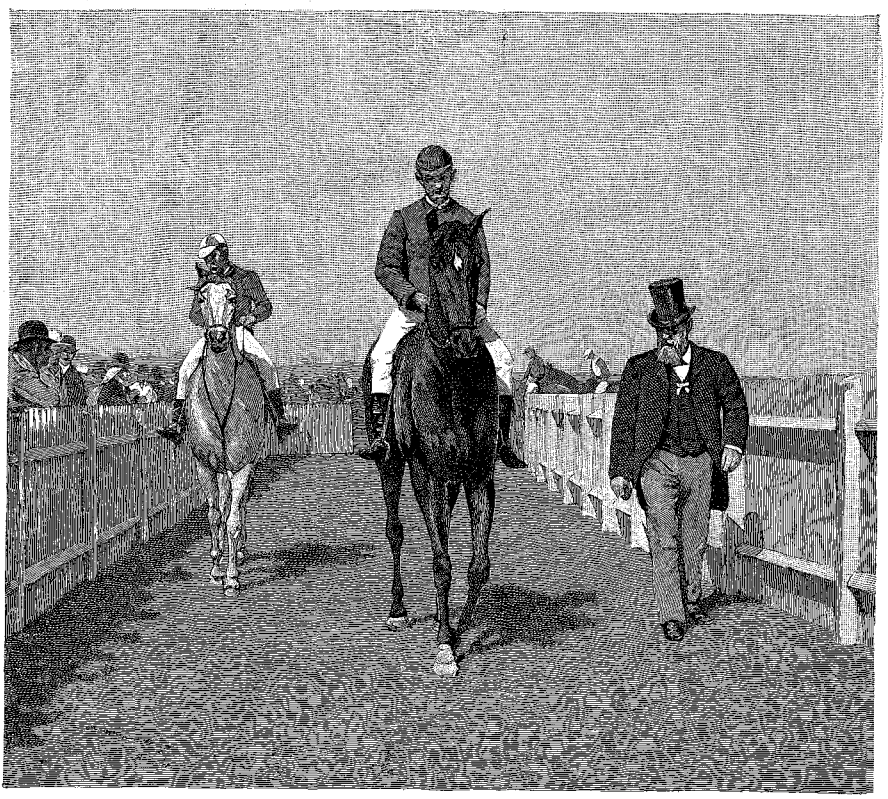

The Winner "Weighing in."

RACING IN AUSTRALIA.

By Sidney Dickinson.

THE essentially British institution of horse-racing, which other peoples feebly imitate, though they cannot understand the passion for it that glows in the breast of the Anglo-Saxon, has attained surprising proportions in the Australasian dependencies of the Empire. Transplantation to a Southern soil of English products seems always to have a stimulating effect. The rabbit, inoffensive and even protected by law in his native islands, becomes in Australia a pest more devastating than the locusts of Egypt, and is slaughtered in myriads annually without any apparent effect. The Scotch thistle, emblem of patriotism in the Highlands, spreads itself like a devastating fire, and is execrated by Scot and Sassenach alike. In New Zealand, the briar-rose, planted with home-longing care by the missionaries from slips brought across fifteen thousand miles of sea, is become a nuisance ineradicable, and the water-cress, sown in the rivers, grows a sturdy weed a dozen feet in length, and is cut and dredged out with infinite labor as an impediment to navigation.

National traits, moral and immoral impulses, ability to perform in matters of strength and dexterity, all seem to be intensified under the genial radiance of the Austral sun; in many respects Australia is more English than England. She has already instructed her mother in the arts of rowing and pugilism, and if she has not yet won the "Derby," it is the confirmed opinion of all her sons that the distance by sea, rather than any superiority of horse-flesh, has

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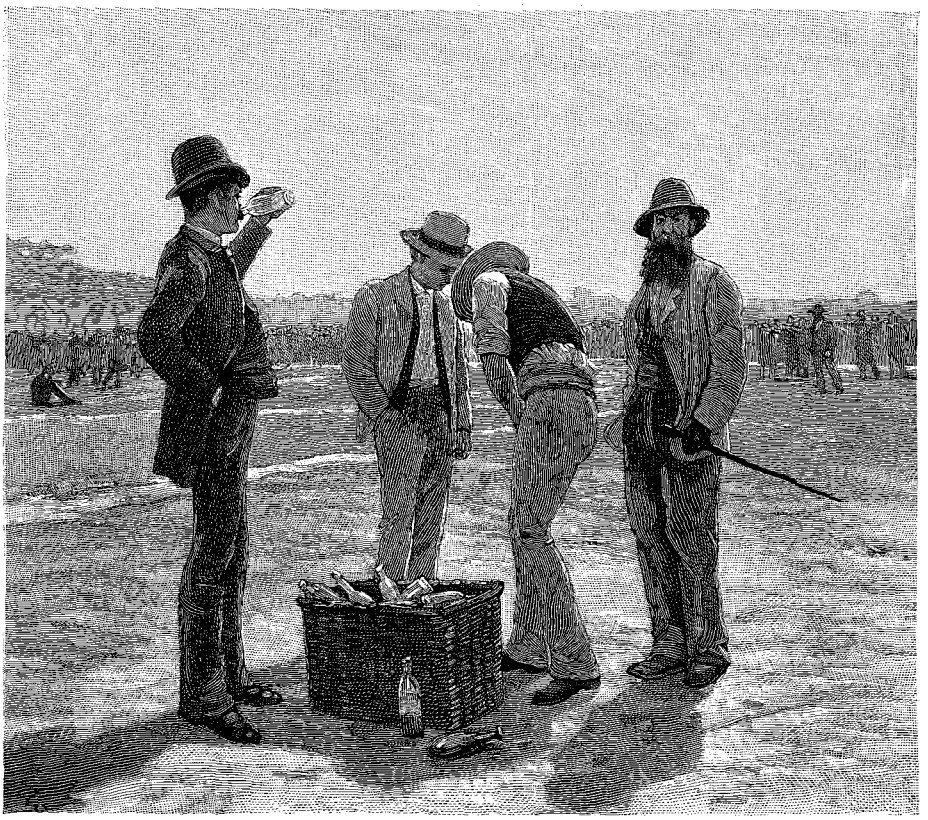

A Scene on the "Flat," Flemington Course, Melbourne, Australia.

withheld this triumph from the Antipodes.

Australia is, *par excellence*, the country of the horse. The moderate climate, which sends Australians out of doors nine days in ten throughout the year, and the comparatively unsettled condition of the country, which necessitates long journeys over districts impracticable for wheeled vehicles, unite with natural predisposition to bring the Australian into close dependence upon his horse. Riding, whether for business or pleasure, is more general in Australia than in any other country, and as a natural result the practice of racing is the strongest passion in the heart of the people. The interest taken in the sport is marked at once by the visitor, and appears more wonderful and strange the longer he remains in the country. To treat of all its manifestations would employ a volume, and little more can be done here than to indicate briefly a few of its most brilliant and representative features.

Victoria, the premier colony of Australasia in wealth and enterprise, is naturally foremost in all racing matters. Its principal sporting events, like the contests for the "Melbourne Cup," the "Champion Stakes," the "Caulfield Cup," and many others of only secondary importance, are followed with great interest all over the country, and have become to Australia what the "Derby" and other classic races are to England. The meetings of the Australian Jockey Club, in Sydney, are next in importance, but the attendance upon them is chiefly local. The great races at Melbourne, however, attract crowds of visitors, not only from all parts of Australia, but also from Tasmania, New Zealand, and even such remote localities as New Caledonia and Fiji, India and Mauritius. All racing in Victoria is regulated by the Victoria Racing Club, which appoints

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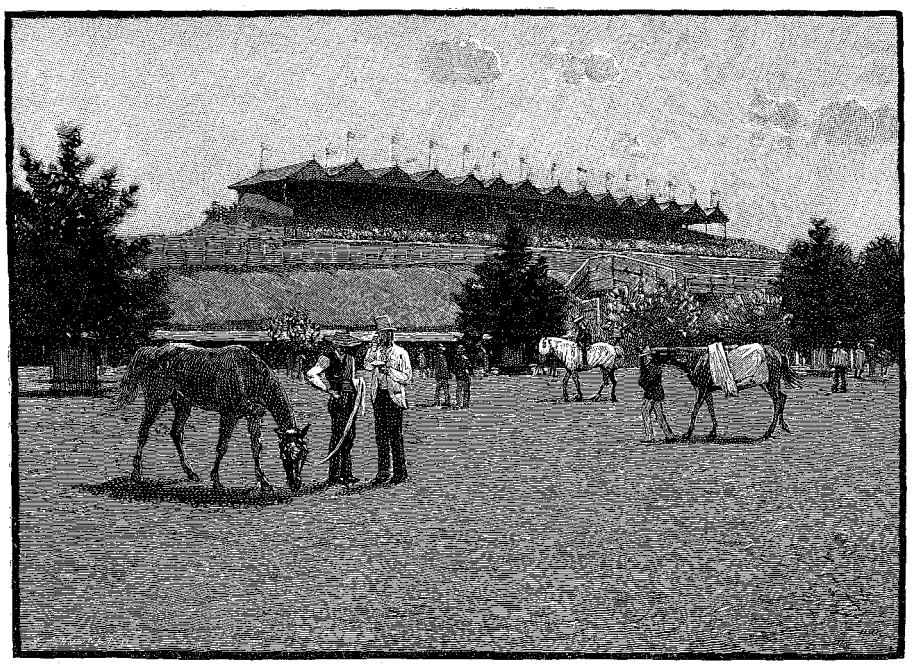
the dates of all meetings within a fifty miles' radius of Melbourne, settles all disputes, awards weights and penalties, and by its energetic and capable management has had the principal influence in bringing to Colonial racing the reputation for fairness which it almost invariably enjoys. The Association, in fact, occupies a position in Victoria fully analogous to that of the Jockey Club in England, and has developed the sport of racing, both in respect to the convenience of its participants and the enjoyment of its patrons, to a degree unknown in Europe or America.

Among the earliest records of every Colonial city, we find accounts of horse-racing holding a conspicuous position. The forces that controlled the peace of Sydney during the days of convict settlement, the gold-diggers at Bendigo and Ballarat, and the Melbourne traders who furnished supplies for the interior and made fortunes by the export of wool and hides, all sought relaxation and refreshment in this typical sport of the Briton. It was not long before Melbourne took a commanding position in this as in other enterprises, and at a very early period we find the present site of the Victoria Racing Club's Grounds pitched upon as the most convenient arena for the display of equine prowess. Racing in the early days of the Colony was of a certain amateurish quality, where owners pitted their horses against each other, and often rode themselves, and had not assumed the character it now enjoys of a definite national institution. As time passed on, however, and Victoria, cutting loose from New South Wales, became a separate Colony, with Melbourne as its capital, the sport grew rapidly in importance, and two organizations were formed to control it—The Victoria Turf Club and the Victoria Jockey Club. The former was established some ten years before the latter, and the meetings of both were held on the course above referred to. The principal race



The Bird-cage, or Saddling-Paddock, Flemington Course.

under the auspices of the Victoria Turf Club was the St. Leger, which in 1850 was worth a hundred sovereigns to the winner—a sum then considered worth running for, but insignificant when

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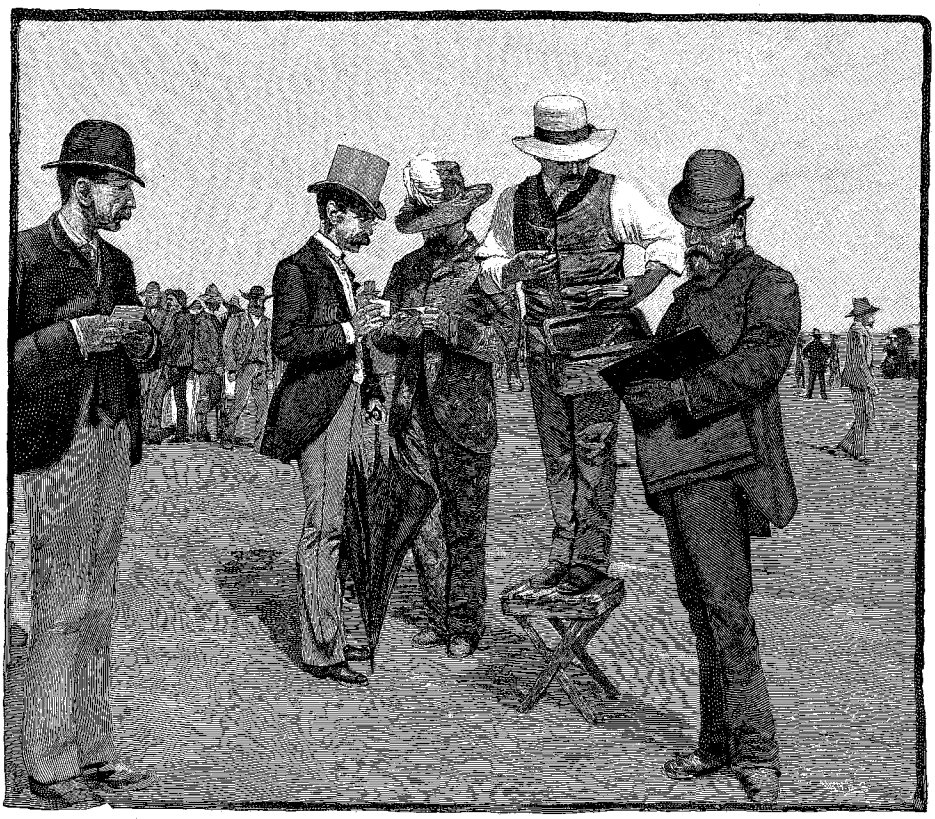
compared with the prizes of such a race as the "Melbourne Cup" of 1890, when the value to the winner of the



Book-makers on the "Hill," Flemington Course, Melbourne.

trophy, sweepstakes, and added money, amounted to £13,080.* This race, the greatest and most typical of the Australian year, was established in 1862 by the Victoria Turf Club, and has been run for annually without a break ever since.

The rivalry between the two clubs operated disastrously for both, and in 1864 they were united under the present name of the Victoria Racing Club. A title to the race-course which had been so long in use was secured by Act of Parliament, the Club agreeing, as a consideration for the gratuitous possession of the property, to expend all its receipts in prizes and improvements, to throw open certain portions of the grounds free to the public, to maintain prices to reserves and enclosures at a fixed rate, and to use the course for public races only. Since this amalgamation took place, the popularity of racing has greatly increased, and under efficient management the Victoria Racing Club has taken a position which may fairly be said to be second to no other institution of the kind in the world. Since its inauguration the Club has had but two secretaries, who are, in effect, managing directors. The first was Mr. E. M. Bagot, who died about nine years ago, and in whose honor still exists the "Bagot Handicap," one of the principal events of the New Year's Day Meeting. The present incumbent is Mr. H. Byron Moore, a gentleman of great energy, wide popularity, and a remarkable fertility of invention, to whose skill are due nearly all the conveniences

* In this race, as in all others under control of the Victoria Racing Club, 20 per cent. of the "added money" goes to the second horse, and 10 per cent. to the third.

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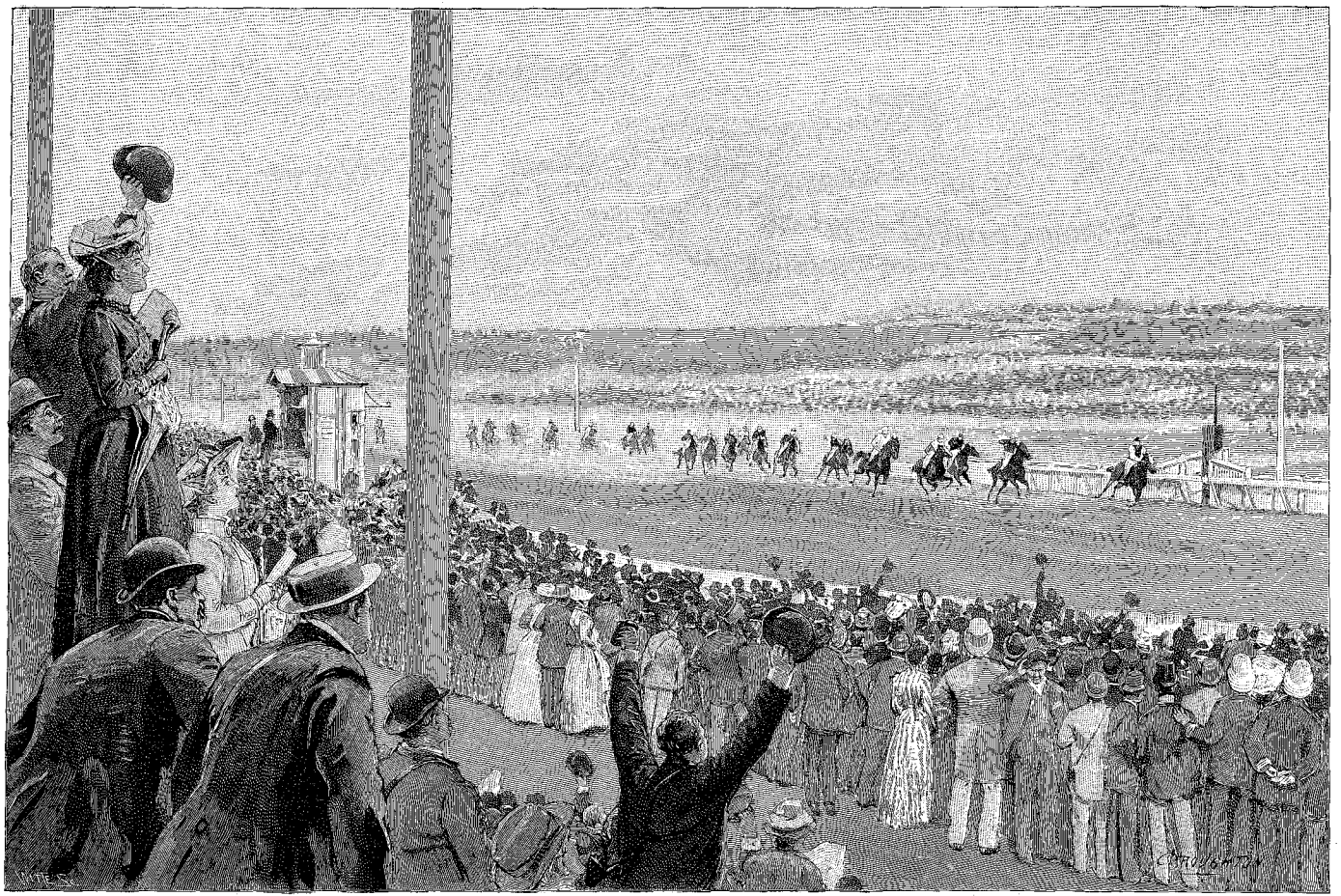

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

Finish of the Race for the "Melbourne Cup," 1890.

(From a photograph, by permission of the Melbourne Art Salon.)

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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which make the Victoria Racing Club's grounds the pride of Melbourne and the admiration of visitors. His capacity for organization amounts almost to genius, and his easy grasp of detail is seen in an infinity of clever contrivances which make the course and its surroundings of absorbing interest, whether one is a lover of the sport itself or not. Mr. Moore is neither an owner of horses, nor a speculator upon racing events, but being one of the leading men of Melbourne in social and commercial affairs, he brings to his office that rare combination of qualities which has placed the management of the Victoria Club above all its rivals. Nothing is too unimportant to escape his attention, and from the Governor in his private box to the "larrikin" on the "Flat," all visitors have reason to observe that their comfort and pleasure are ministered unto by an able hand.

The growth of the Club's operations during the last twenty-five years is enormous. In the year 1864–1865 the amount of money which it distributed in prizes was about $15,000 (£3,205), a sum which has been steadily added to until the record of the present year (1890–1891) shows over $200,000 (£44,100), and brings the total offered by the Club in a quarter of a century to upward of $1,680,000 (£347,705). The list of prizes in 1890–1891 is as follows:

1	Race of	£10,000 and Trophy £150.	£10,150
1	"	2,000	2,000
3	"	1,500	4,500
6	"	1,000	6,000
2	"	800	1,600
1	"	650	650
8	"	500	4,000
11	"	400	4,400
1	"	350	350
34	"	300	10,200
1	"	250	250
	Total		£44,100

When it is considered that the Colony of Victoria has only about a million of inhabitants to draw upon, and that the amount of money expended by the Club in improvements during twenty-five years has exceeded £200,000, besides £25,000 paid for their quarters in Melbourne, it is evident that racing has a strong hold upon public interest. It should be borne in mind, also, that the sums above mentioned comprise only "added money," which is given directly by the Club at their five annual meetings, and does not include the sweepstakes which are a feature of every race. These range from five to fifty sovereigns for each entry, and amount in the aggregate to at least one-third the value of the prizes. If, then, the value of the sweepstakes paid in by owners is added to the amount given by the Club, it will be seen that the total sums paid over on the Flemington Course alone in twenty-five years would exceed $2,640,000. As the races on the Club's course are less than one-ninth of all that are run annually in the Colony, it is not an extravagant estimate to say that the above figures might be doubled without expressing the financial measure of devotion which the Victorians offer to the horse.

The encouragement of racing by the Club is of the most liberal order. No deductions are made or entrance fees charged to owners of horses, but all sums in prizes and sweepstakes are handed over in full to the winners. In conditions of membership and prices of admission to the grounds, an equal generosity is shown. The annual fee for members is five pounds, and twenty pounds on joining, and the subscription allows admission for the member and two ladies to all parts of the ground at every meeting of the year. The membership is now about 1,200. For the public, the charge of admission to all enclosures except the saddling-paddock is 10*s.* 6*d.*, to the "Hill" and Hill-stand 2*s.* 6*d.*, and to the "Flat," which comprises the space within the race-course, nothing at all. This liberality is strikingly in contrast with the conditions at such a track as the English Epsom, where one pays a pound for a seat in the Grand Stand, another for access to the betting-ring, a third to the saddling-paddock, and so on. The only "extra" on the Victoria Racing Club's course is a charge of five shillings for admission to the saddling-paddock.

The betting fraternity also comes in for a share of generous usage. There are between three and four hundred book-makers registered by the Club, who pay each an annual fee of ten guin-

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Tattersall's Stand, and the "Hill," Flemington Course.

eas for permission to operate on the "Hill" and twenty-five pounds for the "Lawn," thus contributing some five thousand pounds a year to the treasury. As no totalizators or Paris Mutuels are allowed in the grounds, and sweepstakes, except as between owners or of a private nature, are forbidden by law, these gentry drive a thriving trade, and are, almost without exception, men of financial weight in the community.

The property of the Victoria Racing Club is located at Flemington, a suburb of Melbourne, about six miles from the centre of the city, and easily accessible by cab, cable-car, or railway. The grant by the Government comprises 301 acres, which has been increased to 325 acres by purchase from private owners. The course, which is used exclusively for running races, although trotting is encouraged on certain of the other tracks about Melbourne, is sixty yards less than a mile and one-half in length, and left-handed—that is to say, the rail is at the left of the jockeys in the races. It lies in a level and grassy plain upon the edge of the Saltwater River, and is completely encircled by sloping hills, which form a perfect natural amphitheatre, and could give an assembly of all the inhabitants of Australia an uninterrupted view of every inch of the track. A finer site for a race-course could not be imagined, and the spectacle of the grounds at "Cup" time, when the sward is in its freshest verdure, the stands and Lawn are glowing with rich costumes, and the distant spires of Melbourne and the ships at the port are shining under the brilliant rays of the Australian sun, is one that is not easily forgotten.

The Flemington Course is pear-shaped, with the finish-post, the Grand Stand, the weighing-rooms, and other buildings and offices situated just above the small end. The "straight," or finish, is about a quarter of a mile in length, and is continued for half a mile further at a tangent with the main course to accommodate the five furlong and three-quarters-of-a-mile races by which two- and three-year old horses make their first bids for fame at Flemington. This portion of the course, being one

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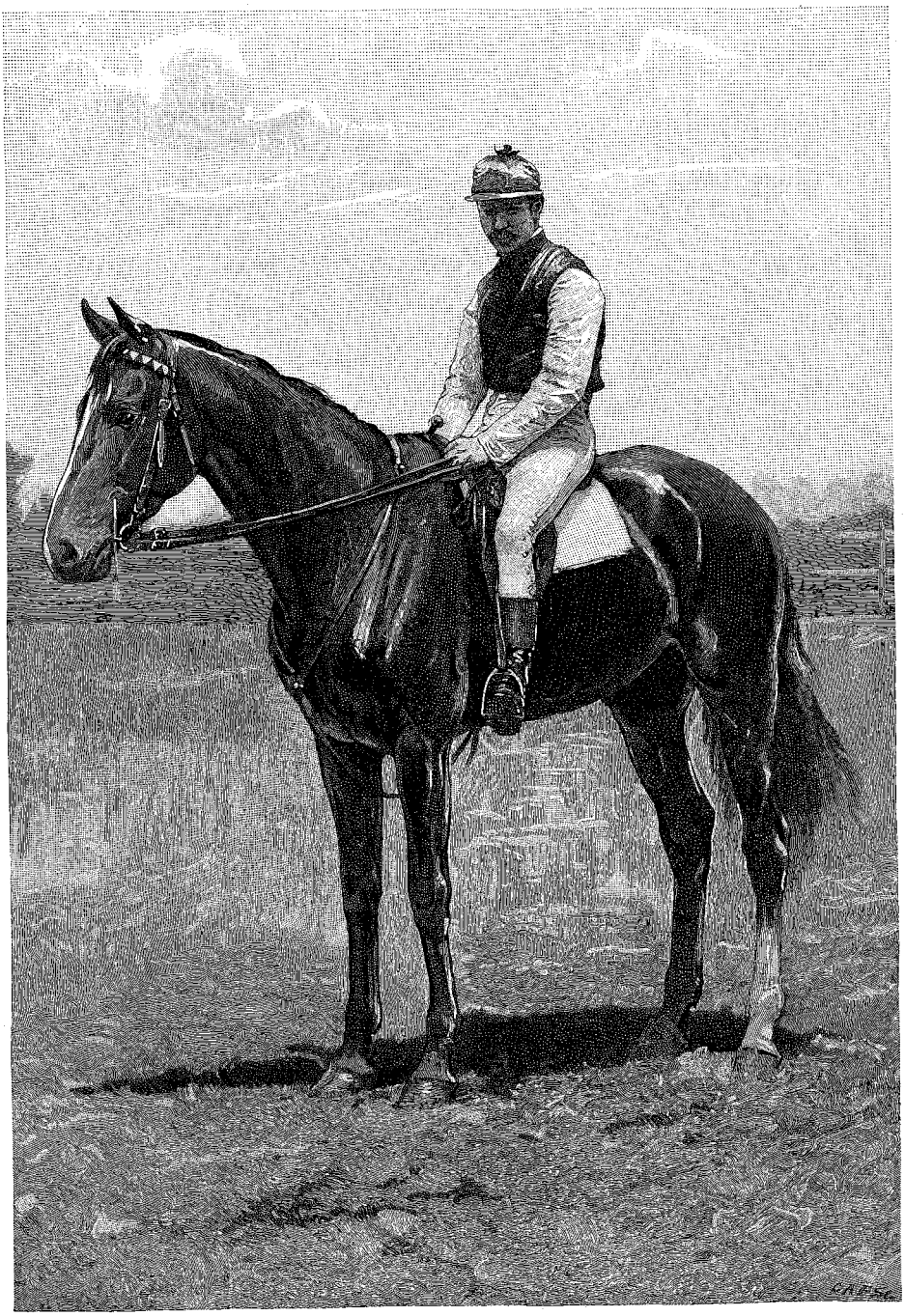

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

"Carbine"—winner of the Melbourne Cup, 1890.

(From a photograph, by permission of the Melbourne Art Salon.)

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hundred and ninety-eight feet wide at the start and eighty at the finish, permits a large field to operate on equal terms, and the short races that take place upon it, although less interesting to the general visitor than those upon the main track, are most brilliantly contested, and abound in those surprises which are the delight of the book-makers. Speed, rather than staying power, is the test in these events, and from start to finish there is no slacking of energy on the part either of horses or jockeys.

Steeple-chasing, which is another popular feature of every meeting, is conducted upon a track just inside the main course, although at the finish the horses cross outside and end the race in the "straight" before the Grand Stand. This branch of the sport, as conducted on the Flemington track, is sufficiently exciting and dangerous. There is first presented to the horses a five-rail fence; then, in succession, a rail and paling fence each four feet three inches high; a stone wall, capped with solid timber of four feet three and a half inches; a log jump of three feet eleven inches; another post and rail of four feet; a double-over post and rails of four feet and three inches, and, following in order, four feet four inches of masonry, and five more rail fences each four feet one inch in height. The fences are of the strongest possible construction, heavily bound and braced with iron, and absolutely rigid and immovable. In the great steeple-chase of the year—the "Grand National"—all these jumps have to be negotiated twice, the distance run being about three and one-fifth miles. Few steeple-chases see more than half the horses engaged coming in at the finish, but serious accidents are rare. The worst casualty in the Australian racing field occurred on the Caulfield Course, near Melbourne, in 1885, when "Too-Too," falling in the front rank of the field of forty-one horses, tripped up fifteen others that were following, and piled racers and jockeys in a struggling mass. One man was killed, and five others were terribly injured, but finally recovered. One horse also was killed, and several others badly hurt. In the "Cup" race of 1888, the year of the Centennial Exposition, when a field of twenty-nine magnificent thoroughbreds contested, two of the finest horses, "Ensign" and "Spade Guinea," broke each a leg, and were shot in the paddock immediately after. Such accidents are not attributable to bad riding, or faulty construction of the course, but to the energy and spirit with which the races are run. There are no better riders in the world than the Australians, and a close race for a high stake is fought out with a desperation that is unknown elsewhere than on the Victorian Turf. The Flemington training track cannot be surpassed in thoroughness of construction. It is built upon a stone foundation, with earth and tan above; it is heavily turfed, and a fall upon it, unless the horse rolls over one, cannot be attended with serious consequences. If a jockey is injured anywhere in Australia, he is supported by the Club until he recovers, the cost of his maintenance and treatment being defrayed from the "Distressed and Disabled Jockeys' Fund," to the support of which all fines are devoted.

The accommodations for the public on the Flemington Course are of three degrees. The "Flat," which comprises the space within the circular course, is, as has been said, thrown open to all comers without charge, and on the last "Cup" day was occupied by at least sixty thousand persons. Although the location of the "Flat" is such that only about one individual in twenty can secure other than fleeting and unsatisfactory glimpses of the contests, this portion of the field is likely to remain popular so long as the human mind retains its fondness for getting something for nothing. To the student of human nature the "Flat" is the most interesting portion of the grounds. Here are the promoters of half-crown sweepstakes, the proprietors of "wheels of fortune," air-guns, and other devices whereby a stake may be won by modest expenditure; leather-lunged sellers of oranges and bananas; vendors of soda-water and ginger-ale, innocent of ice, who are patronized by the young bushmen and "larrikins," in default of stronger beverages forbidden to this

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part of the grounds by a stern committee; stolid countrymen and Melbourne roughs, costermongers and small traders with their families—in short, all the variegated and heterogeneous elements which go to make up the rural and civic population of Australia.

What may be termed the "middle class" of the Victoria Racing Club's patrons is found in the half-crown enclosure of the "Hill." This includes a reserve of 17 acres directly above the Grand Stand, from which it is separated by a fence and ditch. A covered stand, accommodating over eight thousand people, crowns the summit of the slope and commands a magnificent view of the course more than a hundred feet below; two brass bands play incessantly between the races for the delectation of the "Hill" patrons; bars, tea- and luncheon-rooms and oyster-counters, dispense refreshments in Swiss chalets. Chinese pagodas, and other picturesque buildings; coat-rooms and lavatories for men, and retiring-rooms for women, are provided, and hot water for tea-making is ready at all times without charge. The attendance upon the "Hill" is a shade more respectable than that upon the "Flat," and is composed of equally strange elements. Here is the prognosticator of results in the events of the day, selling cards for five shillings each which bear the names of the winners, and driving a roaring trade — he and his customers seeming alike untroubled by the reflection that a man of such prophetic powers could make his fortune before the day was out by keeping his knowledge to his own benefit. Here, too, are the tribe of "Hill" book-makers, a class peculiar, loud-voiced, sharp in feature and eye, and clad in the extraordinary habiliments which the artist has described in his illustration. This individual is arrayed in coat and trousers of crimson cretonne, embellished with a floral pattern in yellow, and hat of the same adorned with a white ostrich feather. Among his compeers may be seen a pair in coats and caps of cardinal-red plush; a second couple are gorgeous in swallow-tail coats of cerulean velvet, and tall hats plated with gold leaf, presenting a splendid appearance in the sun; others are attired in garments of sateen, silk, or calico, in every eccentricity of pattern and cut that a lunatic designer could originate, or a tailor with the delirium tremens construct. Coupled with the gaudy parasols and costumes which are affected by many of the female visitors, the army of "Hill" book-makers affords a display of color that is more striking than agreeable.

The accommodation for the humbler classes at the races, although liberal and comprehensive, is but modest, however, when compared with that provided for the Governor of Victoria, the members and guests of the Club, and the visitors to the Grand Stand and "Lawn." The entrances to this exclusive portion of the grounds are various, and separated from the passages to the "Hill." If one arrives by any of the twelve hundred railway carriages that are incessantly plying to and from Melbourne on "Cup" day, between ten o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, and again after the races until all the patrons of the course are returned to their homes, one is set down within a few yards of the Grand Stand, which accommodates, below and above, some twelve thousand people. If one arrives by carriage, one finds accommodation for the vehicle in a special reserve, wherein are tables and benches for the unpacking of hampers, and the discussion of lunch without charge, together with stables for five hundred horses. Driving upon the course, one passes through a leafy lane set with trees, flowering shrubs, and fountains, like the entrance to some private estate, and looks from the stopping-place in the carriage-paddock upon a verdant lawn about a quarter of a mile long, adorned with parterres of flowers, and scattered over with beds of foliage plants and rustic settees. At the upper end of the "Lawn," the ground rises in a slope of one foot in eight to the broad terrace of concrete which fronts the Grand Stand. This structure is five hundred and twenty feet long by about thirty deep, the seats being set in tiers, and so arranged that every visitor can have an unobstructed view of the course. In the front row are reserved spaces for the

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Governor and his party, the Committee of the Club, and distinguished guests. Among the latter, on "Cup" day, we observe the dignitaries of every Colony, whom, by a curious coincidence, the consideration of weighty affairs of state with the Victorian officials brings regularly to Melbourne during the first week of November. As the vessels of the Australasian Squadron are also pretty sure to rendezvous in Port Philip Bay at this season, the august persons of the Admiral and his commanders are generally conspicuous in the gathering.

The appointments of the "Lawn" and its adjacent enclosures are of admirable completeness and bewildering variety. At the finish, directly behind the judges' box and fronting the Grand Stand, is a large chronograph, whose pointer is set in motion by electricity the moment the horses leave the starting-post, and stops as they cross the line. A gong attached to the dial announces to the spectators that the horses are off. On the other side of the steeple-chase course is a large structure, looking ominously like a gallows with its beams and ropes, upon which the numbers of the horses and the names of their riders are hoisted in skeleton iron frames, and can be read without a glass an eighth of a mile away. At the conclusion of each race the times and numbers of the three leading horses are displayed upon this contrivance, which can hold the names of forty jockeys at once, and cost in erection $6,000 (£1,200). Other frames showing the numbers of "scratched" and competing horses, are erected in three conspicuous positions on the ground, and changes are indicated upon them simultaneously by electricity from manipulation of a similar frame in the Steward's Quarters. Besides the Grand Stand, accommodation for the patrons of the "Lawn" is afforded in the "Maribyrnong Stand," two hundred and forty-three feet long by forty-seven feet deep, with seats for three thousand, and, near the betting-ring, on the opposite side of the Grand Stand, "Tattersall's Stand," uncovered, with accommodations for forty-five hundred more. The seating capacity of the Flemington Course, therefore, including the stands for Members and the Press, is not less than twenty-eight thousand. On "Cup" day every seat is occupied, and in 1888 nearly one hundred and twenty thousand persons besides witnessed the contests.

The social features of horse-racing, which are so marked upon the Australian courses, are not lost sight of by the indefatigable Secretary and Committee of the Victoria Racing Club. The refreshment and luncheon bars, which are found in all parts of the ground, are under strict supervision, the feeding of the people is entrusted only to caterers of established reputation, who are held to fixed prices, and all liquors and cigars sold on the course are selected by the stewards themselves, and show the influence of profound connoisseurship in such matters. The entire space under the Grand Stand is devoted to public and private dining-rooms, ladies' retiring-rooms, and the apartments of the Governor, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Hopetoun, and their attendants. The Governor's quarters consist of a smoking-room and lavatory, and a richly furnished dining-room, which are entered through a marble vestibule set with costly vases, and adorned with choice exotics from the extensive conservatories of the Club. The Governor's luncheon-room is a superbly furnished apartment, and the table is spread at each meeting with the richest viands and choicest wines, and a glittering array of glass and silver. The room of the Lady of Government House, which is still known as "Lady Loch's Room," from its first occupant, is a charming boudoir, furnished with every convenience and richly decorated. All the apartments in the Governor's suite are provided with two automatic buttons in the wall, which, on being pressed, allow a current of hot or cold air to flow from ventilators in the ceiling, as the exigencies of the season may demand. The brightly lighted corridors under the Stand are lined with potted palms and ferns, and the waiting-rooms for ladies are filled with luxurious sofas and easy chairs, and supplied with attendants armed with smelling-bottles, powder-puffs, and button-hooks, as well as needles threaded with every con-

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ceivable shade of silk, for the repair of damages to dresses or gloves. One of the pleasantest features of "Cup" day is the "Afternoon Tea" in the Members' Lunch-room, near the "Maribyrnong Stand," to which the ladies invite their friends, and fill a half-hour's interval between two of the races with the charms of social small-talk and discussion of the events of the day.

The annual list of the Flemington and Caulfield Courses includes eight separate meetings, and ninety-two races, varying from three furlongs to over three miles. Each of the four seasons witnesses some important event, for the equable Australian climate permits racing all the year round, and in itself is chiefly responsible for the proportions the sport has assumed. There are few days in the year when racing is not going on in some part of the Colonies. In Victoria alone there are, in the aggregate, five hundred and seventy-three days devoted annually to the sport. The Victoria Racing Club does not allow engagements within fifty miles of Melbourne to be made on any day for which the Metropolitan fixtures are arranged, although outside that limit there is no restriction.

The devotion of the Australian people to out-of-door enjoyment gives to horse-racing the peculiar social character which in other countries is held by balls and the opera. Tailors advertize their choicest specialties for the "Cup," and dressmakers and milliners exercise their greatest ingenuity in devising new gowns and bonnets for the same all-important event. The newspapers on the morning following the race contain columns of observations by their fashion reporters, and costumes described and commented upon as voluminously as on the occasion of a state ball at Government House. The result is that the "Lawn" at Flemington on "Cup" day presents the most elaborate display of fashion that can be seen in Australia, and as Colonial women are noted for the richness of their attire, the general effect is brilliant and fascinating in the extreme.

No one who has not visited Australia can have any conception of the interest which attaches to such a race as the Melbourne Cup, which, with its sweepstakes from the one hundred and forty-nine entries that were made in 1890, its trophy of £150 value, and its added money of £10,000, amounting altogether to £13,080, is the most important money contest in the world. On the day of its occurrence all business is suspended by mutual consent throughout Victoria, the banks and Government offices are all closed, and by twelve o'clock the streets of Melbourne are as silent and deserted as if the city were stricken with a plague. For a week before the event, the railway trains from Sydney, to the number of seven or eight in a day, and all the intercolonial and mail steamers from that city and Adelaide, are taxed to their utmost capacity, and the accommodations of Melbourne, as well as of all the neighboring towns, are taken up by the immense concourse of visitors. The facilities for reaching Flemington are so good, however, and the course itself so spacious, that, even at the great race of the Centennial Year, when more than one hundred and forty thousand persons were upon the grounds, one saw the event with perfect comfort, and was transported to and from the course without five minutes' waiting at either end of the line. The admirable temper and sobriety of the great assembly is largely responsible for such a result. During the four days' meeting of 1888 only five arrests were made on the grounds, and none of these were for serious offences. The crowd at an Australian race-meeting is often rough in appearance, but in orderliness and good nature can hardly be excelled.

Mention of Australian racing would be incomplete without allusion to its inseparable concomitant of betting. The universality and extent of this practice are absolutely paralyzing to the visitor, to whom the spectacle of women openly negotiating with bookmakers in the betting-ring, and children of tender years investing in sweepstakes with their parents and guardians, can never wholly become familiar. Men and women of the highest social standing do not hesitate to stake their money, nor to proclaim their gains or losses afterward, and it is difficult to

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find, even among one's acquaintances in leading commercial and professional circles, one who is not pecuniarily interested in nearly every race that is run. The general prosperity of the people, and the easy methods of life, are undoubtedly responsible for this condition of things, and it is worthy of remark that, while embezzlements and defalcations as a result of stock speculation are not unknown in Australia, gambling upon the turf seems generally restricted by the extent of individual ability to lose.

Although it is impossible to estimate accurately the amount of money lost and won on such a race as that for the "Cup," it is evidently enormous. Speculation upon the event begins a month in advance, and is kept up until the clang of the gong announces that the horses have left the starting-post. The most conspicuous feature of gambling on the "Cup" is the "Tattersall's Consultation Sweep," which is regularly drawn in Sydney, where the laws do not forbid the promotion of public sweepstakes, as is the case in Victoria and elsewhere. The sweepstakes is of 50,000 numbers at a sovereign each, with a prize of £25,000 to the holder of the winning horse, £3,000 to the second, £2,000 to the third, and the remainder to holders of horses that run but are not "placed," and those that are "entered," but "scratched" before the race occurs. In addition, there are several supplementary sweeps aggregating some £30,000 more, and as they are all filled long before the event, and their promoter takes ten per cent. of the contributions for his trouble, there is every reason why he should feel satisfied with his venture. There has never been any question as to the fairness of the drawings, although a wave of disgust flowed all over Australia when it was found that the capital prize of £25,000 in 1890 had been secured by a syndicate of twenty Japanese pearl-fishers at Thursday Island, who had each contributed a shilling for the purchase of a ticket. When £80,000 are lodged with one man in a city nearly six hundred miles from the event, and when one observes the eager speculation through book-makers and private bets rise in Melbourne alone into the six-figure region of pounds, the estimate that the amount depending upon the issue of the race exceeds a million dollars (£200,000) seems quite within bounds. The winner of the Tattersall's grand prize takes at once the position of a man of mark in the community, and finds plenty of friends to congratulate him upon his success. The fortunate investor of 1889 was a miner in New South Wales, who was away from home when the news of his good fortune was received. The "publicans" and saloon-keepers at once threw their establishments open to the public, and all comers were gratuitously served with drinks for a day or two, to pledge the health of their townsman. When the winner returned, he was presented with a bill for the refreshments, and paid it at once as a matter of course.

The records of Flemington abound in remarkable achievements, all of which are eclipsed by the performances of "Carbine," the winner of the "Cup" of 1890. This horse, at present the property of the Hon. D. S. Wallace, a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, is progeny of the famous imported "Musket," the sire of more noted horses on the Colonial turf than almost any other. "Carbine," who was foaled and bred in New Zealand, is an instance of strict "in-breeding," with which, as a rule, Australian sportsmen are not in favor. It is doubtful if any horse in the world has so remarkable a record. He has started in thirty-two races, in twenty-three of which he has been first; in five, second; in three, third; running only once unplaced, and then stopping short from sudden lameness. On four different occasions he had won two races of one and two miles each in the same afternoon, meeting in every case the best horses in Australia. Since he was a three-year-old (up to which time he had won fourteen out of eighteen races, and taken second place in three others), "Carbine" has won all the principal weight-for-age races in Australia, including the "Champion Stakes" in 1889, and started in five great handicaps under heavy penalties. In the race for the "Cup" of 1889, he carried ten stone (140 pounds) into

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second place, and won the Sydney Cups of 1889 and 1890 under weights of nine stone (126 pounds) and nine stone eight (134 pounds), respectively. All his former exploits were surpassed, however, by his success in the last race for the "Melbourne Cup," when, with the top weight of ten stone five (145 pounds), he beat a field of thirty-eight competitors over a course of two miles, winning easily by three lengths in 3 minutes, 28¼ seconds, and establishing a record for the world at this distance. His winnings in prizes up to date amount to some $140,000 (£28,000), not counting the amounts won in private bets by his owner, which were set down in the "Cup" race of 1890 to be £30,000. In appearance, "Carbine" has little that suggests the typical racer. He is of a chestnut color, rather heavily built, amiable and somewhat sleepy in expression, and might readily be taken by any one not acquainted with his record for a good family "roadster" rather than the king of the Australian Turf. His action, however, is distinguished for its ease and power, and he never seems to exert himself even when at the top of his speed. As he is still in his prime, many other triumphs may be expected of him, and he is likely to hold for some time to come his reputation as the greatest racehorse that the Colonies have produced.

BETROTHAL.

A THOUSAND years ago, 'tis said,
In yonder castle dwelt a maid;
Young was she, and in her face
Was light of heaven, and earth's own grace.

So old the castle, that its stone
With moss and myrtle overgrown;
But fair was she, and young, so young
The songs lay in her heart unsung.

And so there came from every side
Gay knights to win the maid for bride,
Jousted and sang; the maiden heard,
Her heart spake all the while no word.

And one was young and fair to see,
"I bring thee youth and love," sang he;
And one brought dower of broad land;
A third, a sceptre for her hand.

Then silent, as they ceased to sing,
Another came and spake, "I bring
Thee riches not, nor crown, nor wreath,
But more than these: I bring thee Death."

And while they marked his visage grim
The maiden rose and followed him.—
Some day they'll build the castle new—
A thousand years hath she been true.

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SALEM KITTREDGE, THEOLOGUE.

HIS SECULAR EXCURSION.

By Bliss Perry.

PART II.

V.

THE Saturday-night hops at the Occidental were one of the leading features of that admirably conducted hotel. They were not so exclusive as the affairs at the Pelican, nor were they by any means so democratic as the dances at Pibroch's; a delightful informality prevailed, and yet a great many people from the Cuttyhunk and the Pelican and the cottages were sure to be there. The tiny orchestra played in excellent time, and the ballroom floor was reputed to be the best in Bar Harbor. Long French windows opened directly from the ballroom upon the immense veranda, where hundreds of people could promenade at once, or sit in cosey groups before the windows to watch the dancing. The gentlemen who ran down to Mount Desert to spend Sunday with their families usually preferred to lean against the piazza railing and enjoy a tranquil cigar rather than to make themselves useful to their wives and daughters upon the floor; and yet, after all deductions, there was always a greater number of available men at the Occidental than anywhere else on the island.

Salem Kittredge was hardly an available man, inasmuch as he had never danced in his life; but nevertheless, upon the first Saturday night after his arrival he appeared extremely early at the ballroom, in evening dress. Why he was there he scarcely knew. He had had several wretched days. On reaching the hotel a telegram from J. Howard Pitman had been handed him: "Have just seen the doctor. Says this is the week to watch him. Look out. God bless you." Was the crucial test coming, before they were even acquainted? Salem would have flung up his commission in dismay, had it not been for the fact that he had already spent part of the salary, and for the "God bless you" on the end of the despatch. He tried to have a frank talk with his *protégé*, but although Freddie Pitman accepted the situation with the utmost amiability, he absolutely refused to discuss it.

"We'll stick together, Kittie," he declared—he had dubbed his companion Kittie in the course of the first forenoon—"and you can keep your eye on me as much as you please. That's what J. Howard is paying the bills for, and much good may it do us all. But if I have any little eccentricities of my own, they are my own. Do you see?"

Salem saw with great distinctness, and the subject was dropped. But all day long, for four days, the young men kept together. They lounged upon the broad veranda, or played feebly at tennis. They drove to Spouting Horn, and paddled a canoe over to Porcupine Island. Hour after hour did they walk around a billiard-table in a dingy second-floor room on the main street of the village, while the Inebriate gave Kittredge forty points in a fifty-point

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game and invariably beat him. Side by side did they do ravage upon the well-known cuisine of the Occidental, and vainly try to bribe the head waiter to give them one of the cool little tables by the window, where the Atterburys were always seated; and nothing occurred to mar the polished surface of young Pitman's good-nature, nor to relieve the wretched anxiety that preyed upon Kittredge's mind. He had so little to go by; he wished he had asked the Pellet man to send the doctor's detailed statement of the phenomena of the "convulsive form of acute alcoholism," or whatever the thing was called, which he might expect at any moment. He made sure, by a shamefaced examination of Pitman's belongings, that there were no intoxicants there. Even the travelling flask was empty, and that, as Salem ruefully reflected, had very possibly been emptied by himself.

He remembered what J. Howard Pitman had remarked about the Maine law, and one day, with some embarrassment, he asked the livery agent who always hung about the door of the Occidental whether there was any place at Bar Harbor where liquor was sold. The agent looked sharply at him from under the visor of his cap.

"No," he said, "there ain't. And yet," he added, in a lower voice and with something of a twinkle, "if all you want is a drink, I can set right here on this stoop, 'n point you out seventeen places, not counting drug-stores and hotels, where you can git it. But what's the matter with right here at the Occidental?"

Salem shrugged his shoulders, with as much duplicity as he could muster, and laughed the question off. But his heart sank.

It was only at night, after young Pitman had turned out the gas in the inner of the adjoining rooms that constituted No. 37, and called "Good-night, Kittie!" that Salem had any peace of mind. Then he used to stretch himself comfortably in his own bed, and for a season forget the Inebriate in meditation upon other subjects. There, for instance, was Miss Atterbury. Kittredge had seen but little of his acquaintances of the Olivette. True to her promise, Mrs. Atterbury had brought down the plans for the cottage and had exhibited them to him one morning upon a sheltered corner of the piazza; but what with keeping one eye conscientiously on Freddie Pitman, and the other, quite unconsciously, on Miss Rachel, who was promenading back and forth with the stalwart Englishman he had noticed in Boston, Kittredge did not win any peculiar credit as a critic of domestic architecture. He could trace the twinkling of Miss Atterbury's russet Oxford ties down that immense veranda far more accurately than the course of Mrs. Atterbury's marvellous winding staircase. Even after that young woman had dismissed her British admirer, and, rejoining her aunt, had pointed out with her own finger the music-room and the loggia and the butler's pantry, Kittredge praised the blue sheets confusedly, though at that moment it could not even be urged in his excuse that one eye was directed to Frederic Pitman. It was after Mrs. Atterbury had rolled up the plans, in some politely disguised disappointment at Salem's perceptive faculties, that Miss Atterbury made an observation about the hops at the Occidental. The season before they had been very delightful, she said; the men almost always dressed for them; it was very good of the men to take the trouble to dress; did not Mr. Kittredge think so?

Salem quoted this remark with some impressiveness to Pitman, after dinner on Saturday evening, when they were both in No. 37.

"Is that so?" said the Inebriate, looking up from a novel by Gaboriau. "I imagined those things were informal. Over at the Pelican, you know, you ought to dress for dinner; that's why I didn't go there. Nevertheless, I suppose one might please the dear creatures once a week. Make your toilet, Kittie; go ahead; I want to finish this first, and I've got to shave besides, so don't wait. I'll be there to see you home, my dear."

Several times during the next half-hour did Pitman glance through the door at the theologue, who was brushing the wrinkles out of his rented coat, nervously inserting shirt-studs, and

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examining his tie despondently in the mirror. Finally he hesitated in Lapham-like wretchedness over the problem of gloves, and Freddie shut his novel and lounged into the other room.

"Going down?" he commented carelessly. "Look here, I don't propose to wear gloves unless I have to dance, and perhaps not then. You'd better back me up."

"Oh, all right," assented Kittredge, with a promptness that repaid Pitman for his effort. "Just as you say."

Pitman surveyed him critically. "You're as fresh as a rose-bud, Kittie. And that reminds me I ought to have ordered a bouquet for you. I wish I had your color! Plain living and high thinking, eh? Au revoir!"

Salem went down for once in the elevator, to the edification of the boy, and lingered awkwardly a moment at the ballroom door. The orchestra was playing, and some little girls were practising polka steps over in one corner. A few matrons decorated the benches at the sides. Kittredge took a full breath, put his new dress shoes down very cautiously upon the waxed floor and steered obliquely across the room and out upon the piazza, while the matrons examined him interestedly, and the little girls thought that now surely the hop was going to begin. Salem leaned against the window-casing; his face had all the vacancy of a professional leader of germans; but the hop did not begin. By and by he dropped into a big rocking-chair outside. He was profoundly uncomfortable. He wished Pitman would come; he wished that he smoked, so that he might give himself at least a nonchalant air; he wished that he could walk up and down the veranda, but there was no one to walk with, and he felt that his full dress made him too conspicuous to walk alone. Now and then a bevy of young girls came waltzing down the corridor from the card-rooms, circled the big floor, and whirled back again. A few extemporized couples stepped in from the piazza, danced a few rounds, and were once more lost in the groups of on-lookers.

But gradually it began to seem more like a hop. Two or three indefatigable youths in tennis suits and sashes were taking every dance. Young women glided in from nowhere in particular; and when a party came over from the Pelican—all of the men in irreproachable toilet, and one with a cravat of exactly the same extreme style as his own—Kittredge commenced to feel not so much out of place after all. His great mistake, he reflected, had been in coming down so early. He still sat there in his rocker, and waited, in a vague way, for Miss Atterbury. He had a sort of instinct that they would drift together, and that she would be pleased to see him in evening dress. He could not dance with her, he did not even hope to walk with her, and yet he felt sure that they would meet. An hour passed. At last she came; Salem recognized her the instant she emerged from the office door with her aunt. They paused a moment, looking down the veranda; then they advanced slowly, the girl in front, threading her way among the crowded chairs close by the railing, where the breeze blew the hanging Virginia creeper against her shoulders, and the electric lamps, blended with the moonlight, shone full upon her face. People turned to look at her as she went by. She passed the first window and then the second; Salem was waiting by the third. He sprang up eagerly as the ladies reached it.

"Good-evening!" he exclaimed. "I have been hoping for you. Mrs. Atterbury, take this chair. Miss Atterbury, allow me." But the aunt saw an old acquaintance just inside the ballroom, and would not sit down.

"Rachel may stay if she likes," she graciously permitted. "Don't catch cold, my dear; take this wrap. Thank you, Mr. Kittredge."

The girl leaned forward in her chair, and Kittredge dropped the soft wool wrap around her shoulders. Her gown was a delicate blue gauze, and she drew the wrap tightly about her as she sat back again and looked up at him. He was finer-looking than she had thought: clear-eyed, dark-haired, with a fresh color in his honest face; as cleanly built, wholesome a fellow of twenty-six as Bar Harbor could exhibit. She was pleased to think that someone had been

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planning for her coming—a young woman of twenty-five knows that the time may arrive when these small attentions will be held at their due price—and she resolved to be very nice to him.

They talked of the breeze, the White Squadron, and the house plans; of the people from the Pelican, now thick upon the ballroom floor, and of the fabulous *table d'hôte* at the Cuttyhunk; they discussed their personal likes and dislikes, the perils of American democracy, and the spread of ritualism in the Episcopal Church; and still he did not ask her to dance. She wondered if he knew how. She had not supposed him a dancing man, but his full dress puzzled her; she had not the remotest idea that he had acted upon her chance remark about the gentlemen of the previous season. He was talking well, and she was conscious of liking him, of really liking him very much, and yet she was dying to dance; it was a delicious waltz the orchestra was playing—one of Delibes's things. She glanced occasionally at the Honourable Plantagenet, as he circled past the window in a gorgeous waistcoat. He would ask her, she knew.

Yet she made Salem feel that she utterly ignored what was going on in the ballroom. He would have sworn that one could not converse so earnestly about ritualism with a mind inclined at the same moment to a mundane pleasure. Her grave blue eyes did not seem for an instant to be wandering from his own. He was perfectly at his ease now; he was in fairyland.

It was one of those ardent youths in white flannel, who had been whispering together and looking toward Miss Atterbury, that finally broke the spell, for he crossed to the threshold where she was sitting, and made her his best dancing-school bow. The music was just beginning again. "Good-evening, Richard," she said, smilingly; "are you sure you are not too tired?" And with a deprecating glance at Kittredge, as if to say, "You see I do not wish to disappoint the boy," she glided off. It took Salem a minute to realize the situation: a boy had carried her away from him, an accursed boy with grass-stains on his tennis trousers and a rent in his rumpled sash!

He rose helplessly to his feet. Someone touched his elbow; it was the little fellow who ran the elevator. "The clerk wants to see you in the office, sir," he whispered. Salem groaned. He had forgotten Pitman for two whole hours, and hurriedly he shouldered his way up the veranda to the office, with a certainty that something was wrong.

The clerk leaned over the desk confidentially. "The head waiter says he has had to send a good deal of liquid up to 37 to-night. Can you keep that young fellow quiet?" Kittredge dashed up the two flights and down the corridor to the door of No. 37. He listened a moment; the Inebriate's husky tenor was meandering gently through the second stanza of Bishop Heber's missionary hymn. He entered firmly. Upon the centre-table, flanked by a little pitcher of shaving water and the glasses from both dressing-tables, stood a beautiful illustration of the working of the Maine law, while in front of Salem's mirror was Freddie Pitman in his shirt-sleeves. He was trying to shave, but his hand was no steadier than his voice, and he wiped the bloody lather from his razor onto the back cover of the Gaboriau novel, as he turned to greet Kittredge with an oath.

VI.

At ten o'clock Sunday morning Kittredge, who had shortly before dawn flung himself upon his bed without undressing, was wakened by a familiar voice. He opened his eyes with a nervous start, stared a moment at his disordered evening dress, and then at Freddie Pitman, who was perched in dishabille upon the foot of the bed. The Inebriate's pert little face was rather white and preternaturally serious.

"Kittie," he began, "you tell me about last night, will you?" Salem shook his head, as if to get rid of a memory.

"Look here," continued Pitman, "it may not be very pleasant for you, and it isn't so peculiarly pleasant for me, but I want to know just what happened.

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You came in while I was shaving, didn't you?"

Kittredge nodded.

"Well, I'll shave the other side by and by. You can give the bell-boy a quarter to go around and pick up that razor. It's too good a one to throw out the window. You must have been a trifle nervous at that stage of the game, Kittie."

The Inebriate himself was certainly cool enough at present. "And then, let me see," he continued; "no, before that you threw out some other articles, didn't you? Yes; well, you needn't say anything to the bell-boy about that. And then you locked the door and tipped your chair back against it, confound you—I mean bless you—and that's about as far as I can get."

"That's far enough," said Salem, raising himself upon one elbow.

"No, it isn't," persisted Freddie. "I'll tell you pretty soon why I want to know. I suppose I—used some strong expressions?"

"Tolerably."

"Pernicious effect of early education. I take them all back, Kittie. Did I show fight?"

"Rather."

"Well, I was outclassed, wasn't I? I got the feather-weight sparring out at Cambridge, but I guess I wasn't in it with you."

"I began to think, once, that you were." It was when the razor had gone out of the window.

"Thank you," said Pitman, appreciatively, and then he lowered his voice, and there was an uneasy curiosity in his eyes. "Did I roll on the floor much?"

Kittredge sat up straight, and smoothed out the wrinkles in his shirt-bosom before replying: "I don't see why you should want to go into these details, Pitman."

"Exactly. I don't want to, Kittie; but if the symptoms aren't improving the doctor tells me I'm a gone case—done for. You grasp it, I suppose? Now answer me four questions—it's for the doctor, you know—and I'll let you off."

Kittredge shuddered a little, as one image after another—pitiful, horrible, grotesque—rose afresh before his eyes; but he answered the questions, whereupon Freddie sprang to his feet with a delighted cry.

"Better! Every one of them better! Kittie, if man, woman, or dog would stand by me when this thing comes on, I could beat it! I know it. You see, the interval was five days longer than before. Will you believe me if I tell you something?" He scrambled up nearer to Kittredge and put out his hand. "For seven weeks, if we stay together, you needn't worry about me at all. I won't want a drop of anything. I never take a nip at my own travelling-flask, even. I'm a regular Temperance Band, all by my little self. But the eighth or ninth week, look out; don't leave me, man, will you? I didn't intend to fool you last night; I honestly meant to come down-stairs, but symptom No. 1 struck me and I couldn't help myself. If someone would stick right by me then, I'd be all solid in two years more, the doctor said so. And," he added, with a queer quavering smile, "I'm blessed if I'm not worth saving, if I do say it."

Kittredge wrung his hand. For the first time since he met the Inebriate he felt heart-certain that the young fellow was honest with him. And then Pitman shivered.

"I'm going back to bed; I'll sleep till dinner-time; two-thirty, you know, Sundays. You must have caught cold, man, lying there just before that window. You'd better take a hot bath right away and get some breakfast. Good-by!"

Church-bells were ringing somewhere as he closed the door. Kittredge lay a moment with his eyes shut, listening to them, before getting up. He had been right, after all, he thought, in coming to Bar Harbor. Then, with joints stiff from the chilly fog that had all night overwrapped the village and still clung about the bare summit of Green Mountain, he rose, and followed Pitman's advice about the bath and breakfast.

Three-quarters of an hour afterward he left the hotel and blundered by mistake into the Chapel of St. Anastasia. The usher set a chair in the aisle for him, and as he had come in so late, he

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did not wish to withdraw, though he felt no particular interest in the unimpeachable platitudes about "The Moral Uses of Courtesy," which a great bishop was delivering. In the course of his brief frontier experience, Salem had written too many poor sermons himself not to know one when he heard it, and his eyes wandered. He had never seen so many perfectly dressed people in his life, and they all seemed listening devoutly. Doors and windows were wide open, and a breeze from the pine forests crept through the chapel, soothing every sense to a delicious calm. He wondered if he should go to sleep if he closed his eyelids a little—ever so little—they felt so hot. He found himself nodding once, twice, then with a virtuous effort he sat bolt upright, and from this vantage ground discovered Rachel Atterbury's bonnet.

It was directly in front of one of the open windows, and he had the absurd fancy that the blue-winged lace might fly out at any instant if he did not watch. He bent forward a trifle; no, it was fastened by velvet ribbons beneath her chin, and they were pinned there with a glistening moonstone. Shamelessly he moved his chair, that he might see her face. It was turned reverently to the bishop; all its delicate lines were subdued into a gracious harmony of expectant feeling. There was a grave, mystic rapture in her eyes that smote Kittredge with a sense of awe. She must believe herself in the house of the Lord; he had been tarrying all the time in the Chapel of St. Anastasia. He looked away from her to the preacher and listened for a few sentences, then he glanced back at her with a sort of wonder; yet to have had her gaze at him as she did at the bishop, Salem would have been quite willing to preach the sermon.

When the service was over he waited for her in the porch, just as he had seen the swains do in his native town of Burridge, and they strolled back to the Occidental, down the narrow plank-walks, side by side. He felt more at ease in his old black Sunday suit than in white flannel. He felt that it even gave his conversation a certain weight. Not that their talk was peculiarly profound; it turned first upon Mrs. Atterbury, who had preferred to attend the Unitarian service, as was her wont; then back upon the growth of ritualism, until both remembered they had already argued the question the evening before; and finally upon Frederic Pitman. She asked, innocently enough, where Mr. Pitman was, and when Salem remarked inadvertently that he had not yet risen, her face clouded, as if a hint had been given of some irregularity of life. She even went so far as to admit that there had been rumors at Magnolia that he was not entirely "nice." Salem tried to explain, found it a trifle embarrassing, and then, his honest soul filled with sympathy for the boy's effort to reform, he frankly told her the facts concerning Pitman's peculiar malady. She listened, at first uncomfortably, then eagerly, at last with something of that passion for reforming things and people without which a good American woman is incomplete.

"So you see how it is, Miss Atterbury," he concluded. "He isn't a bad fellow. A kinder, more thoughtful man doesn't exist; and he has ability, too. As he told me," and Salem's voice trembled as he quoted words that had made a deep impression upon himself, "'if man, woman, or dog would stick by me, I could beat it.'"

She looked up at him, with a quick glance of sympathy. He had never seen her eyes so lovely. "May I tell my aunt?" she asked. They were just passing between the stone gate-posts of the Occidental grounds. "She will be so glad to hear this. She knows Mr. Pitman's mother—the sweetest little woman, she says. And perhaps, if we could make it pleasanter for Mr. Pitman, we might help you now and then. It is a very noble thing you are doing, may I say so? It is quite worth devoting one's whole summer to, Mr. Kittredge."

He had said nothing about that trip around the world.

VII.

At dinner that afternoon the head waiter assigned to Kittredge and Pitman seats at one of the side tables, at

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the very one, indeed, where the Atterbury ladies already had places. Pitman considered this advancement as the slowly ripening fruit of the fee he had given on arrival, but Salem inferred, and rightly, that Mrs. Atterbury had consented to join the informal league for the moral amelioration of the Inebriate, and had taken this initial step. Young Pitman's deportment was certainly such as to repay all efforts taken in his behalf. His manners were irreproachable; indeed, Miss Rachel could not fail to notice that he understood some trifling technicalities better than Mr. Kittredge. No professional diner-out had a richer fund of anecdote, or a more charming fluency. Salem was immensely proud of him, and throughout dinner endeavored with entire success to keep himself in the background.

Mrs. Atterbury in particular was delighted with Frederic Pitman. She had reached that age when she wanted to have bright talkers around her, especially if they were good-natured young men with a turn for practical affairs. She liked to see a young fellow efficient; she enjoyed knowing that Pitman had been so successful in pushing the Primitive Pellets; she even gave a decided Pellet contour to the conversation, to Miss Rachel's dismay. Mrs. Atterbury had absolutely none of the romanticism that threw a vague but delightful haze over some of her niece's projects. What she saw at all, she saw very clearly, and she flattered herself that in every-day matters she usually knew the end from the beginning. In her way, too, she was democratic. If the Pitmans could do with Pellets what the Atterburys, from the old Colonel down, had done with Leather, why should they not? And, finally, she was quite sure that if young Pitman had discovered the specific for fever and ague, he would be bright enough to know whether her architect had made a mistake in that winding staircase.

Dinner over, she announced an intention of inspecting the cottage, and invited the young men to accompany her. "The cottage again—and Sunday, too, Auntie!" exclaimed Miss Rachel—but she went for her bonnet. The new summer home of the Atterburys was down behind the Occidental, on the thick-wooded rocky shore. The timbers were already raised, and the ground-plan of the rooms could easily be traced. Salem and Miss Atterbury picked their way over the unfloored joists for awhile, but she declined to mount the ladder to the second story, and the result was that they soon took shelter upon the shady side of the structure, where they sat upon a couple of lime barrels and talked about the "Golden Legend." Mrs. Atterbury and the Inebriate were meantime settling the stair problem from an advantageous position upon the second floor. It all proved very informal and agreeable, and Salem was thoroughly confident, as the four sauntered home together toward sundown, that such companionship would do a great deal for young Pitman—indeed for anybody. As for himself, this whole day, after such a night, had been Paradise following the Inferno. He could almost fancy that he saw, anywhere in the swiftly changing tints of that northern sunset, the mystic rose.

In the course of the next week or two the young men fell into the habit of strolling down to the Atterbury cottage of an afternoon, and chatting with the ladies, who were almost sure to be there. The proprietor of the billiard-room they had patronized supposed they had taken to playing at the Pelican tables, and was grieved at heart, but even Pitman enjoyed himself better watching the workmen, and allowing the ladies to elevate his moral tone, than he did playing billiards against an opponent like Kittredge. For Salem this period marked an epoch. It is a distinct stage in a man's social evolution when he acquires the proper use of the word "charming," and the theologue, in the stimulating atmosphere of Mount Desert, learned to prolong the first syllable with a tender enthusiasm that assured his social success.

Occasionally the four took long buckboard drives together over the perfect roads of the little island. Mrs. Atterbury usually preferred the front seat, just behind the driver, where she could jump easily in case of accident; and the Inebriate sat with her, partly

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because she rather petted him, and partly, as he said, out of a general disposition to see the wheels go round. He had that inquisitive temper, that presence of mind and immediateness of interest that fitted him admirably for the companionship of a woman who liked to feel herself a part of this present world—even when driving through the odorous, lonely woods of Mount Desert; while as for the two young people on the back seat, so far as their joining in the stream of talk was concerned, they might as well have been—where in fact Salem most often was—in the seventh heaven. When the conversation of this pair grew too transcendental, Mrs. Atterbury was wont to insist upon a change of seats, and then young Pitman, more pleased than he would have cared to show, did his best to entertain the niece. He was somewhat afraid of her. He admired her face and the elaborate simplicity of her gowns; she did not bore him with Ibsen and Buddhism and University Extension; and yet he knew very well that she was the sort of girl who "organized" the poor and worked altar-cloths and looked askance upon Inebriates, and he held her therefore in proper awe.

Miss Rachel, if the truth were known, was often quite willing to relinquish the misty uplands where she had been wandering with the theologue for a more commonplace conversational saunter with the heir to the Primitive Pellets. She was amused with the Inebriate, as was every one else, and in addition to that she was conscious of a sort of maternal pity for him—being a whole two years older. Then, too, she had a chivalric sympathy for the efforts Kittredge was making to save him from his one error. It seemed to her, as she had said, a very noble thing to do, and she felt a glow of ardor at the thought that she also might be an instrument. Miss Atterbury was something of a saint, and had all the potentialities of a martyr. She was full, for instance, of those renunciatory ideas which cause high-bred girls to throw themselves away on half-bred ministers; but one is not always equal to one's highest devotion, and it was with some positive comfort—under a lesser heat, as it were, of the sacrificial flame—that she endeavored to be very nice to Freddie Pitman.

Kittredge, overhearing scraps of her friendly talk with the young fellow, was delighted to see them get on so well together. He had, perhaps, been a little jealous of Pitman, that morning upon the Olivette, but now that he knew Miss Atterbury better, he could afford to smile at the memory. He resigned Freddie to her, as one gives up the reins to a better driver than himself; his responsibility for the Inebriate had been lightened by so much since he had walked home from church with Miss Rachel and had had intuition enough to tell her frankly about Pitman's malady!

There were but two things that really troubled Kittredge, as those delicious weeks went by. One of them was the Honourable Plantagenet. This interesting specimen of his order persisted in promenading the Occidental veranda with Miss Atterbury, deep in the discussion of Americanisms—a harmless recreation of which Salem thought him altogether too fond. Once or twice he was asked to join their buckboard parties, and Mrs. Atterbury had consulted him about the quartered oak wainscoting of her dining-room, having a sort of idea that quarterings was a familiar term to the British aristocracy. The day that Kittredge and Pitman rowed the ladies out to inspect the White Squadron, the Honourable Plantagenet was on board the flagship, renewing a Washington acquaintance with a multitude of lovely lieutenants; and he presented all of them to Miss Atterbury and her aunt, leaving their civilian escorts to examine the new guns at their leisure. Even the imperturbable Pitman growled upon this occasion, and when the burly Englishman, at his own request, steered their boat back to the wharf, Kittredge was quite consoled for his own awkwardness as an oarsman by observing how thoroughly he had succeeded in wetting him down.

One evening, too, when the Sleighton-Crushtons gave a huge reception at their cottage in honor of somebody or

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other, and Mrs. Atterbury had secured cards for the two young men, Kittredge felt again a sudden suspicion of the attaché. When the dancing began, Salem retreated to a dark little balcony, and grimly watched a more brilliant scene than he had ever witnessed, caring only to see how often Plantagenet was dancing with Miss Atterbury. Once, seeing him advance toward her, and the Inebriate, who was doing his duty like a man, approach from an opposite direction, Salem pushed his way awkwardly across the ball-room and succeeded in keeping himself between the Englishman and Miss Rachel, until Freddie had carried her off; whereupon Salem beat a triumphant retreat to his balcony. She came out there afterward, with her fingers upon Pitman's elbow, and chatted a moment with Kittredge in most delightful intimacy, the light gleaming from her arms and shoulders; but she shivered in the sea-air, and Pitman folded a swan's-down wrap about her, and took her back.

The occupants of No. 37 rarely discussed Mrs. Atterbury's niece, but after their return from the reception that night Salem asked the Inebriate confidentially if he thought that Plantagenet was paying Miss Atterbury "serious attention." Young Pitman answered, with encouraging promptness:

"He looked like paying serious attention to you, Kittie, I can tell you, when you shipped that cold water into his waistcoat the other day! Serious about the other matter?" A quizzical smile passed over Freddie's pert, sunburned face, and he leaned over to untie his shoestrings. "Doubted; it's the summer season, my dear, and he has nothing else to do. Besides, he hasn't a sovereign in the world, you know, and not much chance of ever succeeding to any. Mrs. Atterbury would never let her niece be picked off by a man who had nothing but an attaché's salary."

"But does she understand about the Honourable?"

"Hm—humph!" asserted Pitman, gathering up his shoes and other articles of his faultless attire, preparatory to retiring to the inner room.

"How do you know?" persisted Salem.

"I may have told her myself," said the Inebriate, carelessly. "Everybody knows it. Good-night, Kittie." And Salem went to sleep comforted, though he woke up in the middle of the night and tried to calculate the probable difference between an attaché's salary and a minister's.

From his second subject of anxiety, also, he was relieved by a word of his *protégé*. As the sailing day of the Richard H. Gulick drew near, Salem found himself shrinking from the idea of that trip around the world as from something unthinkable. So much had changed since he had promised J. Howard Pitman to make a trial with the boy! Every Monday there had come a letter from the proprietor of the Primitive Pellets, closing invariably with "God bless you," and Salem had a sore struggle between his sense of responsibility and his new dreams. He could not go around the world; yet perhaps he might stay with young Pitman awhile longer, if he was wanted, and if —Ah! there were so many "ifs," and his heart was all in a tumult.

One evening in the second week of August the two young men strolled over to the Atterbury cottage after dinner, there to await the ladies, who had proposed building a drift-wood fire down by the rocks. The workmen were making rapid progress, in spite of Mrs. Atterbury's frequent changes in the plans, and Salem said something about the attractiveness of the building.

"Of course it is," assented the Inebriate, as they sat down upon a pile of lath. "Mrs. Atterbury ought to have a fine house. She can pay for it, and she deserves it. She's getting too old to knock around from pillar to post every summer; she ought to settle down."

"It's a great thing," said Salem earnestly, though somewhat vaguely.

"Correct you are, Kittie. I'll be hanged if I haven't about made up my mind to settle down myself."

He had a whimsical look that made Salem answer "Yes?" without knowing exactly how to take him.

"Well, why not? I'm sick of the

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road, though J. Howard doesn't suspect it. He'd like nothing better than to give me a half-interest at the Works, and I don't know but I shall be just filial enough to let him be happy in the way he likes best, eh?"

"And the R. H. Gulick?" ventured Kittredge, his heart beating fast.

Pitman fluently consigned the R. H. Gulick to Halifax.

"Kittie, do you really see us going round the world together on a brig?"

"No," Salem confessed, with an immense relief.

"Nor I either. We couldn't even play billiards." Then the sardonic amusement faded out of his face as he added, seriously: "It isn't necessary, Kittie. You know what I mean. If I'm not on the road, I can—there can be somebody to look out for me, as you did, and stick by me. See?"

His eager confidence in himself was hard to resist. Salem could not help wondering why he had never been willing to try so simple a plan before, and yet the boy's new purpose furnished a ready way out of his own perplexity. "I'll write your father to-morrow and resign," he said, rather awkwardly. "My six weeks are about up."

"It's been a great six weeks for me," said the grateful Inebriate. "I never had any one stand right by me at the very dot the way you did."

"It's been a great six weeks for me," murmured Salem, but he was not thinking of the aid rendered to young Pitman. A straight path seemed opening before his vision, and a long, long vista down it.

Miss Atterbury appeared over the brow of the hill, followed by her aunt, and the Inebriate rose, threw away his cigar, and joined her, while Salem sat there two or three minutes longer, in a sort of rapture. Then he helped Mrs. Atterbury pick her way through the *débris* behind the cottage, down to a cosey nook among the rocks by the shore—his heart reproaching him somewhat for not having always shown Mrs. Atterbury quite the attention deserved by a person so kind and bright—and motherly.

All four set to work gathering driftwood, but they waited till deep dusk before lighting the pile, and then found that the dead seaweed was too damp to burn. Salem struck match after match in vain. At last Miss Atterbury declared that she had set her heart upon having this fire, and that she was going up to the cottage for some shavings. Pitman politely insisted upon accompanying her. Kittredge remained on his knees, blowing ineffectually at the smoking seaweed, while Mrs. Atterbury, wrapped in a big shawl, was perched not unpicturesquely upon a bowlder.

"Haven't you any paper?" she asked.

Kittredge felt through his pockets. His new flannel suit had grown unpresentable, and he was wearing that night the ministerial garb in which he had left Boston. "Here seems to be something," he said, pulling a pamphlet from the inside pocket. "Hullo!" He tore off the cover and touched a match to it; the impervious face of J. Howard Pitman crinkled and shrivelled into flame.

Salem tore out page after page, and laid them carefully above the first.

"It isn't anything you care for?" inquired Mrs. Atterbury.

"Hardly;" he smiled. "Look there!" The ghastly portraits of Southern sufferers from fever and ague, before and after using the Primitive Pellets, were writhing into distorted and horrible shapes, and the driftwood was catching fire from them. "It's the Pitman catalogue," he explained. "I'm glad Frederic wasn't here"—and he thought of the delicate way in which Miss Rachel had turned Pitman's back upon the advertisement, that morning on the Olivette.

"Really!" said Mrs. Atterbury, in some amusement. "I should have liked to see it. I am told that the Pellets are a very valuable property."

"I suppose so," rejoined Kittredge, with the indifferent air of a man whose interests are beyond the reach of moth and rust.

"Oh, yes," she continued. "Mr. Pitman told me the other day that a syndicate had offered a certain sum to buy them out. It was very large indeed. He has a lovely mother," she added, rather inconsequentially.

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"I dare say," replied Kittredge absently. It had dawned upon him that here was the time and place to speak to Mrs. Atterbury, and the blood flamed into his temples at the thought. He did not know how to begin, but he felt that to take her niece from her without warning would be hardly honest.

"She is something of an invalid," Mrs. Atterbury proceeded, "and I think privately that she is too strong a churchwoman. Rachel, now, wouldn't be jarred by that at all. Is Mr. Pitman an Episcopalian?"

"Do you mean J. Howard?" He was still wondering how to begin.

"No, no. Mr. Frederic."

"He! Oh—Excuse me, yes—I think so." Her mind seemed to dwell upon Pitman, and he thought he might use this fact to lead up to his own suit.

"Pitman and I were looking at the cottage to-night before you came," he began. His voice trembled in spite of him. "It seemed very pretty—and homelike, you know."

"Yes," she said, enthusiastically, "and I believe the architect was right about that staircase, after all! Mr. Pitman said he was, the moment he saw it."

"Pitman thought it was very homelike," he repeated. "The house, I mean—not the staircase. It really made him think of settling down—and I thought so too. Don't you think a young man needs a—sort of—home?"

"Of course," she responded, cheerfully. "I hope you will preach that doctrine when you get into the pulpit, Mr. Kittredge. And he told you something about settling down?"

"Oh, he mentioned it," said Salem, bent now upon getting her attention away from Pitman, "but I must say I feel much as he does. I want to settle down myself."

There was a long pause, and he threw a couple of old boat-ribs upon the fire before going on. "I feel as if the time had come——" He hesitated, and she broke in cordially:

"Well, I should think you would, Mr. Kittredge, after studying all these years a system of theology that no one really believes, you see. It must be a great pleasure to get at practical work. We think it has been a wonderful thing for Mr. Pitman to have you with him. It has done so much for him!"

"It isn't about Pitman that I wanted to speak," he began once more, impatiently; it's about——"

"Hullo, Kittie!" called out the Inebriate's gay voice from the top of the cliff. "Stir up your fire, so that we can see the way down."

Kittredge gave a savage thrust at his bonfire, and the two young people came scurrying down the narrow path into its circle of light.

"Where are the shavings?" inquired Mrs. Atterbury.

"We saw Mr. Kittredge's fire, and so we didn't bring them down," answered Freddie.

Mrs. Atterbury nodded, and moved along upon her bowlder to make room for her niece. But the girl seemed to be shivering: she knelt on the other side of the fire, and drawing off her gloves, held out her slender hands to the blue and green flame of the driftwood, and as she smiled across at Salem through the blazing smoke, he knew he had never seen her so beautiful.

"It was so good of you, Mr. Kittredge," she said; "you are always doing something for us."

He made no answer, except to look into her eyes, and he forgot all about her aunt and Freddie Pitman.

They sat a long time around the fire, but no one talked much. It was enough to watch the driftwood burning, and to breathe the pine odors that the land breeze brought down to greet the sea. They waited till the fire had died quite away, and then scrambled up the cliff-path toward home. Kittredge offered his help to Miss Atterbury, and the very instant he felt her light, firm touch upon his arm he knew that he should speak to her on the morrow.

VIII.

When the morrow came fate favored him. He wrote a letter to J. Howard Pitman, explaining respectfully that Frederic had plans which rendered it imperative that the trip around the

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world should be given up. The young man would himself communicate them shortly; for the present it was enough to say that Frederic was contemplating a step which would give his father great pleasure. Salem added that though it scarcely seemed necessary that the peculiar relation between Frederic and himself should continue longer, he nevertheless felt so grateful that his lot had been cast in Bar Harbor that summer that he would cheerfully put himself at the service of the Pitmans at any time, should the young man again desire a companion, and provided his own circumstances would in any way allow him to do so. Kittredge was rather pleased with this note; it seemed to say enough without saying too much.

He went to the hotel office to mail it and found there a letter which was singularly opportune. It was an invitation to preach as a candidate in a desirable church near Boston upon the following Sunday. He had known before that his name had been mentioned there, but had supposed the church and parish would prefer an older man. It was a most cordial letter; he felt that it meant a call; and he strode up and down the side veranda of the Occidental with a nervous smile upon his lips. He told himself to keep steady; he had seen his Andover friends do such fatuous things just because they were sure of an income and knew they could marry someone at once! Yet here was the call plainly in sight; it was a strong church, even a rich church; Mrs. Atterbury would know all about it; he could give the letter to Mrs. Atterbury, or read it to her himself, and she would perceive that her niece was not to be asked to starve in a country parish. As for Rachel, he believed she understood him already, and that a word would be enough. Women had such a wonderful knack at guessing!

The ladies were out sketching that morning, and Salem paced the veranda a long time. The Honourable Plantagenet took a few turns with him, and Kittredge found the Englishman not so bad a fellow after all; he was amused that he had ever been jealous of him. Pitman was deep in a novel; he seemed rather ill-tempered—for a wonder—and Kittredge did not disturb him. They had a dull lunch together. Mrs. Atterbury and her niece were lunching at the Sleighton-Crushtons, and afterward went directly to a tennis party. The afternoon seemed interminable. The Inebriate stuck moodily to his novel and his cigar, while Kittredge walked to Spouting Horn and back, to compose his mind—and his speech to Mrs. Atterbury.

At dinner the young men were again alone. Pitman volunteered the information that the ladies were dining at the Cuttyhunk; there were some friends of his mother over there; he supposed he would have to go over there himself. Until dark, Kittredge sat in the office, trying to read the Boston papers. Then he remembered that the Olivette was lying at her wharf for some repairs, having run down a schooner in the fog the night before; and he sauntered down to the boat to inquire if she would be ready to make the return trip the following evening. It occurred to him that this would give him time Saturday to run up to Andover and select one of his written sermons. The purser answered his questions and still he lingered upon the Olivette's immaculate deck. He found the place by the rail where he had stood that wonderful morning with Miss Atterbury, and he looked over into the black water lapping against the wharf-piles, and saw again her hand and arm as she pointed out the nautilus.

Loud talking and laughter at the bow, together with brilliant flashes of light, roused him from his dream, and he strolled forward. The quartermaster and second officer were descanting to a few Mount Desert cronies upon the virtues of their electric search-light; why, at Port Tampa, the winter before, they had sighted a fish-line clear at the other end of the big pier; there would be no use trying to run a blockade nowadays if those duffers on the White Squadron had search-lights half as good; and then the quartermaster began to flash the slender cone of dazzling light hither and thither on the water and the wharf, out upon the canoes and yachts lying at anchor, up

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against the rocky path under the Keho Valley Club House, and even far over to the huge side of the Occidental, which it illuminated with a pale circle. Suddenly the quartermaster turned the projector upon the wharf again; it smote blindingly in the faces of a sailor and a woman who was talking confidentially with him. The crowd laughed, but the woman kept his arm, and Salem liked her for it.

"Try for them folks on the Cuttyhunk piazza," suggested some one; "it ain't much over a hundred yards."

The quartermaster turned to adjust the screws, and even as he did so, an unaccountable presentiment took possession of Kittredge's mind. He felt horribly certain that he was to see Miss Atterbury with the Honourable Plantagenet at her elbow; the thought seized him that he knew but one side of her, that the world of germans and tennis parties and dinners and cottages was one into which he had scarcely had a glimpse, that she belonged to that world in spite of herself, and that she would marry the Honourable Plantagenet after all! He grasped hard at the capstan to stop his trembling; the voices of the men buzzed in his ears; then the white rays were flashed full upon the Cuttyhunk, and he saw her.

She was standing quite at the end of the veranda, with the swan's-down wrap about her shoulders, and seemed as if she were smiling straight at him. The Honourable Plantagenet was nowhere in view. Of those near her, Salem recognized only the diminutive figure and amiable countenance of the Inebriate, and a tumultuous joy swept over him. He might still claim her; she belonged to no man else!

He walked the Corniche road for an hour, to give her time to get back to the Occidental. He abandoned all idea of speaking first to the aunt; she went utterly out of his mind; he saw only Rachel's slender figure wrapped in swan's-down, and her eyes seemed still smiling into his.

Miss Atterbury had gone to her room, the clerk told him when he came in, and he hurried to No. 37 to get a card to send up to her. She would come down to the drawing-room, he knew; they had sat there together a dozen times; there was a door leading out to the dark side veranda; he could ask her to walk a little with him, and then——

He opened the door of No. 37. A man was sitting on the bed, with face buried in his hands. In a startled moment Salem recognized the Inebriate, and he struck a match and lighted the gas. Pitman looked at him; there were tears in his eyes.

"I guess I'm rather broken up," he said. "Sit down, Kittie; I want to tell you something. I proposed to Miss Atterbury last night, and she has just given me her answer. It takes hold of me pretty hard; I haven't been just the sort of man I might, you see. You know all about it, and of course she does. I told her everything; every blessed thing; a fellow ought to, with that sort of girl. And it's knowing all that—and that she knows it—that—it breaks me all up!"

It was getting too incoherent for the amazed theologue to follow. "You mean," he broke in, a certain righteous hardness mingling with the sympathy in his shaking voice, "that she refused you on account of your record."

"No!" cried Pitman, leaping up, with the queerest smile around his mouth, "that's just what she ought to have done, but she didn't. She accepted me in spite of my record! She believes in me! I'm an engaged man, Kittie; queer, isn't it? Put it there!"

But Kittredge's hands were griping the back of a chair, and his rosy face was gray.

"I can't," he groaned, "I can't. The fact is——"

He stopped. Pitman stared at him an instant, then nodded as if to himself, with a sudden comprehension.

"I didn't suppose *that*," he murmured, slowly. "Of course I knew you liked her. I'm—I'm awfully sorry. It's hard luck, Kittie. Please," and with a boyish timidity the Inebriate put out his hand again.

THE END.

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FRENCH ART.

III.—REALISTIC PAINTING.

By W. C. Brownell.

I.

TO an intelligence fully and acutely alive, its own time must, I think, be more interesting than any other. The sentimental, the scholastic, the speculative temperament may look before or after with longing or regret; but that sanity of mind which is practical and productive must find its most agreeable sensations in the data to which it is intimately and inexorably related. The light upon Greek literature and art for which we study Greek history, the light upon Roman history for which we study Latin literature and art, are admirable to us in very exact proportion as we study them for our ends. To every man and every nation that really breathes, true vitality of soul depends upon saying to one's self with an emotion of equivalent intensity to the emotion of patriotism celebrated in Scott's familiar lines, This is my own, my native era and environment. Culture is impossible apart from cosmopolitanism, but self-respect is more indispensable even than culture. French art alone at the present time possesses absolute self-respect. It possesses this quality in an eminent, in even an excessive degree; but it possesses it, and in virtue of it is endued with a preservative quality that saves it from the emptiness of imitation and the enervation of dilettanteism. It has, in consequence, escaped that recrudescence of the primitive and inchoate known in England and among ourselves as pre-Raphaelitism. It has escaped also that almost abject worship of classic models which Winckelmann and Canova made universal in Germany and Italy—not to speak of its echoes elsewhere. It has always stood on its own feet, and, however lacking in the higher qualities of imaginative initiative, on the one hand, and however addicted to the academic and the traditional on the other, has always both respected its æsthetic heritage and contributed something of its own thereto.

Why should not one feel the same quick interest, the same instinctive pride in his time as in his country? Is not sympathy with what is modern, instant, actual, and apposite a fair parallel of patriotism? Neglect of other times in the "heir of all the ages" is analogous to chauvinism, and indicative of as ill-judged an attitude as that of provincial blindness to other contemporary points of view and systems of philosophy than one's own. Culture is equally hostile to both, and in art culture is as important a factor as it is in less special fields of activity and endeavor. But in art, as elsewhere, culture is a means to an actual, present end, and the pre-Raphaelite sentiment that dictates mere reproduction of what was once a genuine expression is as sterile as servile imitation of exotic modes of thought, dress, and demeanor is universally felt to be. The past—the antique, the renaissance, the classic, and romantic ideals—are to be used, not adopted; in the spirit of Goethe, at once the most original of modern men and the most saturated with culture, exhibited in his famous saying: "Nothing do I call my own which having inherited I have not reconquered for myself."

It would indeed be a singular thing were the field of æsthetics the only one uninvaded by the scientific spirit of the time. The one force specially characteristic of our era is, I suppose, the scientific spirit. It is at any rate everywhere manifest, and it possesses the best intellects of the century. *A priori* one may argue about its hostility, essential or other, to the artistic, the constructive spirit; but to do so is at the most to beat the air, to waste one's breath, to

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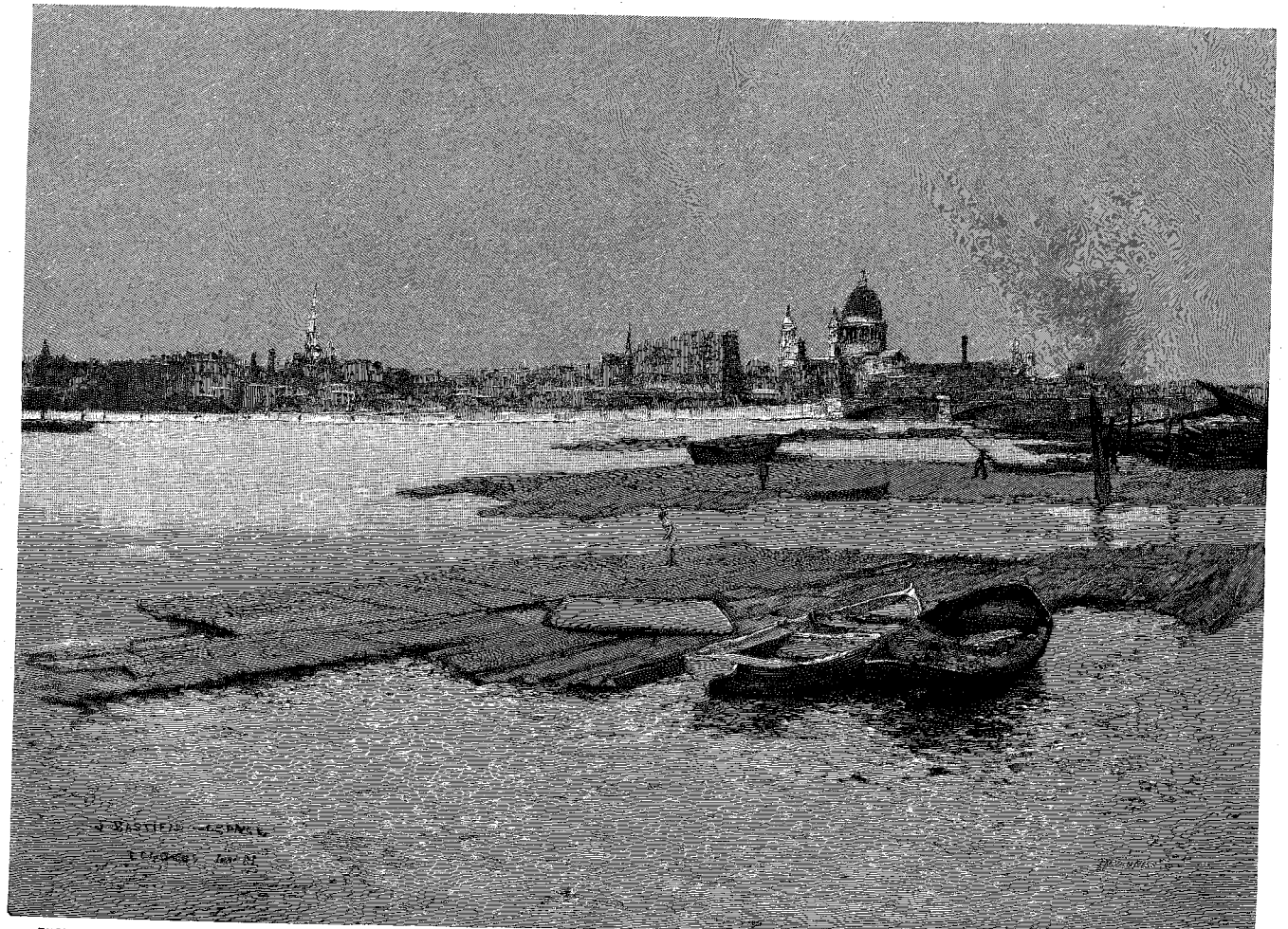

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

London from the Thames.—Bastien-Lepage.

(By permission, from a painting in the possession of Robert G. Johnson, Esq.)

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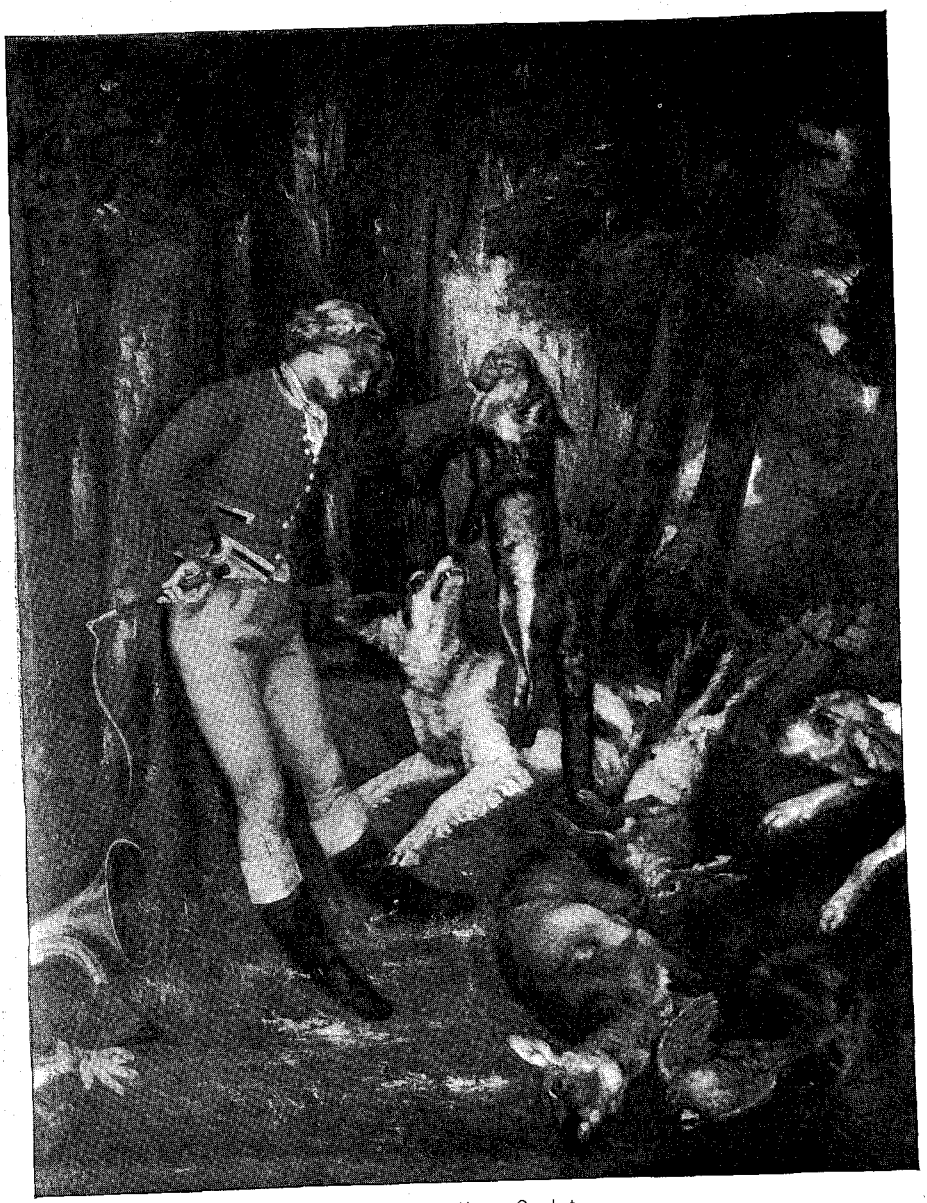

After the Hunt.—Courbet.

(By permission of Messrs. Cottier & Co.)

Ruskinize, in a word. Interest in life and the world, instead of speculation or self-expression, is the "note" of the day. The individual has withered terribly. He is supplanted by the type. Materialism has its positive gospel; it is not at all the formulated expression of Goethe's "spirit that denies." Nature has acquired new dignity. She cannot be studied too closely, nor too long. The secret of the universe is now pursued through observation, as formerly it was through fasting and prayer. Nothing is sacred nowadays because everything receives respect. If absolute beauty is now smiled at as a chimera, it is because beauty is perceived everywhere. Whatever is may not be right

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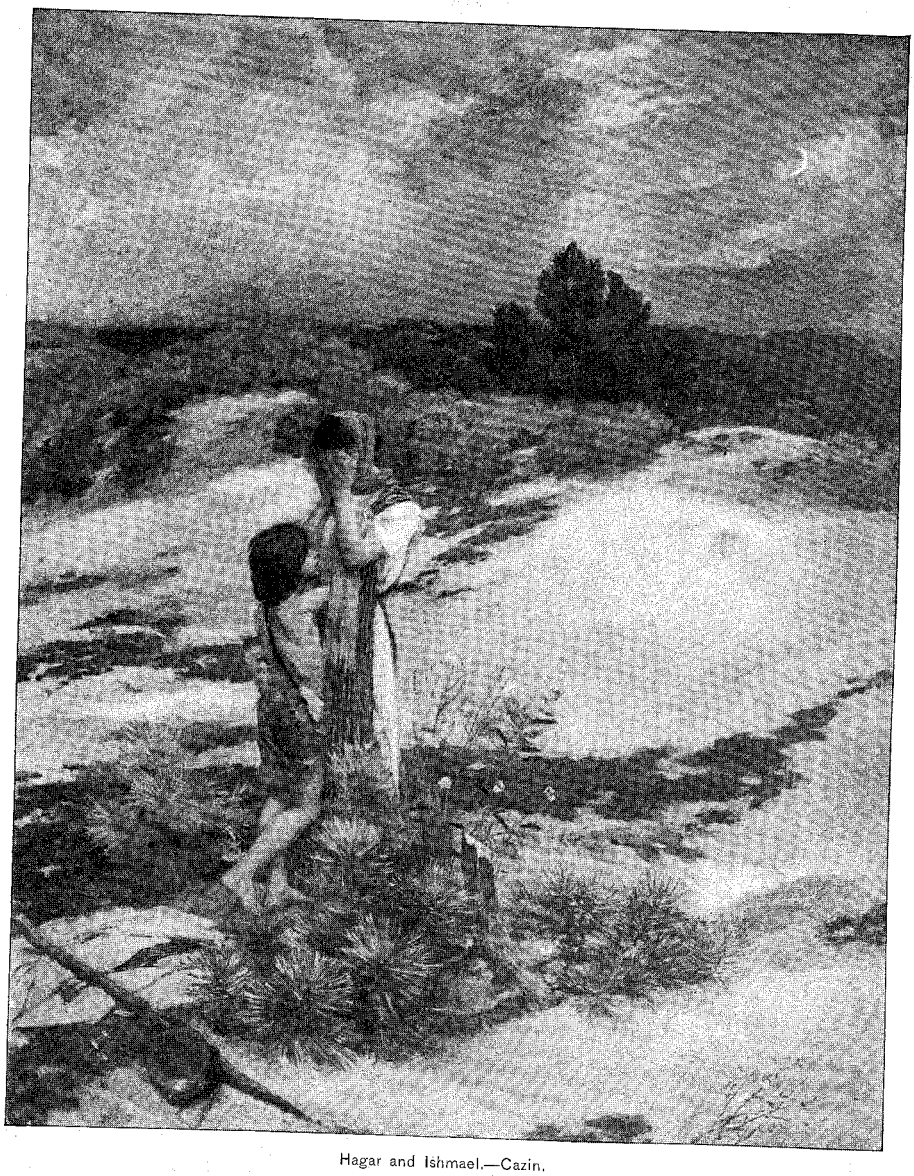

Hagar and Ishmael.—Cazin.

—the maxim has too much of an *ex cathedra* sound—but whatever is is interesting. Our attitude is at once humbler and more curious. The sense of the immensity, the immeasurableness of things, is more intimate and profound. What one may do is more modestly conceived; what might be done, more justly appreciated. There is less confidence and more aspiration. The artist's eye is "on the object" in more concentrated gaze than ever heretofore. If his sentiment, his poetry, is no longer "inevitable," as Wordsworth complained Goethe's was not, it is more reverent, at any rate more circumspect. If he is less exalted he is more receptive—he is more alive to impressions for being less of a philosopher. If he scouts authority, if even he accepts somewhat weakly the thraldom of dissent from traditional standards and canons, it is because he is convinced of the superiority to all can-

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ons and standards of the material with which he has to deal. If he esteems truth more than beauty, it is because what he thinks truth is more beautiful in his eyes than the stereotyped beauty he is adjured to attain. In any case, the distinction of the realistic painters —like that of the realists in literature, where, also, it need not be said, France has been in the lead — is measurably to have got rid of solecisms; to have made, indeed, obvious solecisms, and solecisms of conception as well as of execution, a little ridiculous. It is, to be sure, equally ridiculous to subject romantic productions to realistic standards, to blind one's self to the sentiment that saturates such romantic works as Scott's and Dumas's, or Géricault's and Diaz's, which is wholly apposite to its own time and point of view. The great difficulty with a principle is that it is universal, and that when we deal with facts of any kind whatever, universality is an impossible ideal. Scott and Géricault are, nowadays, in what we have come to deem essentials, distinctly old-fashioned. It might be well to try and imitate them, if imitation had any salt in it, which it has not; or if it were possible to do what they did with their different inspiration, which it is not. Mr. Stevenson is, I think, an example of the danger of essaying this latter in literature, just as a dozen eminent painters of less talent—for no one has so much talent as Mr. Stevenson—are examples in painting. But there are a thousand things, not only in the technic but in the whole attitude toward their art and their material of the romanticists, that are now-

"The Shepherds," from the Foyer of the Grand Opera, Paris.—Baudry.

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Portrait.—Ribot.
(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel.)

adays impossible to sincere and spontaneous artists. Details which have no importance whatever in the *ensemble* of the romantic artist are essential to the realist. Art does not stand still. Its canons change. There is a constant evolution in its standards, its requirements. A conventional background is no more an error in French classic painting than in tapestry; a perfunctory scheme of pure chiaroscuro is no blemish in one of Diaz's splendid forest landscapes; such phenomena in a work of Raffaelli or Pointelin would jar, because, measured by the standards, to which modern men must, through the very force of evolution itself, subscribe, they can but seem solecisms. In a different set of circumstances, under a different inspiration, and with a different artistic attitude, solecisms they certainly are not. But, as Thackeray makes Ethel Newcome say, "We belong to our belongings." Our circumstances, inspiration, artistic attitude, are involuntary and possess us as our other belongings do.

In Gautier's saying, for instance, "I am a man for whom the visible world

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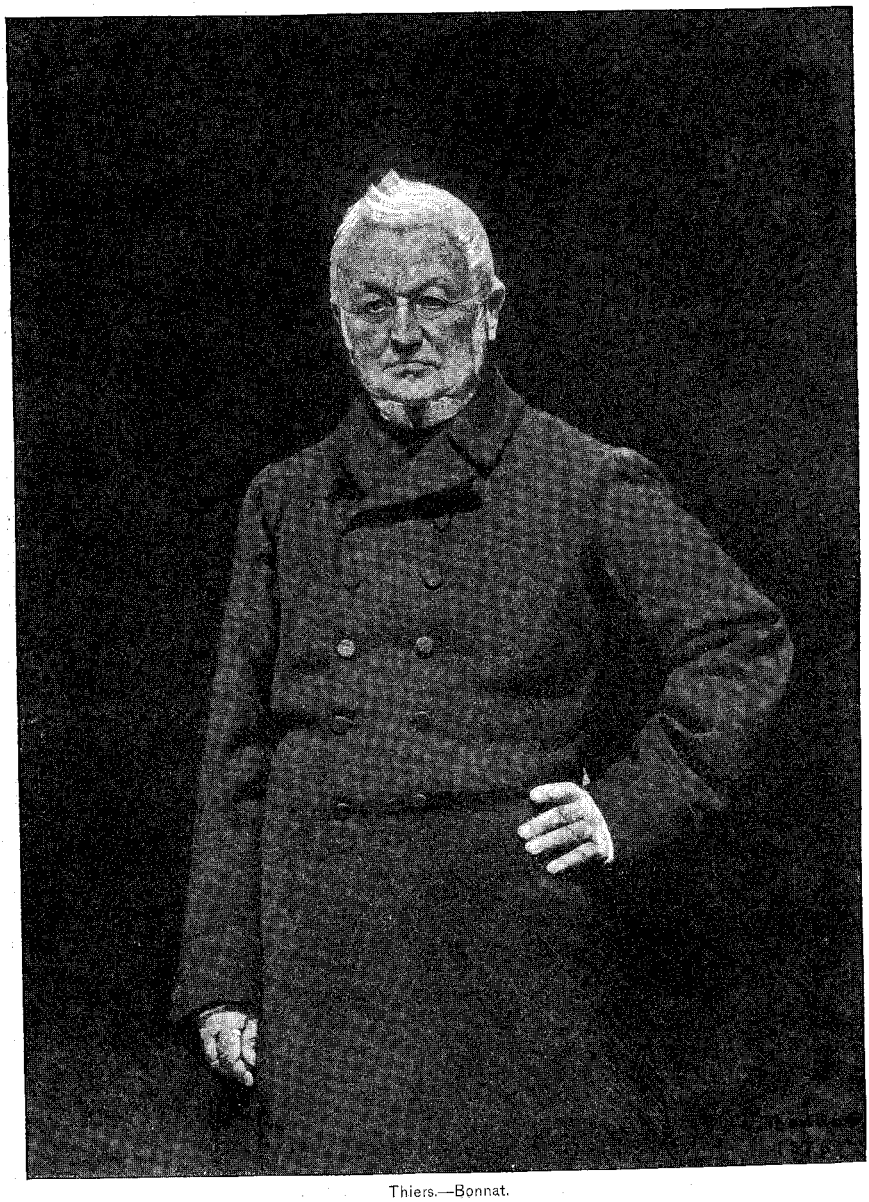

Thiers.—Bonnat.

exists," which I have quoted as expressing the key-note of the romantic epoch, it is to be noted that the visible world is taken as a spectacle simply—significant, suggestive or merely stimulant, in accordance with individual bent. Gautier and the romanticists generally had little concern for its structure. To many of them it was indeed rather a canvas than a spectacle even—just as to many, if not to most, of the realists it is its structure rather than its significance that altogether appeals; the romanticists in general sketched their ideas and impressions upon it, as the naturalists have in the main studied its aspects and constitution, careless of the import of these, pictorially or otherwise. Indeed one is tempted often to inquire of the latter, Why so much interest in what apparently seems to you of so little import? Are we never to

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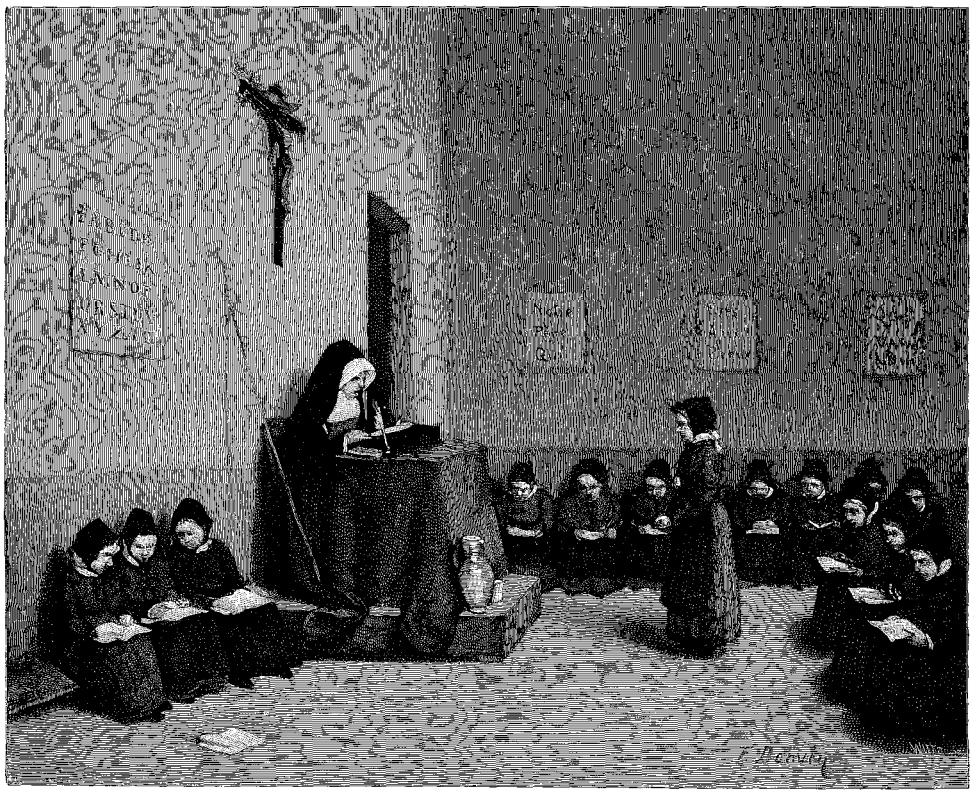
have your skill, your observation, your amassing of "documents" turned to any account? Where is the realistic tragedy, comedy, epic, composition of any sort? Courbet's "Cantonniers," Manet's "Bar," or Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc," perhaps. But what is indisputable is, that we are irretrievably committed to the present general æsthetic attitude and inspiration, and must share not only the romanticists' impatience with academic formulæ and conventions, but the realists' devotion to life and the world as they actually exist. The future may be different, but we are living in the present, and what is important is, after all, to live. It is also so difficult that not to take the line of least resistance is fatuity.

II.

Ascriptions of the kind are at best approximations, but it is at least an approximation to ascribe the primacy of realism to Courbet. Not only was he the first, or among the first, to feel the interest and importance of the actual world as it is and for what it is rather than for what it suggests, but his feeling in this direction is intenser than that of anyone else. Manet was preoccupied with the values of objects and spaces. Bastien-Lepage, while painting these with the most scrupulous fidelity, was nevertheless always attentive to the significance and import of what he painted. Courbet was a pure pantheist. He was possessed by the material, the physical, the actual. He never varies it a hair's-breadth. He never lifts it a fraction of a degree. But by his very absorption in it he dignifies it immensely. He illustrates magnificently its possibilities. He brings out into the plainest possible view its inherent, integral, æsthetic quality, independent of any extraneity. No painter ever succeeded so well with so little art, one is tempted



The Orphans' School.—Bonvin.
(By permission of J. S. Inglis, Esq.)

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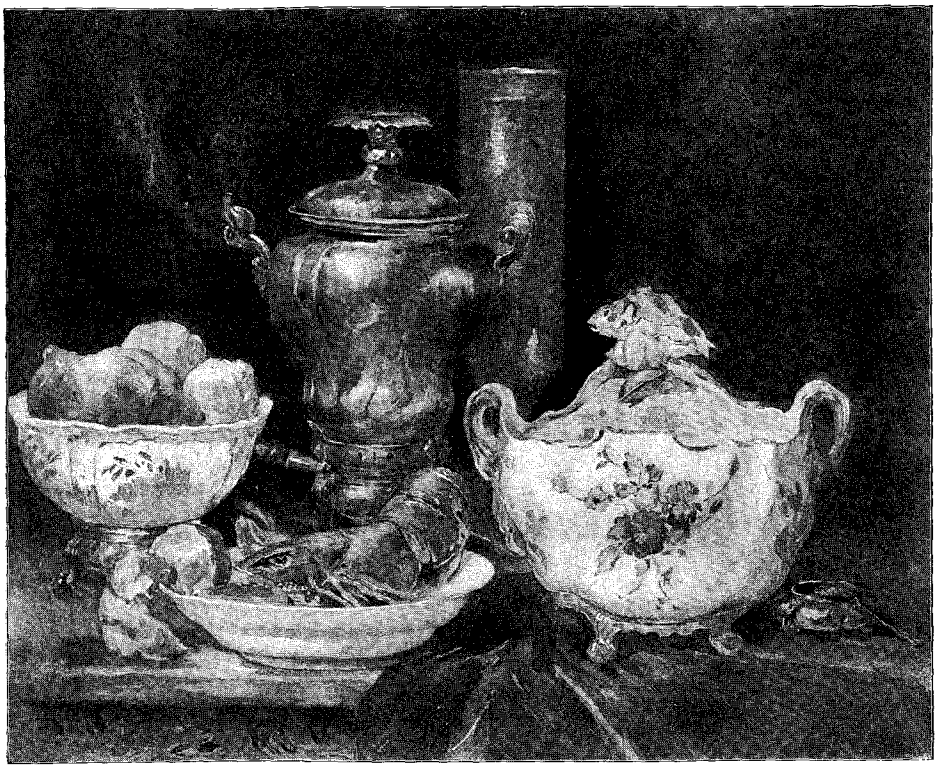
to say. Beside his, the love of nature which we ascribe to the ordinary realist is a superficial emotion. He had the sentiment of reality in the highest degree; he had it intensely. If he did not represent nature with the searching subtlety of later painters, he is certainly the forerunner of naturalism. He has absolutely no ideality. He is blind to all intimations of immortality, all unearthly voices. Yet it would be wholly an error to suppose him a mere literalist. No one is farther removed from the painstaking, grubbing imitators of detail so justly denounced and ridiculed by Mr. Whistler. He has the generalizing faculty in very distinguished degree, and in very large measure. Every trait of his talent, indeed, is large, manly; but for a certain qualification — which must be made — one might add, Olympian. This qualification perhaps may be not unfairly described as earthiness—never an agreeable trait, and one to which probably is due the depreciation of Courbet that is so popular even among appreciative critics. It is easy to characterize Courbet as brutal and material, but what is easy is generally not exact. What one glibly stigmatizes as brutality and grossness may, after all, be something of a particularly strong savor, enjoyed by the painter himself with a gusto too sterling and instinctive to be justifiably neglected, much less contemned. The first thing to do in estimating an artist's accomplishment, which is to place one's self at his point of view, is, in Courbet's case, unusually difficult. We are all dreamers, more or less—in more or less desultory fashion—and can all appreciate that prismatic turn of what is real and actual into a position wherein it catches glints of the imagination. The imagination is a universal touchstone. The sense of reality is a special, an individual faculty. When one is poetizing in an amateur, a dilettante way, as most of



Still Life.—Vollon.

(By permission of Messrs. Knoedler & Co.)

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Vintage.—L'Hermitte.
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us poetize, a picture of Courbet, which seems to flaunt and challenge the imagination in virtue of its defiant reality, its insistence on the value and significance of the prosaic and the actual, appears coarse and crude. It is not, however. It is very far from that. It is rather elemental than elementary—in itself a prodigious distinction. No modern painter has felt more intensely and reproduced more vigorously the sap that runs through and vivifies the various forms of natural phenomena. To censure his shortcomings, to regret his imaginative incompleteness, is to miss him altogether.

It is easy to say he had all the coarseness without the sentiment of the French peasantry, whence he sprang; that his political radicalism attests a

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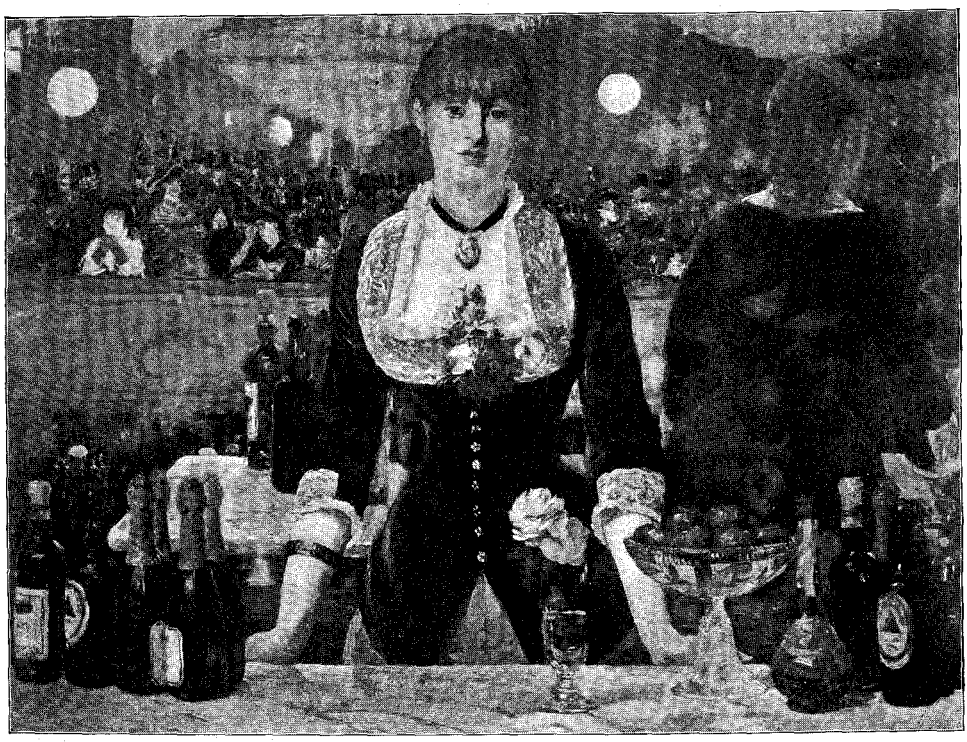
lack of the serenity of spirit indispensable to the sincere artist; that he had no conception of the beautiful, the exquisite—the fact remains that he triumphs over all his deficiencies, and in reality without the technic; Bastien-Lepage the technic without the sentiment. In Courbet, at all events, the sentiment of reality dominates the realism of the technic; in Bastien-Le-



A Bar at the Folies-Bergère.—Manet.

very splendid fashion. He is, in truth, of all the realists for whom he discovered the way, and set the pace, as it were, one of the two naturalistic painters who have shown in any high degree the supreme artistic faculty—that of generalization. However impressive Manet's picture may be; however brilliant Monet's endeavor to reproduce sunlight may seem; however refined and elegant Degas's delicate selection of pictorial material—for broad and masterful generalization, for enduing what he painted with an interest deeper than its surface and underlying its aspect, Courbet has but one rival among realistic painters. I mean, of course, Bastien-Lepage.

There is an important difference between the two. Approximately speaking, Courbet had the sentiment of page the technic is realistically carried infinitely farther, but the sentiment quite transcends realism. Imagine Courbet essaying a "Jeanne d'Arc!" Bastien-Lepage painting Courbet's "Cantonniers" would not have stopped, as Courbet has done, with expressing their vitality, their actual interest, but at the same time that he represented them in far greater technical completeness he would also have occupied himself with their psychology. He is indeed quite as distinctly a psychologist as he is a painter. His favorite problem, aside from that of technical perfection, which perhaps equally haunted him, is the rendering of that resigned, bewildered, semi-hypnotic, vaguely and yet intensely longing spiritual expression to be noted by those who have the eyes to see it in the faces and attitudes

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now of the peasant laborer now of the city pariah. All his peasant women are potentially Jeannes d'Arc—"Les Foins," "Tired," "Petite Fauvette," for example. The "note" is still more evident in the "London Bootblack" and the "London Flower-girl," in which the outcast "East End" spiritlessness of the British capital is caught and fixed with a Zola-like incisiveness and force. Such a phase as this is not so much pictorial or poetic, as psychological. Bastien-Lepage's happiness in rendering it is a proof of the exceeding quickness and sureness of his observation; but his preoccupation with it is equally strong proof of his interest in the things of the mind as well as in those of the senses. This is his great distinction, I think. He beats the realist on his own ground (except perhaps Monet and his followers—I remember no attempt of his to paint sunlight), but he is imaginative as well. He is not, on the other hand, to be in anywise associated with the romanticists. Degas's acid characterization of him, as "the Bouguereau of the modern movement," is only just, if we remember what very radical and fundamental changes the "modern movement" implies in general attitude as well as in special expression. I should be inclined rather to apply the analogy to M. Dagnan-Bouveret, though here, too, with many reserves looking mainly to the difference between true and vapid sentiment.

It is interesting to note, however, the almost exclusively intellectual character of this imaginative side of Bastien-Lepage. He does not view his material with any apparent sympathy, such as one notes, or at all events divines, in Millet. Both were French peasants; but whereas Millet's interest in his fellows is instinctive and absorbing, Bastien-Lepage's is curious and detached. If his pictures ever succeed in moving

The Ballet in "Robert Le Diable."—Degas.
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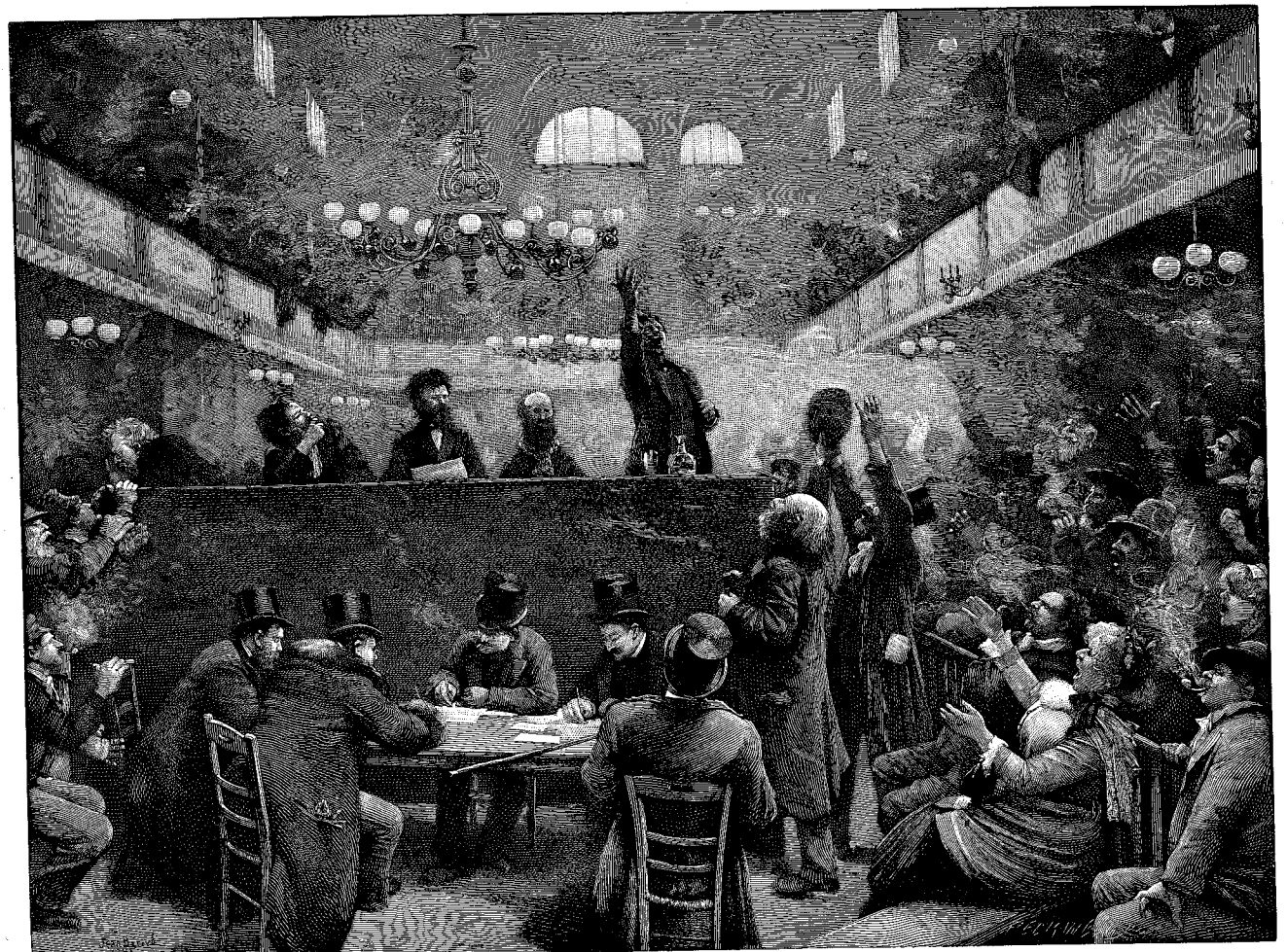

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

The Salle Graffard.—Béraud.

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us, it is impersonally, in virtue of the camera-like scrutiny he brings to bear on his subject, and the effectiveness with which he renders it, and of the reflections which we institute of ourselves and which he fails to stimulate by even the faintest trace of a loving touch or the betrayal of any sympathetic losing of himself in his theme. You feel just the least intimation of the *doctrinaire*, the systematic aloofness of the spec tator. In moral attitude as well as in technical expression he no more assimilates the various phases of his material, to reproduce them afterward in new and original combination, than he expresses the essence of landscape in general, as the Fontainebleau painters do even in their most photographic moments. Both his figures and his landscapes are clearly portraits—typical and not merely individual, to be sure, but somehow not exactly creations. His skies are the least successful portions of his pictures, I think; one must generalize easily to make skies effective, and perhaps it is not fanciful to note the frequency of high horizons in his work.

The fact remains that Bastien-Lepage stands at the head of the modern movement in many ways. His friend, M. André Theuriet, has shown, in a brochure published some years ago, that he was himself as interesting as his pictures. He took his art very seriously, and spoke of it with a dignity rather uncommon in the atmosphere of the studios, where there is apt to be more enthusiasm than reflection. I recall vividly the impatience with which he once spoke to me of painting "to show what you can do." His own standard was always the particular ideal he had formed, never within the reach of his ascertained powers. And whatever he did, one may say, illustrates the sincerity and elevation of this remark, whether one's mood incline one to care most for this psychological side — undoubtedly the more nearly unique side—of his work, or for such exquisite things as his "Forge" or the portrait of Mme Sarah Bernhardt. Incontestably he has the true tradition, and stands in the line of the great painters. And he owes his permanent place among them not less to his perception that painting has a moral and significant, as well as a representative and decorative sanction, than to his perfect harmony with his own time in his way of illustrating this—to his happy fusion of aspect admirably rendered with profound and stimulating suggestion.

III.

OF the realistic landscape painters, the strict impressionists apart, none is more eminent than M. Cazin, whose work is full of interest, and if at times it leaves one a little cold, this is perhaps an affair of the beholder's temperament rather than of M. Cazin's. He is a thoroughly original painter, and, what is more at the present day, an imaginative one. He sees in his own way the nature that we all see, and paints it not literally but personally. But his landscapes invariably attest, above all, an attentive study of the phenomena of light and air, and their truthfulness is the more marked for the personality they illustrate. The impression they make is of a very clairvoyant and enthusiastic observation exercised by an artist who takes more pleasure in appreciation than in expression, whose pleasure in his expression is subordinate to his interest in the external world, and in large measure confined to the delight every artist has in technical felicity when he can attain it. Their skies are beautifully observed—graduated in value with delicate verisimilitude from the horizon up, and wind-swept, or drenched with mist, or ringing clear, as the motive may dictate. All objects take their places with a precision that is, nevertheless, in nowise pedantic, and perfectly free. Cazin's palette is, moreover, a thoroughly individual one. It is very pure, and if its range is not great, it is at any rate not grayed into insipidity and ineffectualness, but is as positive as if it were more vivid. A distinct air of elegance, a true sense of style, is noteworthy in many of his pictures; not only in the important ones, but occasionally when the theme is so slight as to need hardly

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any composition whatever—the mere placing of a tree, its outline, its relation to a bank or a roadway, are often unmistakably distinguished. Cazin is not exclusively a landscape-painter, and though the landscape element in all his works is the dominant one, even in his "Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert," and his "Judith Setting out for Holofernes's Camp" (in which latter one can hardly identify the heroine at all), the fact that he is not a landscape painter, pure and simply like Harpignies and Pointelin, perhaps accounts for his inferiority to them in landscape sentiment. In France it is generally assumed that to devote one's self exclusively to any one branch of painting is to betray limitations, and there are few painters who would not resent being called landscapists. Something, perhaps, is lost in this way. It witnesses a greater pride in accomplishment than in instinctive bent. But however that may be, Cazin never penetrates to the sentiment of nature that one feels in such a work as Harpignies's "Moonrise," for example, or in almost any of Pointelin's grave and impressive landscapes. Hardly less truthful, I should say, though perhaps less intimately and elaborately real (a romanticist would say less superficially real) than Cazin's, the work of both these painters is more pictorial. They have a quicker sense for the beautiful, I think. They feel very certainly much more deeply the suggestiveness of a scene. They are not so *débonnaires* in the presence of their problems. In a sense, for that reason, they understand them better. There is very little feeling of the desert, the illimitable space, where, according to Balzac, God is and man is not, in the "Hagar and Ishmael;" indeed there seems to have been no attempt on the part of the painter to express any. True as his sand-heap is, you feel somehow that there may be a kitchen-garden or the entrance to a coal-mine on the other side of it or a little farther along. And the landscape of the "Judith," fine as its sweep is, and admirable as are the cool tone and clear distance of the picture, might really be that of the "south meadow" of some particular "farm" or other.

The contrast which Guillaumet presents to Fromentin affords a very striking illustration of the growth of the realistic spirit in recent years. Fromentin is so admirable a painter that I can hardly fancy any appreciative person wishing him different. His devoted admirer and biographer, M. Louis Gonse, admits, and, indeed, records Fromentin's own lament over the insufficiency of his studies. Fond as he was of horses, for instance, he does not know them as a draughtsman with the science of such a conventional painter in many other respects as Schreyer. But it is not in the slightly amateurish nature of his technical equipment—realized perfectly by himself, of course, as the first critic of the technic of painting among all who have ventured upon the subject—that his painting differs from Guillaumet's. It is his whole point of view. His Africa is that of the critic, the *littérateur*, the *raffiné*. Guillaumet's is Africa itself. You feel before his Luxembourg canvases, as in looking over the slightest of his vivid memoranda, that you are getting in an acute and concentrated form the sensations which the actual scenes and types rendered by the painter would stimulate in you, supposing, of course, that you were sufficiently sensitive. Fromentin, in comparison, is occupied in picture-making—giving you a beautifully colored and highly intelligent pictorial report as against Guillaumet's actual reproduction. There is no question as to which of the two painters has the greater personal interest; but it is just as certain that for abiding value and enduring charm personal interest must either be extremely great or else yield to that inherent in the material dealt with, an interest that Guillaumet brings out with a felicity and a puissance that are wholly extraordinary, and that nowadays meet with a readier and more sympathetic recognition than even such delicate personal charm as that of Fromentin.

IV.

So thoroughly has the spirit of realism fastened upon the artistic effort of the present that temperaments least in-

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clined toward interest in the actual feel its influences and show their effects. The most recalcitrant illustrate this technically, however rigorously they may preserve their point of view. They paint at least more circumspectly, however they may think and feel. An historical painter like Jean Paul Laurens, interested as he is in the memorable moments and dramatic incidents of the past, and exhibiting as he does, first of all, a sense for what is ideally forceful and heroic, is nevertheless clearly concerned for the realistic value of his representation far more than a generation ago he would have been. When Luminais paints a scene from Gaulish legend he is not quite, but nearly, as careful to make it pictorially real as he is to have it dramatically effective. M. François Flameng, expanding his book illustration into a mammoth canvas commemorative of the Vendean insurrection, is almost daintily fastidious about the naturalistic aspect of his abundant detail. M. Benjamin Constant's artificially conceived seraglio scenes are as realistically rendered as is indicated by a recent caricature depicting an astonished sneak-thief foiled in an attempted rape of the jewels in a sultana's diadem, painted with such deceptive illusoriness by M. Constant's clever brush. The military painters, Detaille, De Neuville, Berne-Bellecour, do not differ from Vernet more by painting incidents instead of phases of warfare, by substituting the touch of dramatic *genre* for epic conceptions, than they do by the scrupulously naturalistic rendering that in them supplants the old academic symbolism. Their dragoons and *fantassins* are not merely more real in what they do, but in how they look. Vernet's look like tin soldiers by comparison; certainly like soldiers *de convenance*. Aimé Morot evidently used instantaneous photography, and his magnificent cavalry charges suggest not only carnage but Muybridge as well.

The great portrait-painters of the day—Carolus-Duran, Bonnat, Ribot—are realists to the core. They are very far from being purely portrait-painters of course, and their realism shows itself with splendid distinction in other works. Few painters of the nude have anything to their credit as fine as the figure M. Carolus-Duran exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Ribot's "Saint Sebastian" is one of the most powerful pictures of modern French art. Bonnat's "Christ" became at once famous. Each picture is painted with a vigor and point of realistic detail which is peculiar to our own time; painted to-day Bonnat's fine and sculptural "Fellah Woman and Child," of the Metropolitan Museum, would be accented in a dozen ways in which now it is not. But it is perhaps in portraiture that the eminence of these painters is most explicit. They are at the head of contemporary portraitists at all events. And their portraits are almost defiantly real, void often of arrangement, and as little artificial as the very frequently prosaic atmosphere appertaining to their sometimes very stark subjects suggests. A portrait by Bonnat blinks nothing in the subject; its aim and accomplishment are the rendering of the character in a vivid fashion—including the reproduction of cobalt cravats and creased trowsers even—which would have mightily embarrassed Van Dyck or Velasquez. Ribot is a little like Rembrandt, but he deals with fewer externals, taken in the widest sense. Carolus-Duran, the "swell" portrait-painter of the day, artificial as he may be in the quality of his mind, nevertheless seeks and attains, first of all, the sense of an even exaggerated life-likeness in his charming sitters. They are, first of all, people; the pictorial element takes care of itself; sometimes even—so overmastering is the realistic tendency—the plush of the chair, the silk of the robe, the cut of the coat, seems, to an observer who thinks of the old traditions of Titian, of Raphael, of Moroni, unduly emphasized, even for realism.

V.

One element of *modernité* is a certain order of eclecticism. It is not the eclecticism of the Bolognese painters, for example, illustrating the really hopeless attempt to combine the supposed excellences, always dissociated from the essence, of different points

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of view. It is a free choice of attitude, rather, due to the release of the individual from the thraldom of conformity that ruled during the romantic epoch. Hence a great deal of admirable work, of which one hardly thinks whether it is realistic or not, side by side with the more emphatic expressions of the realistic spirit. And this work is of all degrees of realism, never, however, getting very far away from the naturalistic basis on which more and more every one is coming to insist as the necessary and only solid pedestal of any flight of fancy. Baudry is perhaps the nearest of the really great men to the Bolognese order of eclecticism. I suppose he must be classed among the really great men, so many painters of intelligence place him there, though I must myself plead the laic privilege of a slight scepticism as to whether time will approve their enthusiasm. He is certainly very effective, and in measurably his own way, idle as it is to say that his drafts on the great Italians are no greater than those of Raphael on the antique frescos. His reflections of Tintoretto and attenuated expansions of Michael Angelo's condensed grandiosity are in the manner of the eclecticism of the Carracci far more than in that of Raphael. But his manner is the modern manner, and it is altogether more effective, more "fetching," to use a modern term, than anything purely academic can be. Elie Delaunay, another decorative painter, is, on the other hand, as real as the most rigorous literalist could ask of a painter of decorative works. Chartran, who has an individual charm that both Baudry and Delaunay lack, inferior as he is to them in sweep and power, is perhaps in this respect midway between the two. Clairin is, like Mazerolles, a pure *fantaisiste*. Dubufe *fils*, whose at least equally famous father ranks in a somewhat similar category with Couture, shows a distinct advance upon him in reality of rendering, as the term would be understood at present.

In other departments of painting the note of realism is naturally still more universally apparent; but as in the work of the painters of decoration it is often most noticeable as an undertone, indicating a point of departure rather than an aim. Bonvin is a realist only as Chardin, as Van der Meer of Delft, as Nicholas Maes were, before the jargon of realism had been thought of. He is, first of all, an exquisite artist, in love with the beautiful in reality, finding in it the humblest material and expressing it with the gentlest, sweetest, æsthetic severity and composure imaginable. The most fastidious critic needs but a touch of human feeling to convert any characterization of this most refined and elevated of painters into pure panegyric. Vollon's touch is felicity itself, and it is evident that he takes more pleasure in exercising and exploiting it than in its successful imitation, striking as its imitative quality is. Gervex and Duez are very much more than impressionists, both in theory and practice. There is nothing polemic in either. Painters extol in the heartiest way the color, the creative coloration of Gervex's "Rolla," quite aside from its dramatic force or its truth of aspect. Personal feeling is clearly the inspiration of every work of Duez, not the demonstration of a theory of treating light and atmosphere. The same may be said of Roll at his best, as in his superb rendering of what may be called the modern painter's conception of the myth of Europa. Compared with Paul Veronese's admirable classic, that violates all the unities (which Veronese, nevertheless, may readily be pardoned by all but literalists and theorists for neglecting), this splendid nude girl in *plein air*, flecked with splotches of sunlight filtered through a sieve of leafage, with her realistic taurine companion, and their environment of veridically rendered out-of-doors, may stand for an illustrative definition of *modernité*; but what you feel most of all is Roll. It is ten chances to one that he has never even been to Venice or thought of Veronese. He has not always been as successful; as when in his "Work" he earned Degas's acute comment: "A crowd is made with five persons, not with fifty." (Il y a cinquante figures, mais je ne vois pas la foule; on fait une foule avec cinq et non pas avec cinquante). But he has always been someone. Compare with him L'Hermitte, a

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painter who illustrates sometimes the possibility of being an artificial realist. His "Vintage" at the Metropolitan Museum, his "Harvesters" at the Luxembourg, are excellently real and true in detail, but in idea and general expression they might compete for the prix de Rome. The same is measurably true of Lerolle, whose pictures are most sympathetic—sometimes they are *very* sympathetic—but on the whole display less power. But in each instance the advocate *à outrance* of realism may justly, I think, maintain that a painter with a natural predisposition toward the insipidity of the academic has been saved from it by the inherent sanity and robustness of the realistic method. Jean Béraud, even, owes something to the way in which his verisimilitude of method has reinforced his artistic powers. His delightful Parisiennes—modiste's messengers crossing wet glistening pavements against a background of gray mist accented with poster-bedizened kiosks and regularly recurring horse-chestnut trees; *élégantes* at prayer, in somewhat distracted mood, on *priedieus* in the vacant and vapid Paris churches; seated at café tables on the busy, leisurely boulevards, or posing *tout bonnement* for the reproduction of the most fascinating feminine *ensemble* in the world—owe their charm (I may say again their "fetchingness") to the faithfulness with which their portraitist has studied and the fidelity with which he has reproduced their differing types, more than to any personal expression of his own view of them. Fancy Béraud's masterpiece, the Salle Graffard—that admirable characterization of crankdom embodied in a socialist reunion—painted by an academic painter. How absolutely it would lose its pith, its force, its significance, even its true distinction. And his Jesus at the house of Levi, which is almost equally impressive—far more impressive of course in a literary and, I think, legitimate, sense—owes even its literary effectiveness to its significant realism.

What the illustrators of the present day owe to the naturalistic method, it is almost superfluous to point out. "Illustrators" in France are, in general, painters as well, some of them very eminent painters. Daumier, who passed in general for a contributor to illustrated journals, even such journals as *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*, was not only a genius of the first rank, but a painter of the first class. Monvel and Monténard at present are masterly painters. But in their illustrations, as well as in their painting, they show a notable change from the illustration of the days of Daumier and Doré. The difference between the elegant (or perhaps rather the handsome) drawings of Bida, an artist of the utmost distinction, and that of the illustrators of the present day who are comparable with him—their name is not legion—is a special attestation of the influence of the realistic ideal in a sphere wherein, if anywhere, one may say, realism reigns legitimately, but wherein also the conventional is especially to be expected. One cannot indeed be quite sure that the temptations of the conventional are resisted by the ultra-realistic illustrators of our own time, Rossi, Beaumont, Albert Lynch, Myrbach. They have certainly a very handy way of expressing themselves; one would be justified in suspecting the labor-saving, the art-sparing Kodak, behind many of their most unimpeachable successes. But the attitude taken is quite other than it used to be, and nowhere can the change which has come over French æsthetic activity be noted in sharper definition than in comparing a book illustrated twenty years ago by Albert Lynch with, for example, Maupassant's "Pierre et Jean," the distinguished realism of whose text is adequately paralleled—and the implied eulogy is by no means trivial—by the pictorial commentary, so to speak, which this first of modern illustrators has supplied.

VI.

But to go back a little and consider the puissant individualities, the great men who have really given its direction to and, as it were, set the pace of, the realistic movement, and for whom, in order more conveniently to consider impressionism pure and simple by itself, I have ventured to disturb the

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chronological sequence of evolution in French painting—a sequence that, even if one care more for ideas than for chronology, it is more temerarious to vary from in things French than in any others. To go back in a word to Manet; the painter of whom M. Henri Houssaye has remarked: "Manet sowed, M. Bastien-Lepage has reaped."

Manet was certainly one of the most noteworthy painters that France or any other country has produced. His is the great, the very rare, merit of having conceived a new point of view. That he did not illustrate this in its completeness, that he was a sign-post, as Albert Wolff very aptly said, rather than an exemplar, is nothing. He was totally unheralded, and he was in his way superb. No one before him had essayed—no one before him had ever thought of—the immense project of breaking, not relatively but absolutely, with the conventional. Looking for the first time at one of his pictures, one says that customary notions, ordinary brushes, traditional processes of even the highest authenticity, have been thrown to the winds. Hence, indeed, the scandal which he caused from the first and which went on increasing, until, owing to the acceptance, with modifications, of his point of view by the most virile and vigorous painters of the day, he became, as he has become, in a sense the head of the corner. Manet's great distinction is to have discovered that the sense of reality is achieved with a thousand-fold greater intensity by getting as near as possible to the *actual*, rather than resting content with the *relative*, value of every detail. Everyone who has painted since Manet has either followed him in this effort or has appeared jejune.

Take as an illustration of the contrary practice such a masterpiece in its way as Gérôme's "Eminence Grise." In this picture, skilfully and satisfactorily composed, the relative values of all the colors are admirably, even beautifully observed. The correspondence of the gamut of values to that of the light and dark scale of such an actual scene is perfect. Before Manet, one could have said that this is all that is required or can be secured, arguing that exact *imitation* of local tints and general tone is impossible, owing to the difference between nature's highest light and lowest dark, and the potentialities of the palette. In other words, one might have said, that inasmuch as you can squeeze absolute white and absolute black out of no tubes, the thing to do is first to determine the scale of your picture and then make every note in it bear the same relation to every other that the corresponding note in nature bears to its fellows in its own corresponding but different scale. This is what Gérôme has done in the "Eminence Grise"—a scene, it will be remembered, on a staircase in a palace interior. Manet inquires what would happen to this house of cards shored up into verisimilitude by mere *correspondence*, if Gérôme has been asked to cut a window in his staircase and admit the light of out-of-doors into his correspondent but artificial scene. The whole thing would have to be done over again. The scale of the picture running from the highest palette white to the lowest palette dark, and yet the key of an actual interior scene being much nearer middle-tint than the key of an actual out-of-doors scene, it would be impossible to paint with any verisimilitude the illumination of a window from the outside, the resources of the palette having already been exhausted, every object having been given a local value solely with relation, so far as truth of representation is concerned, to the values of every other object, and no effort being made to get the precise value of the object as it would appear under analogous circumstances in nature.

It may be replied, and I confess I think with excellent reason, that Gérôme's picture has no window in it, and therefore that to ask of him to paint a given picture as he would if he were painting a different picture, is pedantry. The old masters are still admirable, though they only observed a correspondence to the actual scale of natural values, and were not concerned with imitation of it. But it is to be observed that, successful as their practice is, it is successful in virtue of the unconscious co-operation of the beholder's imagination. And nowadays

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not only is the exercise of the imagination become for better or worse a little old-fashioned, but the one thing that is insisted on as a starting-point and basis at the very least, is the sense of reality. And it is impossible to exaggerate the way in which the sense of reality has been intensified by Manet's insistence upon getting as near as possible to the individual values of objects as they are seen in nature—in spite of his abandonment of the practice of painting on a parallel scale. Things now drop into their true place, look as they really do, and count as they count in nature, because the painter is no longer content with giving us change for nature, but tries his best to give us nature itself. Perspective acquires its actual significance, solids have substance and bulk as well as surfaces, distance is perceived as it is in nature, by the actual interposition of atmosphere, chiaroscuro is abolished—the ways in which reality is secured being in fact legion the moment real instead of relative values are studied. Something is lost, very likely—an artist cannot be so intensely preoccupied with reality as, since Manet, it has been incumbent on painters to be, without missing a whole range of qualities that are so precious as rightly perhaps to be considered indispensable. Until reality becomes in its turn an effect unconsciously attained, the painter's imagination will be held more or less in abeyance. And perhaps we are justified in thinking that nothing can quite atone for its absence. Meantime, however, it must be acknowledged that Manet first gave us this sense of reality in a measure comparable with that which successively Balzac, Flaubert, Zola gave to the readers of their books—a sense of actuality and vividness beside which the traditionary practice seemed absolutely fanciful and mechanical.

Applying Manet's method, his invention, his discovery, to the painting of out-of-doors, the *plein air* school immediately began to produce landscapes of astonishing reality by confining their effort to those values which it is in the power of pigments to imitate. The possible scale of mere correspondence being of course from one to one hundred, they secured greater truth by painting between twenty and eighty, we may say. Hence the grayness of the most successful French landscapes of the present day—those of Bastien-Lepage's backgrounds, of Cazin's pictures. Sunlight being unpaintable, they confined themselves to the representation of what they could represent. In the interest of truth, of reality, they narrowed the gamut of their modulations, they attempted less, upheld by the certainty of accomplishing more. For a time French landscape was pitched in a minor key. Suddenly Claude Monet appeared. Impressionism, as it is now understood, and as Manet had not succeeded in popularizing it, won instant recognition. Monet's discovery was that light is the most important factor in the painting of out-of-doors. He pushed up the key of landscape painting to the highest power. He attacked the fascinating, but of course demonstrably insolvable, problem of painting sunlight, not illusorily, as Fortuny had done by relying on contrasts of light and dark correspondent in scale, but positively and realistically. He realized as nearly as possible the effect of sunlight—that is to say, he did as well and no better in this respect than Fortuny had done—but he created a much greater illusion of a sunlit landscape than anyone had ever done before him, by painting those parts of his picture not in sunlight with the exact truth that in painting objects in shadow the palette can compass.

Nothing is more simple. Take a landscape with a cloudy sky, which means diffused light in the old sense of the term, and observe the effect upon it of a sudden burst of sunlight. What is the effect where considerable portions of the scene are suddenly thrown into marked shadow, as well as others illuminated with intense light? Is the absolute value of the parts in shadow lowered or raised? Raised, of course, by reflected light. Formerly, to get the contrast between sunlight and shadow in proper scale, the painter would have painted the shadows darker than they were before the sun appeared. Relatively they are darker, since their value, though heightened, is raised infinitely less than the

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value of the parts in sunlight. Absolutely, their value is raised considerably. If therefore they are painted lighter than they were before the sun appeared, they in themselves seem truer. The part of Monet's picture that is in shadow is measurably true, far truer than it would have been if painted under the old theory of correspondence, and had been unnaturally darkened to express the relation of contrast between shadow and sunlight. Scale has been lost. What has been gained? Simply truth of impressionistic effect. Why? Because we know and judge and appreciate and feel the measure of truth with which objects in shadow are represented; we are insensibly more familiar with them in nature than with objects directly sun-illuminated, the value as well as the definition of which are far vaguer to us on account of their blending and infinite heightening by a luminosity absolutely overpowering. In a word, in sunlit landscapes objects in shadow are what customarily and unconsciously we see and note and know, and the illusion is greater if the relation between them and the objects in sunlight, whose value habitually we do not note, be neglected or falsified. Add to this source of illusion the success of Monet in giving a juster value to the sunlit half of his picture than has even been systematically attempted before his time, and his astonishing *trompe-l'œil* is, I think, explained. Each part is truer than ever before, and unless one have a specially developed sense of *ensemble* in this very special matter of values in and affected by sunlight, one gets from Monet an impression of actuality so much greater than he has ever got before, that he may be pardoned for feeling, and even for enthusiastically proclaiming, that in Monet realism finds its apogee. To sum up: The first realists painted *relative* values; Manet and his derivatives painted *absolute* values, but in a wisely limited gamut; Monet paints *absolute values in a very wide range, plus sunlight, as nearly as he can get it* —as nearly as pigment can be got to represent it. Perforce he loses scale, and therefore artistic completeness, but he secures an incomparably vivid effect of reality, of nature—and of nature in her gayest, most inspiring manifestation, illuminated directly and indirectly, and everywhere vibrant and palpitating with the light of all our physical seeing.

Monet is so subtle in his own way, so superbly successful within his own limits, that it is time wasted to quarrel with the convention-steeped Philistine who refuses to comprehend even his point of view, who judges the pictures he sees by the pictures he has seen. He has not only discovered a new way of looking at nature, but he has justified it in a thousand particulars. Concentrated as his attention has been upon the effects of light and atmosphere, he has reproduced an infinity of nature's moods that are charming in proportion to their transitoriness, and whose fleeting beauties he has caught and permanently fixed. Rousseau made the most careful studies, and then combined them in his studio. Courbet made his sketch, more or less perfect, face to face with his subject, and elaborated it afterward away from it. Corot painted his picture from nature, but put the Corot into it in his studio. Monet's practice is in comparison drastically thorough. After thirty minutes, he says—why thirty instead of forty or twenty, I do not know; these mysteries are Eleusinian to the mere amateur —the light changes; he must stop and return the next day at the same hour. The result is immensely real, and in Monet's hands immensely varied. One may say as much, having regard to their differing degrees of success, of Pissaro, who influenced him, and of Caillebotte, Renoir, Sisley, and the rest of the impressionists who followed him. He is himself the prominent representative of the school, however, and the fact that one representative of it is enough to consider, is eloquent of profound criticism of it. For decorative purposes a hole in one's wall, an additional window through which one may only look satisfactorily during a period of thirty minutes, has its drawbacks. A walk in the country or in a city park is after all preferable to anyone who can really appreciate a Monet—that is, anyone who can feel the illusion of nature

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which it is his sole aim to produce. After all, what one asks of art is something different from imitative illusion. Its essence is illusion, I think, but illusion taken in a different sense from optical illusion—*trompe-l'œil*. Its function is to make dreams seem real, not to recall reality. Monet is enduringly admirable mainly to the painter who envies and endeavors to imitate his wonderful power of technical expression—the thing that occupies most the conscious attention of the true painter. To others he must remain a little unsatisfactory, because he is not only not a dreamer, but because he does nothing with his material except to show it as it is—a great service surely, but largely excluding the exercise of that architectonic faculty, personally directed, which is the very life of every truly æsthetic production.

VII.

In fine, the impressionist has his own conventions; no school can escape them, from the very nature of the case and the definition of the term. The conventions of the impressionists, indeed, are particularly salient. Can anyone doubt it who sees an exhibition of their works? In the same number of classic, or romantic, or merely realistic pictures, is there anything quite equalling the monotony that strikes one in a display of canvases by Claude Monet and his fellows and followers? But the defect of impressionism is not mainly its technical conventionality. It is, as I think everyone except its thick-and-thin advocates must feel, that pursued *à outrance* it lacks a seriousness commensurate with its claims—that it exhibits indeed a kind of undertone of frivolity that is all the nearer to the absolutely comic for the earnestness, so to speak, of its unconsciousness. The reason is, partly no doubt, to be ascribed to its *débonnaire* self-satisfaction, its disposition to "lightly run amuck at an august thing," the traditions of centuries namely, to its bumptiousness, in a word. But chiefly, I think, the reason is to be found in its lack of anything properly to be called a philosophy. This is surely a fatal flaw in any system, because it involves a contradiction in terms; and to say that to have no philosophy is the philosophy of the impressionists, is merely a word-juggling bit of question-begging. A theory of technic is not a philosophy, however systematic it may be. It is a mechanical, not an intellectual, point of view. It is not a way of looking at things, but of rendering them. It expresses no idea and sees no relations; its claims on one's interest are exhausted when once its right to its method is admitted. The remark once made of a typically literal person—that he cared so much for facts that he disliked to think they had any relations—is intimately applicable to the whole impressionist school. Technically, of course, the impressionist's relations are extremely just—not exquisite, but exquisitely just. But merely to get just values is not to occupy one's self with values ideally, emotionally, personally. It is merely to record facts. Certainly any impressionist rendering of the light and shade and color relations of objects seems eloquent beside any traditional and conventional rendering of them; but it is because each object is so carefully observed, so truly painted, that its relation to every other is spontaneously satisfactory; and this is a very different thing from the result of truly pictorial rendering with its constructive appeal, its sense of *ensemble*, its presentation of an idea by means of the convergence and interdependence of objects focussed to a common and central effect. To this impressionism is absolutely insensitive. It is the acme of detachment, of indifference.

Turgenieff, according to Mr. George Moore, complained of Zola's Gervaise Coupeau, that Zola explained how she felt, never what she thought. "Qu'est que ça me fait si elle suait sous les bras, ou au milieu du dos?" he asked, with most pertinent penetration. He is quite right. Really we only care for facts when they explain truths. The desultory conglomeration of never so definitely rendered details necessarily leaves the civilized appreciation cold. What distinguishes the civilized from the savage appreciation is the passion

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for order. The tendency to order, said Sénancour, should form "an essential part of our inclinations, of our instinct, like the tendencies to self-preservation and to reproduction." The two latter tendencies the savage possesses as completely as the civilized man, but he does not share the civilized man's instinct for correlation. And in this sense, I think, a certain savagery is justly to be ascribed to the impressionist. His productions have many attractions and many merits—merits and attractions that the traditional painting has not. But they are really only by a kind of automatic inadvertence, pictures. They are not truly pictorial.

And a picture should be something more than even pictorial. To be permanently attaching it should give at least a hint of the painter's philosophy—his point of view, his attitude toward his material. In the great pictures you can not only discover this attitude, but the attitude of the painter toward life and the world in general. Everyone has as distinct an idea of the philosophy of Raphael as of the qualities of his designs. The impressionist not only does not show you what he thinks, he does not even show you how he feels, except by betraying a fondness for violets and diffused light, and by exhibiting the temper of the radical and the rioter. The order of a blithe, idyllic landscape by Corot, of one of Delacroix's pieces of concentric coloration, of an example of Ingres's purity of outline, shows not only temperament, but the position of the painter in regard to the whole intellectual world so far as he touches it at all. What does a canvas of Claude Monet show in this respect? It is more truthful but not less impersonal than a photograph.

Degas is the only other painter usually classed with the impressionists, of whom this may not be said. But Degas is hardly an impressionist at all. He is one of the most personal painters, if not the most personal painter, of the day. He is as original as Puvis de Chavannes. What allies him with the impressionists is his fondness for fleeting aspects, his caring for nothing beyond aspect—for the look of things and their transitory look. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Ingres—who, one would say, is the antithesis of impressionism. He never paints from nature. His studies are made with the utmost care, but they are arranged, composed, combined by his own sense of what is pictorial—by, at any rate, his own idea of the effects he wishes to create. He cares absolutely nothing for what ordinarily we understand by the real, the actual, so far as its reality is concerned; he sees nothing else, to be sure, and is probably very sceptical about anything but colors and shapes and their decorative arrangement; but he sees what he likes in reality and follows this out with an inerrancy so scrupulous, and even affectionate, as to convey the idea that in his result he himself counts for almost nothing. This at least may be said of him, that he shows what, given genius, can be got out of the impressionist method artistically and practically employed to the end of illustrating a personal point of view. A mere amateur can hardly distinguish between a Caillebotte and a Sisley, for example, but everyone identifies a Degas as immediately and as certainly as he does a Whistler. His work is perfectly sincere and admirably intelligent. It has neither the pose nor the irresponsibility of the impressionists. His artistic apotheosis of the ballet-girl is merely the result of his happy discovery of something delightfully, and in a very true sense naturally, decorative in material that is in the highest degree artificial. His impulse is as genuine and spontaneous as if the substance upon which it is exercised were not the acme of the exotic, and already arranged with the most elaborate conventionality. Nothing indeed could be more opposed to the elementary crudity of impressionism than his distinction and refinement, which may be said to be carried to a really *fin de siècle* degree.

VIII.

Whatever the painting of the future is to be, it is certain not to be the painting of Monet. For the present, no doubt, Monet is the last word in paint-

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ing. To belittle him is not only whimsical, but ridiculous. He has plainly worked a revolution in his art. He has taken it out of the vicious circle of conformity to, departure from, and return to abstractions and the so-called ideal. No one hereafter who attempts the representation of nature—and for as far ahead as we can see with any confidence, the representation of nature, the pantheistic ideal if one chooses, will increasingly intrench itself as the painter's true aim—no one who seriously attempts to realize this aim of now universal appeal will be able to dispense with Monet's aid. He must perforce follow the lines laid down for him by this astonishing naturalist. Any other course must result in solecism, and if anything future is certain, it is certain that the future will be not only inhospitable to, but absolutely intolerant of, solecism. Henceforth the basis of things is bound to be solid and not superficial, real and not fantastic. But—whether the future is to commit itself wholly to prose, or is to preserve in new conditions the essence of the poetry that, in one form or another, has persisted since plastic art began—for the superstructure to be erected on the sound basis of just values and true impressions it is justifiably easy to predict a greater interest and a more real dignity than any such preoccupation with the basis of technic as Monet's can possibly have. And though, even as one says it, one has the feeling that the future is pregnant with some genius who will out-Monet Monet, and that painting will in some now inconceivable way have to submit hereafter to a still more rigorous standard than it does at present—I have heard the claims of binocular vision urged—at the same time the true "child of nature" may console himself with the reflection that accuracy and competence are but the accidents, at most the necessary phenomena, of what really and essentially constitutes fine art of any kind—namely, the expression of a personal conception of what is not only true but beautiful as well. In France less than anywhere else is it likely that even such a powerful force as modern realism will long dominate the constructive, the architectonic faculty, which is part of the very fibre of the French genius. The exposition and illustration of a theory believed in with a fervency to be found only among a people with whom the intelligence is the chief element and object of experiment and exercise, are a natural concomitant of mental energy and activity. But no theory holds them long in bondage. At the least, it speedily gives place to another formulation of the mutinous freedom its very acceptance creates. And the conformity that each of them in succession imposes on mediocrity, is always varied and relieved by the frequent incarnations in masterful personalities of the natural national traits—of which, I think, the architectonic spirit is one of the most conspicuous. Painting will again become creative, constructive, personally expressive. Its basis having been established as scientifically impeccable, its superstructure will exhibit the taste, the elegance, the imaginative freedom, exhibited within the limits of a cultivated sense of propriety, that are an integral part of the French painter's patrimony.

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STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

IV.—MOTHER EMERITUS.

THE Louders lived on the second floor, at the head of the stairs, in the Lossing Building. There is a restaurant to the right; and a new doctor, every six months, who is every kind of a healer except "regular," keeps the permanent boarders in gossip, to the left; two or three dressmakers, a dentist, and a diamond merchant up-stairs, one flight; and half a dozen families and a dozen single tenants higher—so you see the Louders had plenty of neighbors. In fact, the multitude of the neighbors is one cause of my story.

Tilly Louder came home from the Lossing factory (where she is a typewriter) one February afternoon. As she turned the corner, she was face to the river which is not so full of shipping in winter that one cannot see the steel blue glint of the water. Back of her the brick paved street climbed the hill, under a shapeless arch of trees. The remorseless pencil of a railway has drawn black lines at the foot of the hill; and, all day and all night, slender red bars rise and sink in their black sockets, to the accompaniment of the outcry of tortured steam. All day, if not all night, the crooked pole slips up and down the trolley wire, as the yellow cars rattle, and flash, and clang a spiteful little bell, that sounds like a soprano bark, over the crossings.

It is customary in the Lossing Building to say, "We are so handy to the cars." The street is a handsome street, not free from dingy old brick boxes of stores below the railway, but fast replacing them with fairer structures. The Lossing Building has the wide arches, the recessed doors, the balconies and the colonnades of modern business architecture. The occupants are very proud of the balconies, in particular; and, summer days, these will be a mass of greenery and bright tints. To-day, it was so warm, February day though it was, that some of the potted plants were sunning themselves outside the windows.

Tilly could see them if she craned her neck. There were some bavadias and fuchsias of her mother's among them.

"It *is* a pretty building," said Tilly; and, for some reason, she frowned.

She was a young woman, but not a very young woman. Her figure was slim, and she looked better in loose waists than in tightly fitted gowns. She wore a dark green gown with a black jacket, and a scarlet shirt-waist underneath. Her face was long, with square chin and high cheek-bones, and thin, firm lips; yet she was comely, because of her lustrous black hair, her clear, gray eyes, and her charming, fair skin. She had another gift: everything about her was daintily neat; at first glance one said, "Here is a person who has spent pains, if not money, on her toilet."

By this time Tilly was entering the Lossing Building. Half-way up the stairway a hand plucked her skirts. The hand belonged to a tired-faced woman in black, on whose breast glittered a little crowd of pins and threaded needles, like the insignia of an Order of Toil.

"Please excuse me, Miss Tilly," said the woman, at the same time presenting a flat package in brown paper, "but *will* you give this pattern back to your mother. I am so very much obliged. I don't know how I *would* git along without your mother, Tilly."

"I'll give the pattern to her," said Tilly, and she pursued her way.

Not very far. A stout woman and a thin young man, with long, wavy, red hair, awaited her on the landing. The woman held a plate of cake which she thrust at Tilly the instant they were on the same level, saying: "The cake was just splendid, tell your mother; it's a lovely recipe, and will you tell her to take this, and see how well I succeeded?"

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"And—ah—Miss Louder," said the man, as the stout woman rustled away, "here are some *Banner of Lights;* I think she'd be interested in some of the articles on the true principles of the inspirational faith—" Tilly placed the bundle of newspapers at the base of her load—"and—and, I wish you'd tell your dear mother that, under the angels, her mustard plaster really saved my life."

"I'll tell her," said Tilly.

She advanced a little space before a young girl in a bright blue silk gown flung a radiant presence between her and the door. "Oh, Miss Tilly," she murmured, blushing, "will you just give your mother this?—it's—it's Jim's photograph. You tell her it's *all* right; and *she* was exactly right, and *I* was wrong. She'll understand."

Tilly, with a look of resignation, accepted a stiff package done up in white tissue paper. She had now only three steps to take: she took two, only two, for— "Miss Tilly, *please!*" a voice pealed around the corner, while a flushed and breathless young woman, with a large baby toppling over her lean shoulder, staggered into view. "My!" she panted, "ain't it tiresome lugging a child! I missed the car, of course, coming home from ma's. Oh, say, Tilly, your mother was so good, she said she'd tend Blossom next time I went to the doctor's, and——"

"I'll take the baby," said Tilly. She hoisted the infant on to her own shoulder with her right arm. "Perhaps you'll be so kind's to turn the handle of the door," said she in a slightly caustic tone, "as I haven't got any hands left. Please shut it, too."

As the young mother opened the door, Tilly entered the parlor. For a second she stood and stared grimly about her. The furniture of the room was old fashioned but in the best repair. There was a cabinet organ in one corner. A crayon portrait of Tilly's father (killed in the war of the Rebellion) glared out of a florid gilt frame. Perhaps it was the fault of the portrait, but he had a peevish frown. There were two other portraits of him, large ghastly gray tin-types in oval frames of rosewood, obscurely suggesting coffins. In these he looked distinctly sullen. He was represented in uniform (being a lieutenant of volunteers), and the artist had conscientiously gilded his buttons until, as Mrs. Louder was wont to observe, "It most made you want to cut them off with a scissors." There were other tin-types and a flock of photographs in the room. What Mrs. Louder named "a throw" decorated each framed picture and each chair. The largest arm-chair was drawn up to a table covered with books and magazines; in the chair sat Mrs. Louder, reading.

At Tilly's entrance she started and turned her head, and then one could see that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Now, *mother!*" exploded Tilly. Kicking the door open, she marched into the bed-chamber. An indignant sweep of one arm sent the miscellany of gifts into a rocking-chair; an indignant curve of the other landed the baby on the bed. Tilly turned on her mother. "Now, mother, what did you promise—*hush!* will you?" (The latter part of the sentence a fierce "*aside*" to the infant on the bed.) In a second Mrs. Louder's arms were encircling him, and she was soothing him on her broad shoulder, where I know not how many babies have found comfort.

Jane Louder was a tall woman—tall and portly. She had a massive repose about her, a kind of soft dignity; and a stranger would not guess how tender was her heart. Deprecatingly she looked up at her only child, standing in judgment over her. Her eyes were fine still, though they had sparkled and wept for more than half a century. They were not gray, like Tilly's, but a deep violet, with black eyelashes and eyebrows. Black once had been the hair under the widow's cap, now streaked with silver; but Jane Louder's skin was fresh and daintily tinted like her daughter's, for all its fine wrinkles. Her voice when she spoke was mellow and slow, with a nervous vibration of apology. "Never mind, dear," she said, "I was just reading 'bout the Russians."

"I *knew* it! You promised me you wouldn't cry about the Russians any more."

"I know, Tilly, but Alma Brown lent

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this to me, herself. There's a beautiful article in it about 'The Horrors of Hunger.' It would make your heart ache. I wish you would read it, Tilly."

"No, thank you. I don't care to have my heart ache. I'm not going to read any more horrors about the Russians, or hear them either, if I can help it. I have to write Mr. Lossing's letters about them, and that's enough. I've given all I can afford, and you've given more than you can afford; and I helped get up the subscription at the shops. I've done all I could; and now I ain't going to have my feelings harrowed up any more, when it won't do me or the Russians a mite of good."

"But I cayn't *help* it, Tilly. I cayn't take no comfort in my meals thinking of that awful black bread the poor children starve rather than eat; and, Tilly, they ain't so dirty as some folks think! I read in a magazine how they have *got* to bathe twice a week by their religion; and there's a bath-house in every village. Tilly, do you know how much money they've raised here?"

"Over three thousand. This town is the greatest town for giving—give to the cholera down South, give to Johnstown, give to Grinnell, give to cyclones, give to fires. *The Freeman* always starts up a subscription, and Mr. Bayard runs the thing, and Mr. Lossing always gives. Mother, I tell you *he* makes them hustle when he takes hold. He's the chairman here, and he has township chairmen appointed for every township. He's so popular they start in to oblige him, and then, someway, he makes them all interested. I must tell you of a funny letter he had to-day from a Captain Ferguson, out at Baxter. He's a rich farmer with lots of influence and a great worker, Mr. Lossing says. But this is 'most word for word what he wrote: 'Dear Sir: I am sorry for the Russians, but my wife is down with the la grippe, and I can't get a hired girl; so I have to stay with her. If you'll get me a hired girl, I'll get you a lot of money for the Russians.'"

"Did he git a girl? I mean Mr. Lossing."

"No, ma'am. He said he'd try if it was the city, but it was easier finding gold-mines than girls that would go into the country. See here, I'm forgetting your presents. Mother, you look real dragged and—queer!"

"It's nothing; jist a thought kinder struck me 'bout—'bout that girl."

Tilly was sorting out the parcels and explaining them; at the end of her task her mind harked back to an old grievance. "Mother," said she, "I've been thinking for a long time and I've made up my mind."

"Yes, dearie." Mrs. Louder's eyes grew troubled. She knew something of the quality of Tilly's mind, which resembled her father's in a peculiar immobility. Once let her decision run into any mould (be it whatsoever it might), and let it stiffen, there was no chance, any more than with other iron things, of its bending.

"Positively I could hardly get up the stairs to-day," said Tilly—she was putting her jacket and hat away in her orderly fashion; of necessity her back was to Mrs. Louder—"there was such a raft of people wanting to send stuff and messages to you. You are just working yourself to death; and, mother, I am convinced we have *got to move!*"

Mrs. Louder dropped into a chair and gasped. The baby, who had fallen asleep, stirred uneasily. It was not a pretty child; its face was heavy, its little cheeks were roughened by the wind, its lower lip sagged, its chin creased into the semblance of a fat old man's. But Jane Louder gazed down on it with infinite compassion. She stroked its head as she spoke.

"Tilly," said she, "I've been in this block, Mrs. Carleton and me, ever since it was built; and, some way, between us we've managed to keep the run of all the folks in it; at least when they were in any trouble. We've worked together like sisters. She's 'Piscopal, and I guess I'm Unitarian; but never a word between us. We tended the Willardses through diphtheria and the Hopkinses through small-pox, and we steamed and fumigated the rooms together. It was her first found out the Dillses were letting that twelve year old child run the gasoline stove, and she threatened to tell Mr. Lossing, and they begged off; and when it ex-

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ploded we put it out together with flour out of her flour-barrel, for the poor, shiftless things hadn t half a sack full of their own; and her and me, we took half the care of that little neglected Ellis baby that was always sitting down in the sticky fly-paper, poor innocent child. He's took the valedictory at the High School, Tilly, now. No, Tilly, I couldn't bring myself to leave this building, where I've married them, and buried them, and born them, you may say, being with so many of their mothers; I feel like they was all my children. Don't ask me."

Tilly's head went upward and backward with a little dilatation of the nostrils. "Now, mother," said she in a voice of determined gentleness, "just listen to me. Would I ask you to do anything that wouldn't be for your happiness? I have found a real pretty house up on Fifteenth Street; and we'll keep house together, just as cosey; and have a woman come to wash and iron and scrub, so it won't be a bit hard; and be right on the street-cars; and you won't have to drudge helping Mrs. Carleton extra times with her restaurant."

"But, Tilly" eagerly interrupted Mrs. Louder, "you know I dearly love to cook, and she *pays* me. I couldn't feel right to take any of the pension money, or the little property your father left me, away from the house expenses; but what I earn myself, it is *such* a comfort to give away out of *that*."

Tilly ran over and kissed the agitated face. "You dear, generous mother," cried she, "*I'll* give you all the money, you want to spend or give. I got another rise in my salary of five a month. Don't you worry."

"You ain't thinking of doing anything right away, Tilly?"

"Don't you think it's best done and over with, ayfter we've decided, Mother? You have worked so hard all your life I want to give you some ease and peace now."

"But, Tilly, I love to work; I wouldn't be happy to do nothing, and I'd get so fleshy!"

Tilly only laughed. She did not crave the show of authority. Let her but have her own way, she would never flaunt her victories. She was imperious, but she was not arrogant. For months she had been pondering how to give her mother an easier life; and she set the table for supper, in a filial glow of satisfaction, never dreaming that her mother, in the kitchen, was keeping her head turned from the stove lest she should cry into the fried ham and stewed potatoes. But, at a sudden thought, Jane Louder laid her big spoon down to wipe her eyes.

"Here you are, Jane Louder"—thus she addressed herself—"mourning and grieving to leave your friends and be laid aside for a useless old woman, and jist be taken care of, and you clean forgetting the chance the Lord gives you to help more'n you ever helped in your life! For shame!"

A smile of exaltation, of lofty resolution, erased the worry lines on her face. "Why, it might be to save twenty lives," said she; but in the very speaking of the words a sharp pain wrenched her heart again, and she caught up the baby from the floor, where he sat in a wall of chairs, and sobbed over him: "Oh, how can I go away when I got to go for good so soon? I want every minnit!"

She never thought to dispute Tilly's wishes. "It's only fair," said Jane. "She's lived here all these years to please me, and now I ought to be willing to go to please her."

Neither did she for a moment hope to change Tilly's determination. "She was the settest baby ever was," thought poor Jane, tossing on her pillow, in the night watches, "and it's grown with every inch of her!"

But in the morning she surprised her daughter. "Tilly," said she at the breakfast-table—"Tilly, I got something I must do, and I don't want you to oppose me."

"Good gracious, ma!" said Tilly; "as if I ever opposed you!"

"You know how bad I have been feeling about the poor Russians——"

"Well?"

"And how I've wished and wished I could do something — something to *count?* I never could, Tilly, because I ain't got the money or the intellect; but s'posing I could do it for somebody else, like this Captain Ferguson who could do

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so much if he just could get a hired girl to take care of his wife. Well, I do know how to cook and to keep a house neat and to do for the sick——"

Tilly could restrain herself no longer; her voice rose to a shout of dismay—"Mother Louder, you *ain't* thinking of going to be the Fergusons's *hired girl!*"

"Not their hired girl, Tilly; just their help, so as he can work for those poor starving creatures." Jane strangled a sob in her throat. Tilly, in a kind of stupor of bewilderment, frowned at her plate. Then her clouded face cleared. If Mrs. Louder had surprised her daughter, her daughter repaid the surprise. "Well, if you feel that way, mother," said she, "I won't say a word; and I'll ask Mr. Lossing to explain to the Fergusons and fix everything. He will."

"You're real good, Tilly."

"And while you're gone I guess it will be a good plan to move and git settled——"

For some reason Tilly's throat felt dry, she lifted her cup. She did not intend to look across the table, but her eyes escaped her. She set the coffee down untasted. The clock was slow, she muttered; and she left the room.

Jane Louder remained in her place, with the same pale face, staring at the table-cloth.

"It don't seem like I *could* go, now," she thought dully to herself; "the time's so awful short, I don't s'pose Maria Carleton can git up to see me more'n once or twice a month, busy as she is! I got so to depend on seeing her every day. A sister couldn't be kinder! I don't see how I am going to bear it. And to go away beforehand——"

For a long while she sat, her face hardly changing. At last, when she did push her chair away, her lips were tightly closed. She spoke to the little pile of books lying on the table in the corner. "I cayn't—these are my own and you are strangers!" She walked across the room to take up the same magazine which Tilly had found her reading the day before. When she began reading she looked stern—poor Jane, she was steeling her heart—but in a little while she was sniffing and blowing her nose. With a groan she flung the book aside. "It's no use, I would feel like a murderer if I don't go!" said she.

She did go. Harry Lossing made all the arrangements. Tilly was satisfied. But, then, Tilly had not heard Harry's remark to his mother: "Alma says Miss Louder is trying to make the old lady move against her will. I dare say it would be better to give the young woman a chance to miss her mother and take a little quiet think."

Tilly saw her mother off on the train to Baxter, the Fergusons's station. Being a provident, far-sighted, and also inexperienced traveller, she had allowed a full half-hour for preliminary passages at arms with the railway officials; and, as the train happened to be an hour late, she found herself with time to spare, even after she had exhausted the catalogue of possible deceptions and catastrophes by rail. During the silence that followed her last warning, she sat mentally keeping tally on her fingers. "Confidence men"—Tilly began with the thumb—"Never give anybody her check. Never lend anybody money. Never write her name to anything. Don't get out till conductor tells her. In case of accident, telegraph me and keep in the middle of the car, off the trucks. Not take care of anybody's baby while she goes off for a minute. Not take care of babies at all. Or children. Not talk to strangers—good gracious!"

Tilly felt a movement of impatience; there, after all her cautions, there was her mother helping an old woman, an utterly strange old woman, to pile a bird-cage on a bandbox surmounting a bag. The old woman was clad in a black alpaca frock, made with the voluminous draperies of years ago, but with the uncreased folds and the brilliant gloss of a new gown. She wore a bonnet of a singular shape, unknown to fashion, but made out of good velvet. Beneath the bonnet (which was large) appeared a little, round, agitated old face, with bobbing white curls and white teeth set a little apart in the mouth, a defect that brought a kind of palpitating frankness into the expression.

"Now, who *has* mother picked up now?" thought Tilly. "Well, praise be, she hasn't a baby, anyhow!"

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She could hear the talk between the two; for the old woman being deaf, Mrs. Louder elevated her voice, and the old woman, herself, spoke in a high, And, then, nothing would do but I must go to her—why, Mrs. Louder, she's my child! But they wouldn't hark to it. 'Fraid to have me travel alone——"

"The cake was just splendid."—Page 628.

thin pipe that somehow made Tilly think of a lost lamb.

"That's just so," said Mrs. Louder, "a body caynt help worrying over a sick child, especially if they're away from you."

"Solon and Minnie wouldn't tell me," bleated the other woman, "they knew I'd worry. Kinder hurt me they should keep things from me; but they hate to have me upset. They are awful good children. But I suspicioned something when Alonzo kept writing. Minnie, she wouldn't tell me, but I pinned her down and it come out, Eliza had the grip bad.

"I guess they take awful good care of you," said Mrs. Louder; and she sighed.

"Yes, ma'am, awful." She, too, sighed.

All the while she talked her eyes were darting about the room, eagerly fixed on every new arrival.

"Are you expecting anyone, Mrs. Higbee?" said Jane. They seemed, at least, to know each other by name, thought Tilly; it was amazing the number of people mother did know!

"No," said Mrs. Higbee, "I—I—fact is I'm kinder frightened. I—fact is, Mrs. Louder, I guess I'll tell you, though I don't know you very well; but I've

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known of you so long—I run away and didn't tell 'em. I just couldn't stay way from 'Liza. And I took the bird—for the children; and it's my bird, and I was 'fraid Minnie would forget to feed it and it would be lonesome. My children are awful kind good children, but they don't understand. And if Solon sees me he will want me to go back. I know I'm dretful foolish; and Solon and Minnie will make me see I am. There won't be no good reason for me to go, and I'll have to stay; and I feel as if I should *fly*—Oh, massy sakes! there's Solon coming down the street——"

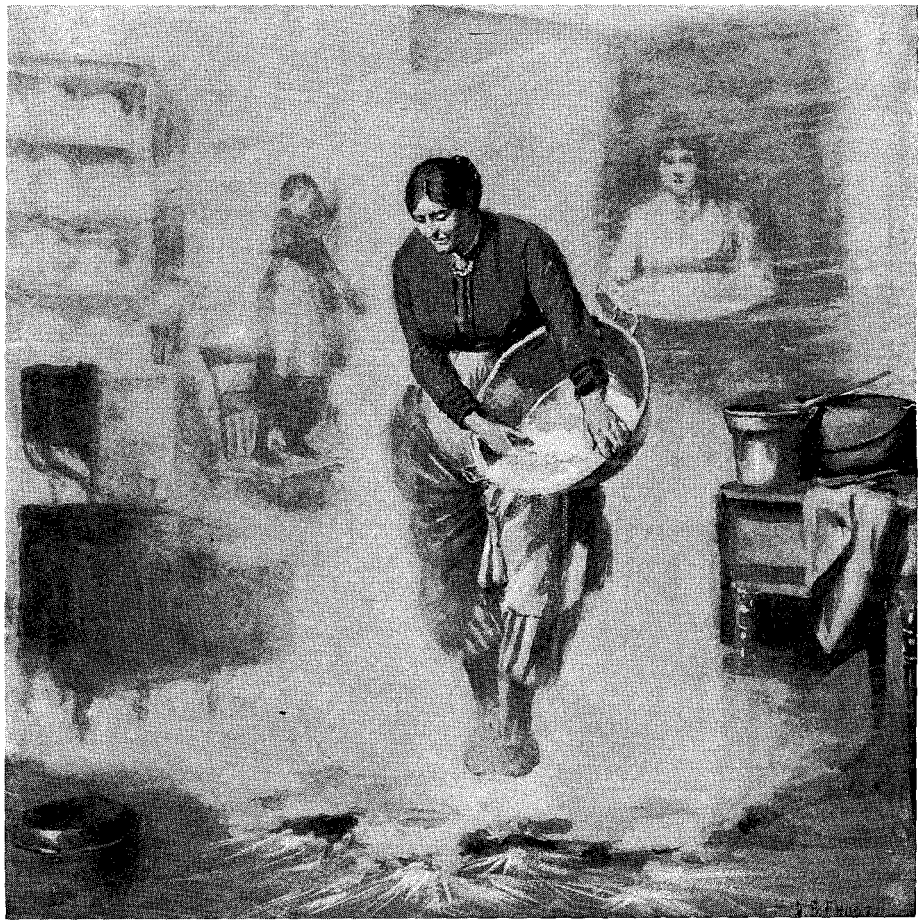
She ran a few steps in half a dozen ways, then ran back to her bag and her cage.

"Well," said Mrs. Louder, drawing herself up to her full height, "you *shall* go if you want to!"

"Solon will find me, he'll know the bird-cage! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Then a most unexpected helper stepped upon the stage. What is the mysterious instinct of rebellion to authority that, nine cases out of ten, sends us to the aid of a fugitive? Tilly, the unconscious despot of her own mother, promptly aided and abetted Solon's rebel mother in her flight.

"Not if *I* carry it," said she, snatching up the bird-cage; "run inside that den where they sell refreshments; he'll see *me* and go somewhere else."



"We put it out together with flour out of her flour-barrel."—Page 631.

It fell out precisely as she planned. They heard Solon demanding a lady with a bird-cage of the agent; they

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"Now, who has mother picked up now?"—Page 632.

heard the agent's reply given with official indifference, "There she is, inside." Directly Solon, a small man with an anxious mien, ran into the waiting-room, flung a glance of disappointment at Tilly, and ran out again.

Tilly went to her client. "Did he look like he was anxious?" was the mother's greeting. "Oh, I just know he and Minnie will be hunting me everywhere. Maybe I had better go home, 'stead of to Baxter."

"No, you hadn't," said Tilly, with decision. "Mother's going to Baxter, too, and if you like, minnit you're safely off, I'll go tell your folks."

"You're real kind, I'd be ever so much obliged. And you don't mind your ma travelling alone? ain't that nice for her!" She seemed much cheered by the prospect of company and warmed into confidences.

"I am kinder lonesome, sometimes, that's a fact," said she, "and I kinder wish I lived in a block or a flat like your ma. You see, Minnie teaches in the public school and she's away all day, and she don't like to have me make company of the hired girl, though she's a real nice girl. And there ain't nothing for me to do, and I feel like I wasn't no use any more in the world. I remember that's what our old minister in Ohio said once. He was a real nice old man; and they *had* thought everything of him in the parish; but he got old and his sermons were long; and so they got a young man for assistant; and they made *him* a *pastor emericus*, they called it—some sort of Latin. Folks did say the

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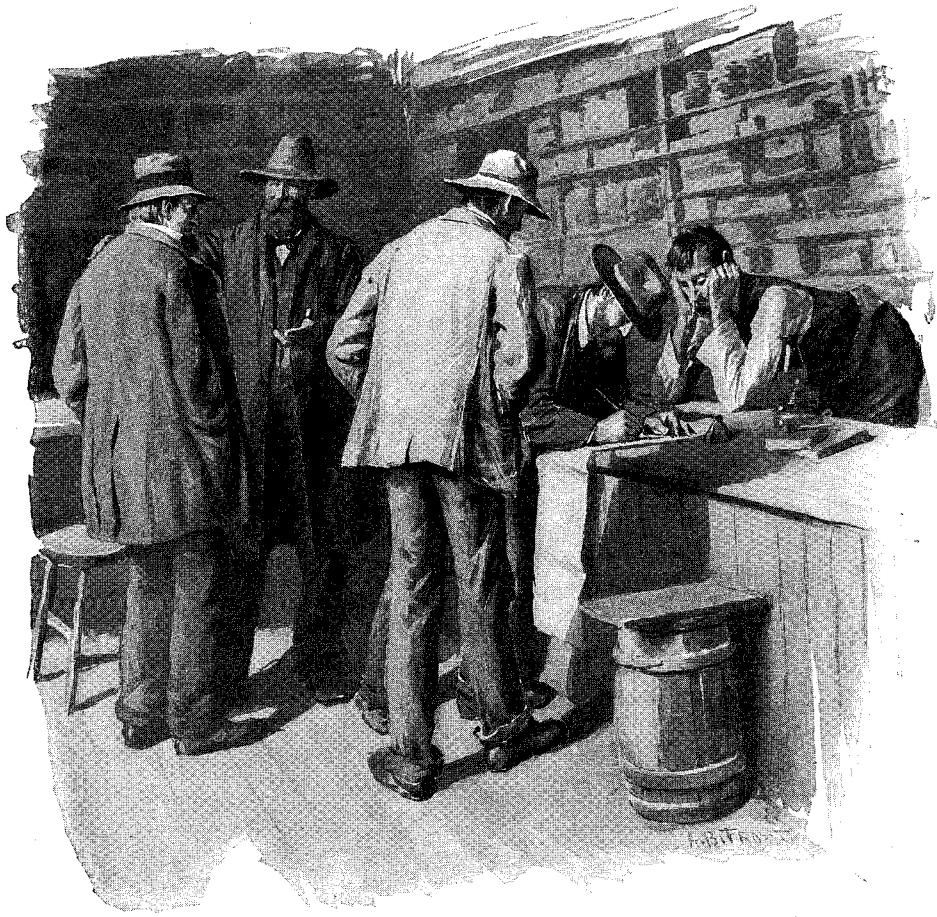
young feller was stuck up and snubbed the old man; anyhow, he never preached after young Lisbon come; and only made the first prayers. But when the old folks would ask him to preach some of the old sermons they had liked, he only would say, 'No, friends, I know more about my sermons, now.' He didn't live very long, and I always kinder fancied being a *emericus* killed him. And some days I git to feeling like I was a kinder *emericus* myself."

"That ain't fair to your children," said Tilly, "you ought to let them know how you feel. Then they'd act different."

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know. You see, miss, they're so sure they know better'n me. Say, Mrs. Louder, be you going to visit relatives in Baxter?"

"No, ma'am, I'm going to take care of a sick lady," said Jane, "it's kinder queer. Her name's Ferguson, her——"

"For the land's sake!" screamed



"Mr. Ferguson was doing wonders for the Russians."—Page 637.

Mrs. Higbee, "why, that's my 'Liza!" She was in a flutter of surprise and delight, and so absorbed was Tilly in getting her and her unwieldy luggage into the car, that Jane's daughter forgot to kiss her mother good-by.

"Put your arm in *quick*," she yelled, as Jane essayed to kiss her hand through the window; "don't *ever* put your arm or your head out of a train!"—the train moved away—"I do hope she'll remember what I told her, and not lend any-

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body money, or come home lugging somebody else's baby!"

With such reflections, an ugly sensation of loneliness creeping over her, Tilly went to assure Miss Minnie Higbee of her mother's safety. She described her reception to Harry Lossing and Alma, later. "She really seemed kinder mad at me," says Tilly, "seemed to think I was interfering somehow. And she hadn't any business to feel that way, for she didn't know how I'd fooled her brother with that bird-cage. I guess the poor old lady daren't call her soul her own. I'd hate to have my mother that way—so 'fraid of me. *My* mother shall go where she pleases, and stay where she pleases, and *do* as she pleases."

"That makes me think," says Alma, "I heard you were going to move."

"Yes, we are. Mother is working too hard. She knows everybody in the building and they call on her all the time; and I think the easiest way out is just to move."

Alma and Mr. Lossing exchanged glances. There is an Arabian legend of an angel whose trade it is to decipher the language of faces. This angel must have perceived that Alma's eyes said, with the courage of a second in a duel, "Go on, now is the time!" and that Harry's answered, with masculine pusillanimity, "I don't like to!"

But he spoke. "Very likely, your mother does sometimes work too hard," said he. "But don't you think it would be harder for her not to work? Why, she must have been in the building ever since my father bought it; and she's been a janitor and a fire inspector and a doctor and a ministering angel combined! That is why we never raised the rent to you when we improved the building, and raised it on the others. My father told me your mother was the best paying tenant he ever had. And don't you remember how, when I used to come with him, when I was a little boy, she used to take me in her room while he went the rounds. She was always doing good to everybody, the same way. She has a heart as big as the Mississippi, and I assure you, Miss Louder, you won't make her happy, but miserable, if you try to dam up its channel. She has often told me that she loved the building and all the people in it. They all love her. I *hope*, Miss Louder, you'll think of those things before you decide. She is so unselfish that she would go in a minute if she thought it would make you happier." The angel aforesaid, during this speech (which Harry delivered with great energy and feeling), must have had all his wits busy on Tilly's impassive features; but he could read ardent approval, succeeded by indignation, on Alma's countenance, at his first glance. The indignation came when Tilly spoke. She said: "Thank you, Mr. Lossing, you're very kind, I'm sure"—Harry softly kicked the waste-basket under the desk—"but I guess it's best for us to go. I've been thinking about it for six months, and I know it will be a hard struggle for mother to go; but in a little while she will be glad she went. It's only for her sake I am doing it; it ain't an easy or a pleasant thing for me to do, either—" As Tilly stopped her voice was unsteady, and the rare tears shone in her eyes.

"What's best for her is the only question, of course," said Alma, helping Harry off the field.

In a few days, Tilly received a long letter from her mother. Mr. Ferguson was doing wonders for the Russians; the family were all very kind to her and "nice folks" and easily pleased. ("Of *course* they're pleased with mother's cooking; what would they be made of if they weren't!" cried Tilly.) It was wonderful how much help Mrs. Higbee was about the house, and how happy it made her. Mrs. Ferguson had seemed real glad to see her, and that made her happy. And then, maybe it helped a little, her (Jane Louder's) telling Mrs. Ferguson ("accidental like") how Tilly treated her, never trying to boss her, and letting her travel alone. Perhaps if Mrs. Ferguson kept on improving, they might let her come home next week. And the letter ended: "I will be so glad if they do, for I want to see you so bad, dear daughter, and I want to see the old home once more before we leave. I guess the house you tell me about will be very nice and convenient. I do thank you, dear daughter, for being so nice and considerate about the Russians. Give my love

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to Mrs. Carleton and all of them; and if little Bobby Green hasn't missed school since I left, give him a nickel, please; and please give that medical student on the fifth floor—I forget his name—the stockings I mended. They are in the first drawer of the walnut bureau. Good-by, my dear, good daughter.

"MOTHER, JANE M. LOUDER."

When Tilly read the letter she was surrounded by wall-paper and carpet samples. Her eyes grew moist before she laid it down; but she set her mouth more firmly.

"It is an awful short time, but I've just got to hurry and have it over before she comes," said she.

Next week Jane returned. She was on the train, waiting in her seat in the car, when Captain Ferguson handed her Tilly's last letter, which had lain in the post-office for three days.

It was very short.

"DEAR MOTHER: I shall be very glad indeed to see you. I have a surprise which I hope will be pleasant for you; anyhow, I truly have meant it for your happiness.

"Your affectionate daughter,
"M. E. LOUDER."

There must have been, despite her shrewd sense, an obtuse streak in Tilly; else she never would have written that letter. Jane read it twice. The paper rattled in her hands. "Tilly has moved while I was gone," she said; "I never shall live in the block again." She dropped her veil over her face. She sat very quietly in her seat; but the conductor who came for her ticket watched her sharply, she seemed so dazed by his demand and was so long in finding the ticket.

The train rumbled and hissed through darkening cornfields, into scattered yellow lights of low houses, into angles of white light of street-arcs and shop-windows, into the red and blue lights dancing before the engines in the station.

"Mother!" cried Tilly's voice.

Jane let her and Harry Lossing take all her bundles and lift her out of the car. Whether she spoke a word, she could not tell. She did rouse a little at the vision of the Lossing carriage glittering at the street corner; but she had not the sense to thank Harry Lossing, who placed her in the carriage and lifted his hat in farewell.

"What's he doing all that for, Tilly?" cried she; "there ain't—there ain't nobody dead—Maria Carleton——" She stared at Tilly wildly.

Tilly was oddly moved, though she tried to speak lightly. "No, no, there ain't nothing wrong, at all. It's because you've done so much for the Russians—and other folks! Now, ma, I'm going to be mysterious. You must shut your eyes and shut your mouth until I tell you. That's a dear ma."

It was vaguely comforting to have Tilly so affectionate. "I'm a wicked, ungrateful woman to be so wretched," thought Jane; "I'll never let Tilly know how I felt."

In a surprisingly short time the carriage stopped. "Now, ma," said Tilly.

A great blaze of light seemed all about Jane Louder. There were the dear familiar windows of the Lossing block.

"Come up-stairs, ma," said Tilly.

She followed like one in a dream; and like one in a dream she was pushed into her own old parlor. The old parlor, but not quite the old parlor; hung with new wall-paper, shining with new paint, soft under her feet with a new carpet, it looked to Jane Louder like fairyland.

"Oh, Tilly," she gasped; "oh, Tilly, ain't you moved?"

"No, nor we ain't going to move, ma—that's the surprise! I took the money I'd saved for moving for the new carpet and new dishes; and the Lossings they papered and painted. I was so 'fraid we couldn't get done in time. Alma and all the boarders are coming in pretty soon to welcome you, and they've all chipped in for a little banquet at Mrs. Carleton's—why, mother, you're crying! Mother, you didn't really think I'd move when it made you feel so bad. I know I'm set and stubborn, and I didn't take it well when Mr. Lossing talked to me; but the more I thought it over the more I seemed to myself like that hateful Minnie. Oh, mother, I ain't, am I? You shall do just exactly as you like all the days of your life!"

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SPONGE AND SPONGERS OF THE FLORIDA REEF.

By Kirk Munroe.

ALTHOUGH sponges, in one form or another, are among the most common articles of domestic use, it is doubtful if one person in ten thousand of those who are familiar with the appearance of a sponge could tell where it comes from, or how it is procured; certainly most of them would hesitate before venturing to name the natural kingdom to which it belongs. Nor would this hesitation be at all surprising; for, while half of the sponge-fishers who have given the subject a thought, affirm that it is a member of the animal kingdom, the other half are tenacious of their belief that it is a marine plant. Even science is in doubt, and as a safe compromise calls the sponge a "connecting link." Whatever it is, whether of the lowest order of animal, or the highest form of vegetable, life, certain it is that the sponge is one of the most valuable of sea products, and is well worth more attention than it now receives.

While the sponge family is an immense one, inhabiting all tropical and temperate waters, only a few of its innumerable members have a commercial value. Such as are valuable are found in warm and shallow sea-waters on the edge of the tropics, and very nearly all the sponge used in this country comes from the Gulf of Mexico, within a few miles of the Florida coast. Here the sponge is what the oyster is to Chesapeake Bay, the salmon to Puget Sound, or the lobster to New England, and the business of sponging is so rapidly increasing in volume and importance, that it has more than quadrupled within the past five years.

The headquarters of the industry in this country is Key West, a city built on a small coral island seventy miles from the main land, and the most southerly point within the territorial limits of the United States. Here the business of sponging ranks second in importance only to that of cigar making, and provides steady employment the year through, to several thousands of the most ablebodied male inhabitants of the place. The present sponging fleet of Key West numbers three hundred and fifty vessels, of all sizes, from the well appointed 50-ton schooner, with its crew of fourteen men and towing half a dozen boats, down to the tiny sloop that affords scant room for three men and their meagre stock of provisions, but in which they will set out on a month's cruise a hundred miles or more from home with the utmost confidence in their boat and themselves.

The Key West sponger has a choice of two distinct fishing-grounds — the "Bay" and the "Reef." The former includes all the waters of the Gulf of Mexico washing the western coast of Florida, but more particularly those lying in the vicinity of St. Marks, between Cedar Keys and Apalachicola. From this locality, near a headland known to spongers as Rock Island, come the bulk of the fine sheep's-wool, or ordinary bath-sponges. Further south, near the mouth of Tampa Bay, grow the large and highly prized Anclote grass-sponges, which are destined to undergo a curious transformation of name and character before reaching their ultimate market.

Most of the larger sponge boats go into the Bay, to reach which they must traverse several hundred miles of open sea, exposed to the fury of Gulf gales. There is however little danger to be apprehended even here; for the coming storm is always heralded by unmistakable signs, and the innumerable reefs and islands of the coast, offer a wide choice of snug harbors. Besides these there are in the Gulf, miles from land, several vast springs of fresh water, that boil up from the bottom of the sea with an appearance and effect similar to that of a light oil. In these fresh water areas, seas do not break, and the great

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salt water combers are robbed of their terror, so that within their limits a vessel provided with good anchors and stout cables may ride out the severest gale in safety.

Such vessels of the sponging fleet as are not fitted for long sea voyages, and these number nearly three hundred, head to the eastward from Key West, and seek the somewhat inferior sponges that flourish among the countless keys of the great Florida reef. This marvellous barrier of coral forms the northern bank of that mighty ocean-river the Gulf Stream, and extends from Cape Florida on the east coast, southwesterly, for two hundred miles, to the Tortugas; while its adjacent waters offer one of the safest and most delightful cruising grounds in the world. Rising from the wellnigh fathomless depths of the Gulf Stream is the outer ledge of glistening coral, often showing above the surface and pierced by numberless deep water-channels. Inside of it flows the broad Hawk Channel, offering plenty of water for large vessels along its entire length, well buoyed and well lighted. Then come the keys fringed with the perennial green of interlacing mangroves, and ranged in a line exactly parallel to that of the outer reef. Behind them, and reached by a multiplicity of navigable channels, lies the broad expanse of shallow water known as the Bay of Florida, stretching away to the mainland, filled with low keys, sand-bars, coral-reefs, and mud-banks. These are threaded by a bewildering maze of tortuous channels, unsurveyed and unchartered, but all known to, and used by the reef-sponger. In these warm shallows lie the sponge-beds, and here the smaller boats of the fleet glean their harvests in safety. If the wind blows from any point of north they find a smooth lee outside the keys; if from the south, they run in behind them.

Although the sponger cares little for nature's beauties or novelties, he is constantly surrounded by such a bewildering profusion of both as would arouse the keenest enthusiasm of a naturalist. The waters abound in corals, exquisite algæ, myriads of vividly colored fish, and uncouth sea-monsters. The gleaming beaches are thickly strewn with rare shells; curious birds are to be noted on every sand-bar; while the waters, themselves as transparent as crystal springs, present such an infinity of tint as to be a source of constant delight. So distinct and significant are these water colors that navigation is largely dependent upon them, and the sponger guides the course of his little vessel with unerring precision by the hue of the proximate waters. To his experienced eye black water indicates rocks or grass lumps, while white marks shallows and a coral bottom. A tinge of red betokens a sand-bar that he may not cross; but where it merges into green or yellow is the narrow channel that a boat of light draught may thread with safety. Dark-green water is from two to four fathoms deep, while all shades of blue indicate a depth sufficient for large ships. Thus to the reef-sponger these colors with all their gradations are as pregnant with meaning as are the ripples on the surface of the Mississippi to a pilot of that tawny flood.

While the water is thus replete with curious interest, the land, as represented by the low-lying keys, is not less so. Here are birds and butterflies, insects and flowers, as yet unknown and unnamed. Here are palms found nowhere else in the world, besides groves of cocoanuts, broad fields of pineapples, and large areas of dagger-like fibre plants. Here grow nearly all the fruits known to tropic climes, while the ever-present mangroves, with mastics, mahogany, and a bewildering variety of other forest trees, spring from prehistoric coral that still bears the imprint of its builders as sharply outlined as when it was created.

Of all these the sponger knows little and cares less. To be sure, the cocoanuts and pineapples arouse a slight interest on account of their money value; but potatoes or cabbages would exert the same influence. He is invariably a "Conch" or native of the Bahama Islands, attracted to this country by its better prices for sponge, and has been familiar with similar surroundings from infancy. Thus while his eye is always turned upon the water, it is not to note with delight its rich coloring, nor the exquisite forms that inhabit its

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Key West Sponge Boats.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN. ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

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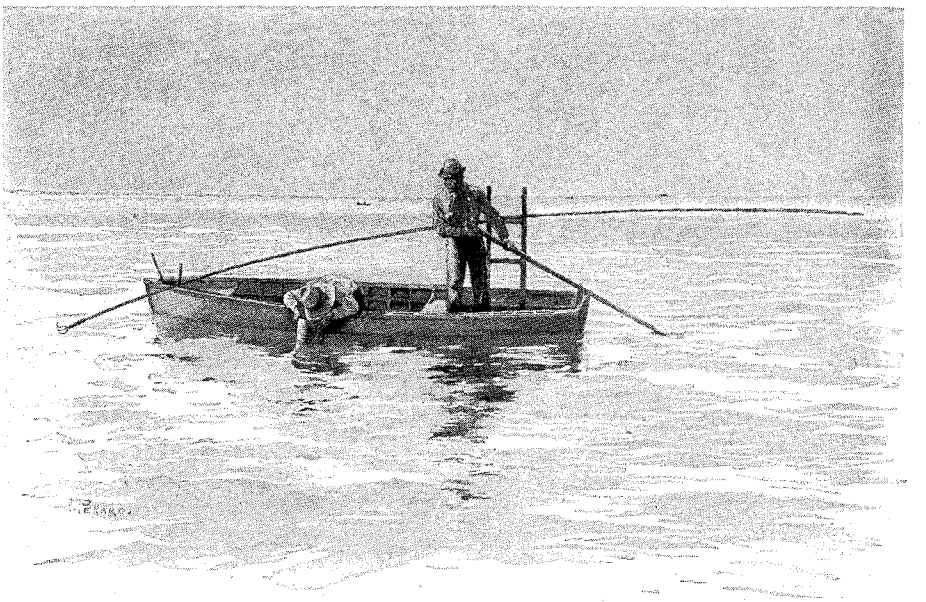
depths; but in search of certain black, shapeless objects that lie beneath it, and which represent his livelihood. Yet he passes over acres and miles of these, ranging in size from that of a cocoanut to the bigness of a hogshead, and all of a symmetrical roundness, before pausing. Apparently he is throwing away the chance of a lifetime; but if you suggest this to him he will laugh in scorn at your ignorance, and answer: "Them's honly logger'eads, vot hain't no good. Hi could load a fleet o' wessels vith them an' not go hout hof sight hof Key Vest."



Searching for Sponges through a Water-glass.

A Conch is as reckless of his h's as a Cockney, and invariably supplants a w with a v, or *vice versa*.

The loggerhead is the most common of all sponges, and attains the greatest size; but it is of too coarse fibre to be valuable save as a fertilizer.

Arrived at what he fancies may prove a profitable ground the captain of a sponging schooner sends out a boat to investigate, meantime standing off and on until a discovery is reported. Then all hands, save only the cook, or, if she is a large vessel, the captain and cook, tumble into the small boats and the fishing—if fishing it can be called—is begun.

The vessel has towed astern just half as many boats as she has men in her crew, and now two men are assigned to each boat. One of them stands well aft and sculls with a long oar, while the other bends low over one of the gunwales in a most constrained position, and with his head buried in a water-glass eagerly scans the bottom as he is moved slowly over it. The water-glass is simply a wooden bucket, having a glass bottom, that is held an inch or so below the ruffled surface, and in these clear waters plainly reveals all submerged objects to a depth of forty or fifty feet. As a further aid in overcoming ripples or moderate waves each small boat is provided with a bottle of oil so hung over the bow as to slowly drip its contents into the water.

Through his magic glass the observer sees darting fish, richly tinted sea-fans and feathers, branching coral, gorgeous anemones, bristling sea-porcupines, and the myriad other curious tenants of these tropic waters. While seeing these he makes no sign until a small dark object, that, to the untrained eye, differs in no respect from the loggerheads surrounding it, comes within his range of vision. Then, without removing his

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gaze, he reaches for the long-handled sponge-hook or rake lying behind him, and using it with one hand, quickly tears from the bottom a black, slimy mass, that he triumphantly pronounces to be a sheep's-wool or grass sponge of the first quality.

The hook that he has just used is of iron, and has three long curved teeth attached to a slender wooden handle. This is ordinarily about thirty feet long, though the more expert spongers use handles fifty or sixty feet in length, and fish successfully in water from forty to fifty feet deep. To realize the difficulty of such a feat one has but to thrust an oar into the water and attempt to strike some object within its reach. Apparently the oar breaks at the surface, and the submerged portion darts off at a most unexpected angle. Thus the skill of the sponger lies in his ability to overcome or ignore this bewildering effect of refraction, and to detect at a glance the character of the dim object toward which he directs his hook. When the small boat is loaded, as with good luck she will be several times during the day, she returns to the schooner and transfers her slimy cargo. Heaped on deck in the heat of a tropic sun the mucilaginous animal matter with which the sponge-cells are filled quickly decomposes and emits an odor so powerful and offensive that the presence of a sponge-boat can be detected a mile or more from the leeward, and a wise sailor will always pass one to windward if possible. To the spongers themselves this vile smell might be the spicy odors of Araby the blest for aught they care. They apparently enjoy it, and at least are so indifferent to it that I have seen them eating their dinner on deck with the rotting sponges piled high about them, and unconcernedly devouring food taken from a temporary resting-place on the disgusting mass beside them. Nor do they hesitate, if the harvest is so bountiful as to overflow the deck, to stow a portion of the slimy cargo in the tiny cabin that contains their sleeping bunks. Here they will sleep soundly and peacefully with every aperture that might admit fresh air or mosquitoes tightly closed, and apparently suffer no ill effect from so doing. In fact a sponger seems perfectly willing and able to spend any length of time without air if by foregoing it he can also elude the insect pests with which the mangroves of the keys are infested. To prove this he not only closes his cabin and fills it with a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke; but, in the insect season, he provides his bunk with a mosquito bar that is oftener made of calico than of

Using the Sponge Hook.

any other material. Carefully tucking the edges of this air-tight canopy under his blanket, he will stretch himself out with a sigh of satisfaction at having thus effectually baffled his tormentors,

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and will spend the night in blissful unconsciousness that he is violating a single hygienic law.

One of the first duties of the sponger on reaching his fishing-ground is to construct a "crawl" (corral?) or pen about ten feet square, of wattled stakes, in shallow water, close behind some sheltering key. To this he returns, and in it deposits his catch of fresh sponges as often as it overflows the limits of his schooner's deck. In the crawl the sponges lie and rot for several days, when they are taken out and beaten with wooden "bats" until all animal matter is thoroughly extracted; then they are washed, strung in bunches on bits of rope-yarn having an arbitrary length of five feet four inches, and laid on sand or grass in the hot sun to bleach and dry. Finally, reduced to about one-tenth of their original weight, and offering but slight resistance to almost limitless compression, they are stowed away in the hold of the schooner, which by the time its limit of capacity is reached often contains a cargo valued at several thousand dollars. Of this sum one-half goes to the vessel, which is also charged with all expenses of the trip, and the other is shared, or "sheered," according to Conch vernacular, among the crew.

As a rule the Key West sponger, white or black, and in this business the races are very evenly represented, is the most simple-minded, honest, and inoffensive of seafaring men. He seldom swears, rarely drinks, is as truthful as he is ignorant, and is above all superstitiously religious. The one form of social dissipation in which he indulges is attendance at church or other gatherings for religious exercises. His only songs are hymns, and these he renders with a heartiness that is in nowise diminished by a lack of musical knowledge or ability. He would no more think of lifting the finest sponge of the reef on a Sunday, if he should happen to discover it on that day, than he would of loading his vessel with worthless loggerheads. Nor would he fish on a Sunday, even though fish abounded and the bread locker was empty. In this connection the story is still told, with bated breath, of a hungry man who, a few years ago, caught a fish on the holy day, and was punished by a stroke of lightning on the Monday following. If there is to be preaching on any of the inhabited keys, all the spongers within a dozen miles of the place will attend it; but if nothing of this kind offers they will repair to the key beside which their crawl is located, and spend Sunday in sleeping, talking, smoking, or gathering under the shade of a clump of mangroves and singing hymns.

On one of the uninhabited keys stands a large shed-like building, erected by the builders of a lighthouse a dozen years ago for the storage of material. As there is a cistern connected with it, from which water-kegs may be filled, this key is a favorite resort for spongers on Sundays or on such days as rough water enforces idleness. As I ran in toward it one dark night last winter I was puzzled to account for a tremendous racket inside of the old building. It sounded like a riot or a free fight at least, and to satisfy my curiosity concerning it I took the skiff and rowed ashore the moment our anchor was dropped. No light was visible until I was close beside the building, when I saw that a small area of its cavernous interior was dimly illumined by a single lantern hung just within the doorway. By this uncertain light a score of spongers, full-grown men wearing palmetto hats as broad-brimmed as a Mexican sombrero, calico shirts, and jean trousers tucked into great cowhide boots, were playing tag. It was a genuine romp, such as would have been enjoyed by any boy of ten years, and the noise they made could be heard for miles out at sea. The moment they detected my presence the game came to an abrupt ending, and they gathered breathlessly about me to inquire if I were the new preacher whom they had heard was coming up the reef. They were greatly disappointed to find that I was not a preacher, and after a half hour of conversation I fell low in their estimation by asking why they could not have a dance, as I noticed that one of them had a mouth organ and another a violin. Several at once hastened to assure me that their preacher did not

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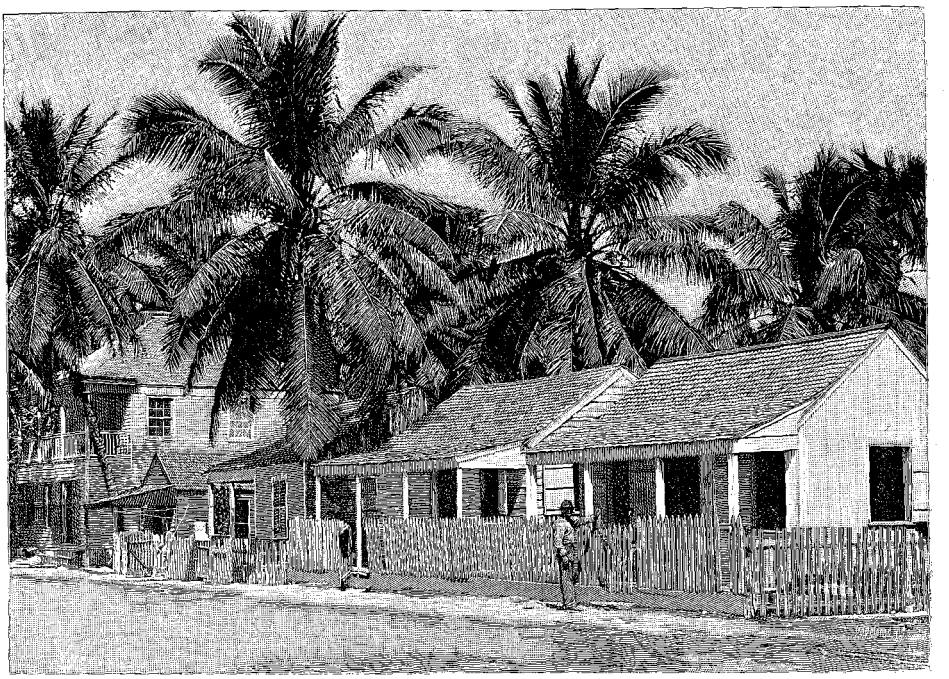

Spongers' Homes.

allow them to dance; while the owners of the musical instruments disclaimed an ability to play anything except hymn tunes. So I asked them to play some of those, and of all lugubrious musical performances I ever heard I think the long-drawn wailings of those two instruments, attuned to sacred melody, was the worst. During the progress of the concert one of the tag-players took occasion to confide to me that "Hi fer one don't see no great 'arm in darncing, seeing has Hi was borned an' brung hup a Puseyite; but Hi'm the onliest one 'ere has his."

It seemed absurd to see these great clumsy six-footers playing tag; but after all it was one of the most sensible things they could do. After days of being packed like sardines on their over-crowded little schooners, with the only variant of long hours of painfully cramped positions while at work in the small boats, some vigorous exercise of this kind was an absolute necessity.

Sometimes a sponge-boat is out two or three months before "filling," though occasionally the same happy result is attained in as many weeks. Whenever the joyful day arrives that not another sponge can be squeezed into hold or cabin, and when at the same time the "grub" is so low that necessity demands a return to Cayo Hueso (Key West), then is the sponger as jubilant as a school-boy homeward bound for the long vacation, or a Grand Banker whose fish-laden schooner is headed toward Gloucester. He is all spring and activity as he hoists the small boats in on deck, hangs the now idle hooks over the side in bundles that reach from stem to stern, or sends aloft every rag of light canvas that can be packed on the bending masts, top-sails, stay-sail, flying-jib, and all. Although the cargo is a full one, it is not heavy, and before the steady northeast trade, the evil-smelling little schooner speeds merrily down the reef past the low-lying keys, leaving the empty crawls, the shining beaches, and the envious unfortunates whose holds still show vacant room, far behind. Stretched in easy attitudes wherever they can find space for their long limbs, these homeward-bound toilers of the shallow seas sing their liveliest hymns, discuss the prospect of finding a

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rising market, or eagerly hail outward-bound vessels with the never varying query of "Vots sponge a-fetching in Key Vest now?" For this day's dinner the cook prepares a special duff well filled with plums that have been carefully hidden away for the occasion; or perhaps the treat may be "turtle yellows"—unlaid eggs taken from the body of some turtle captured during the cruise. These, after being salted and hung for a few days in the hot sun, resemble bunches of dried grapes, big, weazened, and yellow. Raw or cooked, they are esteemed a delicacy by all Conches, although one not to the manner born would probably find snakes, snails, or train-oil equally palatable.

To the stranger the sponge market of Key West is as curious as are most of the sights in this quaint out-of-the-world town. Here, where, as in Nantucket, nearly everything, including meat, vegetables, fruits, clothing, jewelry, and sewing-machines, is sold at auction, sponges prove no exception to the rule. The sponge auction is held every day at three o'clock on the city wharf, beyond which the fleet is anchored. This wharf is really an open area of made land reclaimed from the sea, and composed largely of sponge clippings. Here the several cargoes are displayed in piles, each of which represents a grade of sponge. With a commendable ingenuity of economy these auctions are conducted without the assistance, and consequent commissions, of an auctioneer, the bids being made on folded slips of paper and pinned to the several piles by individual buyers. Among these are representatives of all the larger wholesale drug-houses of the North, and between them until recently competition was very keen; for, although handled by drug-houses, sponge is never a drug on the market. At present, however, the Key West business is very nearly controlled by one man, Mr. A. J. Arapian, a Greek, who has been in this country long enough to acquire the title of "Sponge King," and whose annual sales aggregate half a million of dollars.

While the bids are being made, each pile of sponge is surrounded by eager groups of the bronzed and brawny toilers who have torn it from the bottom of the sea. To them it represents all that is worth living for, and they will be passing rich or comparatively poor according to the price it brings. This price is regulated more by size and quality of the sponges than by the quantity offered, those of medium size commanding a better price than the very large or smaller.

Within an hour after the bids have been opened and the new ownership of the piles thus determined, they have disappeared in the various sponge-lofts of the vicinity where the commodity is in trade parlance to be "manufactured" for its final market. In the loft, each variety is first sorted into grades depending upon size, shape, quality, and the locality from which it was obtained, and to each grade is assigned a bin reaching from floor to ceiling of the spacious room. In front of these bins sit the clippers, all men and all Conches, who, with sheep-shears, trim the sponges and remove whatever coral may still cling to their roots. After being clipped, the finer grades are treated to a bleaching bath, the composition of which is a trade secret. From it they go to the drying frames, where they remain for several days, and on which they become nearly as white as the fleeces whose name they bear.

From the bleachery the sponges are borne in peculiar shaped baskets, large at the bottom and smaller at the top, made in the Bahamas from palm-leaves, to the presses, where, by means of powerful screws, they are forced into bales of the smallest possible compass. These bales, neatly enveloped in a fine bagging and tightly corded, weigh fifteen, thirty, sixty, or one hundred and twenty pounds, according to their destination, which is not always the bath-room, as many persons suppose.

Among the larger consumers of sponge are hospitals in which surgical operations are performed. This is nearly always the destination of the great Anclote grass sponges, though they do not reach it under that name. While they have the size and texture of the well-known Mediterranean ear-sponge, so called from its fancied resemblance to elephants' ears, and used, the world over, for stanching blood in large, open

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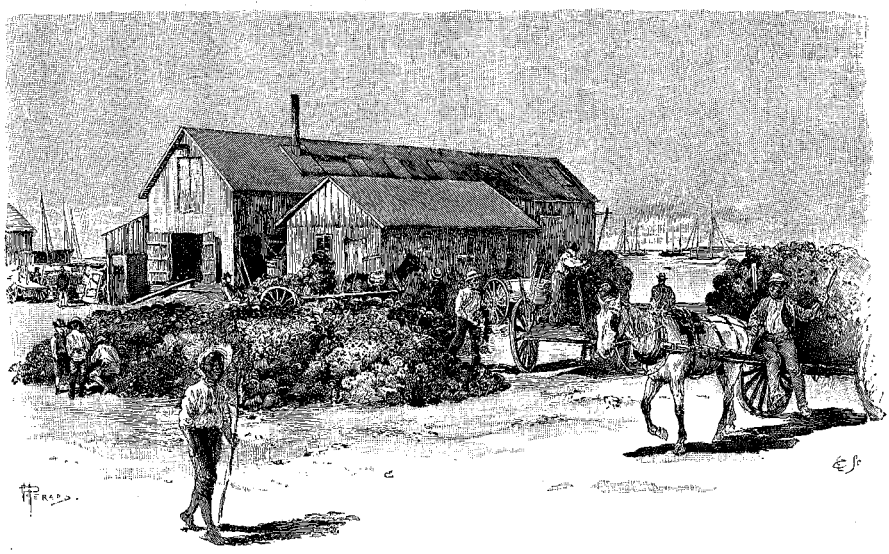
wounds, they have not the shape prescribed by custom. Consequently they are exported to Europe as "Anclote grass sponges;" and are there cut into the required shape before being sent back to this country as "Mediterranean ear-sponges." Quantities of sheeps'-wool and other smaller sponges are also used for surgical purposes. Many of these after having seen service, and being discarded in the hospitals, fall into the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who wash them in an acid that not only cleanses and bleaches them, but renders them worthlessly tender. They are then hawked about the streets of large cities by curbstone pedlars, who find a ready sale for their fine-looking but utterly valueless wares.



The Sponge-wharf, Key West.

Many of the larger sheeps'-wool sponges find their way to currying establishments, where they play an important part in the manufacture of leather, and to stables, where they are used for washing carriages. Coarser sponges and the small sponge clippings are worked up into "felt" roofing paper; while the larger clippings find their way into bottles of liquid shoe-polish, to the tips of mucilage bottles, and to a score of other places where they are made equally useful. Not long ago these were thrown away; but now every scrap is utilized and nothing remains in the loft but the dust of powdered lime that was once the coral to which the sponges were attached.

Thousands of bales of the finest toilet sponges, worth from ten to sixty dollars per pound, are used in potteries all over the world, for imparting that absolute smoothness of finish to delicate ware that can be attained by no other means. In most electrical machines sponge is used as an insulator, while in many other lines of manufacture its value is well established.

There are at present but four centres of sponge supply and distribution known to the commercial world, and of these the most important is Key West. In the waters tributary to this port the sheeps'-wool, which outranks all others as a general-utility sponge, attains a perfection of form and texture unknown elsewhere. Here too are to be found any number of sailors, trained to the business from boyhood, with whom to man the sponging fleet. Thus although the American sponge industry is only about sixty years old, it already leads the world in the volume of its business, the equipment of its vessels, and the intelligence with which it is conducted.

When a sponge is torn from its native bed by hooks, certain fragments or

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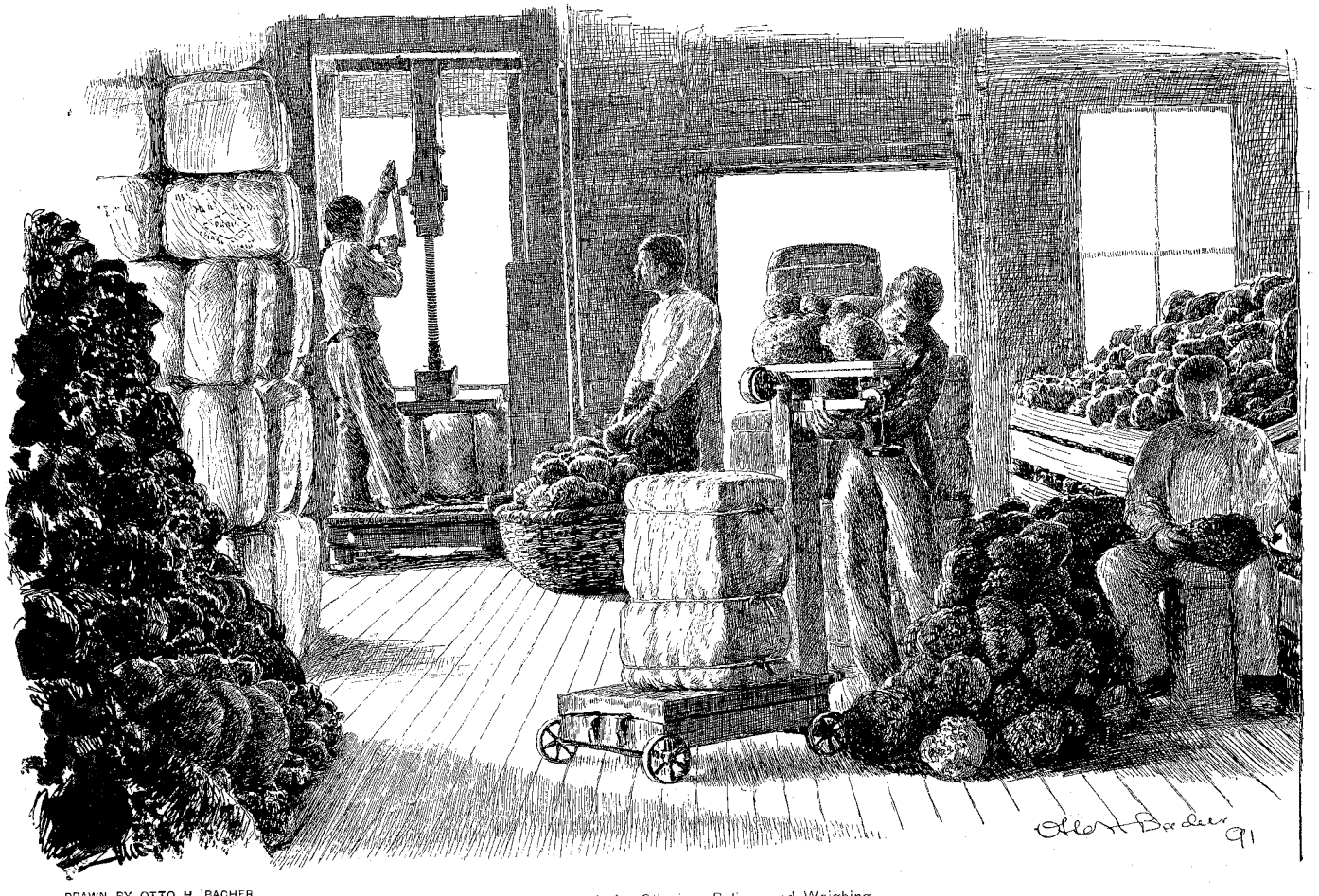

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

Interior of a Sponge Loft—Clipping, Baling, and Weighing.

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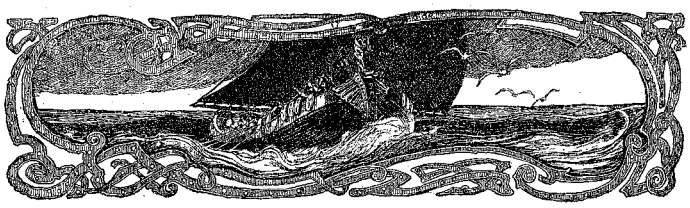
germs are left adhering to the bottom. These so speedily reproduce new sponges that the old beds may be profitably revisited at least every two years, and in some cases oftener. As an old sponger aptly expressed it to me, "they grows just like melons." Where, as in the Mediterranean, diving machines instead of hooks are used in the fisheries, there is no chance for the beds to thus recuperate, as the machines destroy the germs and leave only barren rocks behind them. For this reason diving for sponges is prohibited by law in the waters of the State of Florida.

A similar law is now in force in the Turkish and Grecian Archipelagoes, where sponge has been taken from time immemorial, and its result has been to send the European and Asiatic sponge-divers far down on the African coasts in search of new fields. The headquarters of the Mediterranean operations is Calaimo in the Grecian Archipelago, which is second only to Key West in the volume of its business. The general distributing point for all European and Asiatic sponges is Trieste, whence come the delicate Turkish sponges so indispensable to my lady's toilet and invaluable to surgeons.

Sponging is also an important industry to the Bahamians, who extend their operations as far south as Turk's Island. Nassau is the receiving and distributing port for all sponges taken from this vast territory, and the Bahamian fisheries rank in importance with those conducted on the southern coast of Cuba, the central port of which is Batabano.

These are the present commercial sponging centres of the world, though a fine article of sponge is said to exist in Brazilian waters, and the Chinese supply their own limited demand from native beds. Sponge is also found on the Mexican and Central American coasts, so that there is no reason to doubt its existence in the South Pacific and other tropic waters in which it has not yet been sought.

From the foregoing statements it will be readily understood that the American sponge industry is still in its infancy. It is, however, an infant of most promising growth, destined in the near future to attain the proportions and command the attention it so well deserves. Then from many a Southern port besides that of Key West will the nimble schooners sail forth with flags flying, guns firing, and crews cheering as they head toward the shallow seas and coral-reefs of the distant sponge-banks.



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MISS DANGERLIE'S ROSES.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

HENRY FLOYD was a crank, at least so many people said; a few thought he was a wonderful person, these were mostly children, old women, and people not in the directory, and persons not in the directory do not count for much. He was in fact a singular fellow. It was all natural enough to him; he was just like what he believed his father had been, his father of whom his mother used to tell him, and whom he remembered so vaguely except when he had suddenly loomed up in his uniform at the head of his company, when they went away on that march from which he had never returned. He meant to be like him, if he was not, and he remembered all that his mother had told him of his gentleness, his high courtesy, his faithfulness, his devotion to duty, his unselfishness. So it was all natural enough to Floyd to be as he was. But a man can no more tell whether or not he is a crank than he can tell how old he looks. He was, however, without doubt, different in certain ways from most people. This his friends admitted. Some said he was old-fashioned; some that he was "old timey;" some that he was unpractical, the shades of criticism ranging up to those who said he was a fool. They did not mean intellectually, for none denied his intellect. He drove a virile pen, and had an epigrammatic tongue. He had had a hard time. He had borne the yoke in his youth. This, we have strong authority for saying, is good for a man; but it leaves its marks upon him. He had been desperately poor. He had not minded that except for his mother, and he had approved of her giving up every cent to meet the old security debts. It had cut him off from his college education; but he had worked till he was a better scholar than he might have been had he gone to college. He had kept his mother comfortable as long as she lived, and then had put up a monument over her in the old churchyard, as he had done before to his father's memory. This, everyone said, was foolish, and perhaps it was, for it took him at least two years to pay for them, and he might have laid up the money and got a start, or, as some charitable persons said, it might have been given to the poor. However, the monuments were put up, and on them were epitaphs which recorded at length the virtues of those to whom they were erected, with their descent, and declared that they were Christians and Gentlepeople. Some one said to Floyd that he might have shortened the epitaphs, and have saved something. "I did not want them shortened," said he.

He had borne the yoke otherwise also. One of the first things he had done after starting in life, was to fall in love with a beautiful woman. She was very beautiful and a great belle. Everyone said it was perfect nonsense for Henry Floyd to expect her to marry him, as poor as he was, which was natural enough. The only thing was that she

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led Floyd to believe she was going to marry him when she did not intend to do it, and it cost him a great deal of unhappiness. He never said one word against her, not even when she married a man much older than himself, simply, as everyone said, because he was very rich. If Floyd ever thought that she treated him badly, no one ever knew it, and when finally she left her husband, no one ever ventured to discuss it before Floyd.

Henry Floyd, however, had suffered, that everyone could see who had eyes; but only he knew how much. Generally grave and dreamy, when quiet as calm as a dove, as fierce as a hawk when aroused; moving always in an eccentric orbit, which few understood; flashing out now and then gleams which some said were sparks of genius but which most people said were mere eccentricity, he had sunk into a recluse. He was in this state when he met HER. He always afterward referred to her so. He was at a reception when he came upon her on a stairway. A casual word about his life, a smile flashed from her large, dark, luminous eyes, lighting up her face, and Henry Floyd awoke. She had called him from the dead. It was a case of love at first sight. From that time he never had a thought for anyone else, least of all for himself. He lived in her and for her. He blossomed under her sympathy as a tree comes out under the sunshine and soft breath of spring. He grew, he broadened. She was his sun, his breath of life; he worshipped her. Then one day she died—suddenly—sank down and died as a butterfly might die, chilled by a blast. With her Henry Floyd buried his youth. For a time people were sympathetic; but they began immediately to speculate about him, then to gossip about him. It made no difference to him or in him. He was like a man that is dead, who felt no more. One thing about a great sorrow is that it destroys all lesser ones. A man with a crushed body does not feel pin-pricks. Henry Floyd went on his way calmly, doggedly, mechanically. He drifted on and was talked about continually. Gossip would not let him alone, so she did him the honor to connect his name with that of every woman he met. In fact, there was as much reason to mention all as one. He was fond of women, and enjoyed them. Women liked him too. There was a certain gentleness mingled with firmness, a kind of protecting air about him which women admired, and a mystery of impenetrable sadness which women liked. Every woman who knew him trusted him, and had a right to trust him. To none was he indifferent, but in none was he interested. He was simply cut off. A physician who saw him said, "That man is dying of loneliness." This went on for some years. At last his friends determined to get him back into society. They made plans for him and carried them out to a certain length; there the plans failed. Floyd might be led up to the water, but none could make him drink; there he took the bit in his teeth and went his own way. He would be invited to meet a girl at a dinner got up for his benefit, that he might meet her, and would spend the evening hanging over a little unheard-of country cousin with a low voice and soft eyes, entertaining her with stories of his country days or of wanderings; or he would be put by some belle, and after five minutes homage spend the time talking to some old lady about her grandchildren. "You must marry," they said to him. "When one rises from the dead," he replied. At length, his friends grew tired of helping him and gave him up, and he dropped out and settled down. Commiseration is one of the bitter things of life. But Floyd had what is harder to bear than that. It did not affect his work. It was only his health and his life that suffered. He was like a man who has lost the senses of touch and taste and sight. If he minded it, he did not show it. One can get used to being bedridden.

One thing about him was that he always appeared poor. He began to be known as an inventor and writer. It was known that he received high prices for what he did; but he appeared to be no better off than when he made nothing. Some persons supposed that he gambled; others whispered that he spent it in other dissipation. In fact, one lady gave a circumstantial

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account of the way he squandered his money, and declared herself very glad that he had never visited her daughters. When this was repeated to Floyd, he said he fortunately did not have to account to her for the way he spent his money. He felt that the woman out under the marble cross knew how his money went, and so did the little cousin who was named after her, and who was at school. He had a letter from her in his pocket at that moment. So he drifted on.

At length one evening he was at a reception in a strange city. The rooms were filled with light and beauty. Floyd was standing chatting with a child of ten years, whom he had found standing in a corner, gazing out with wide questioning eyes on the throng. They were friends instantly, and he was telling her who the guests were, as they came sailing in, giving them fictitious names and titles. "They are all queens," he told her, at which she laughed. She pointed out a tall and stately woman with a solemn face, and with a gleaming bodice on like a cuirass, and her hair up on her head like a casque. "Who is that?"

"Queen Semiramis."

"And who is that?" It was a stout lady with a tiara of diamonds, a red face, and three feathers.

"Queen Victoria, of course."

"And who am I?" She placed her little hand on her breast with a pretty gesture.

"The Queen of hearts," said Floyd, quickly, at which she laughed outright. "Oh! I must not laugh," she said, checking herself and glancing around her with a shocked look. "I forgot."

"You shall. If you don't, you sha'n't know who another queen is."

"No, mamma told me I must not make a bit of noise; it is not style, you know, but you mustn't be so funny."

"Good heavens!" said Floyd.

"Oh! who is this coming?" A lady richly dressed was making her way toward them. "The Queen of Sheba—coming to see Solomon," said Floyd, as she came up to him. "Let me introduce you to a beautiful girl, Sarah Dangerlie," she said, and drew him through the throng toward a door, where he was presented to a tall and strikingly handsome girl and made his bow and a civil speech, to which the young lady responded with one equally polite and important. Other men were pressing around her, to all of whom she made apt and cordial speeches, and Floyd fell back and rejoined his little girl, whose face lit up at his return.

"Oh! I was so afraid you were going away with her."

"And leave you? Never, I'm not so easily disposed of."

"Everyone goes with her. They call her the Queen."

"Do they?"

"Do you like her?"

"Yes."

"You don't," she said, looking at him keenly.

"Yes, she is beautiful."

"Everyone says so."

"She isn't as beautiful as someone else I know," said Floyd, pleasantly.

"Isn't she? As whom?"

Floyd took hold of the child's hand and said, "Let's go and get some supper."

"I don't like her," said the little girl, positively.

"Don't you!" said Floyd. He stopped and glanced across the room toward where the girl had stood. He saw only the gleam of her white shoulders as she disappeared in the crowd surrounded by her admirers.

A little later Floyd met the young lady on the stairway. He had not recognized her, and was passing on when she spoke to him.

"I saw you talking to a little friend of mine," she began, then—"over in the corner," she explained.

"Oh! yes. She is sweet. They interest me. I always feel when I have talked with a child as if I had got as near to the angels as one can get on earth."

"Do you know, I was very anxious to meet you," she said.

"Were you? Thank you. Why?"

"Because of a line of yours I once read."

"I am pleased to have written only one line that attracted your attention," said Floyd, bowing.

"No, no—it was this—

"'The whitest soul of man or saint is black beside a girl's.'"

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"Beside a child's," said Floyd, correcting her.

"Oh! yes, so it is—'beside a child's.'"

Her voice was low and musical. Floyd glanced up and caught her look, and the color deepened in her cheek as the young man suddenly leant a little toward her and gazed earnestly into her eyes, which she dropped, but instantly raised again.

"Yes—good-night," she held out her hand, with a taking gesture and smile.

"Good-night," said Floyd, and passed on up the stairs to the dressing-room. He got his coat and hat and came down the stairway. A group seized him.

"Come to the club," they said. He declined.

"Roast oysters and beer," they said.

"No, I'm going home."

"Are you ill?" asked a friend.

"No, not at all. Why?"

"You look like a man who has seen a spirit."

"Do I? I'm tired, I suppose. Good-night, good-night, gentlemen," and he passed out.

"Perhaps I have," he said as he went down the cold steps into the frozen street.

Floyd went home and tossed about all night. His life was breaking up, he was all at sea. Why had he met her? He was losing the anchor that had held him. "They call her the queen," the little girl had said. She must be. He had seen her soul through her eyes.

Floyd sent her the book which contained the poem from which she had quoted; and she wrote him a note thanking him. It pleased him. It was sympathetic. She invited him to call. He went to see her. She was fine in grain and in look. A closely fitting scarlet gown ornamented by a single glorious red rose which might have grown where it lay, and her soft hair coiled on her small head, as she entered tall and straight and calm, made Floyd involuntarily say to himself, "Yes"—

"She was right," he said, half to himself, half aloud, as he stood gazing at her with inquiring eyes after she had greeted him cordially.

"What was right?" she asked.

"Something a little girl said about you."

"What was it?"

"I will tell you some day, when I know you better."

"Was it a compliment?"

"Yes."

"Tell me now."

"No, wait."

He came to know her better; to know her very well. He did not see her very often, but he thought of her a great deal. He seemed to find in her a sympathy which he needed. It reminded him of the past. He awoke from his lethargy; began to work once more in the old way; mixed among men again; grew brighter. "Henry Floyd is growing younger, instead of older," someone said of him. "His health has been bad," said a doctor. "He is improving. I thought at one time he was going to die." "He is getting rich," said a broker, who had been a schoolmate of his. "I see he has just invented a new something or other to relieve children with hip or ankle-joint disease."

"Yes, and it is a capital thing too, it is being taken up by the profession. I use it. It is a curious thing that he should have hit on that when he is not a surgeon. He had studied anatomy as a sort of fad, as he does everything. One of Haile Tabb's boys was bedridden, and he was a great friend of his, and that set him at it."

"I don't think he's so much of a crank as he used to be," said someone.

The broker who had been his schoolmate met Floyd next day.

"I see you have been having a great stroke of luck," he said.

"Have I?"

"Yes, I see in the papers, that your discovery, or invention, or whatever it was, has been taken up."

"Oh! yes—that. It has."

"I congratulate you."

"Thank you."

"I would not mind looking into that."

"Yes, it is interesting."

"I might take an interest in it."

"Yes, I should think so."

"How much do you ask for it."

"Ask for it? Ask for what?"

"For an interest in it, either a part or the whole."

"What!"

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"You ought to make a good thing out of it—out of your patent."

"My patent! I haven't any patent."

"What! No patent!"

"No. It's for the good of people generally."

"But you got a patent?"

"No."

"Couldn't you get a patent?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'll be bound I'd have got a patent."

"Oh! no, I don't think so."

"I tell you what, you ought to turn your talents to account," said his friend.

"Yes, I know I ought."

"You could be a rich man."

"But I don't care to be rich."

"What! Oh! nonsense. Everyone does."

"I do not. I want to live."

"But you don't live."

"Well, maybe I shall some day."

"You merely exist."

"Why should I want to be rich?"

"To live—to buy what you want."

"I want sympathy, love; can one buy that?"

"Yes—even that."

"No, you cannot. There is only one sort of woman to be bought."

"Well, come and see me sometimes, won't you?"

"Well, no, I'm very much obliged to you; but I don't think I can."

"Why? I have lots of rich men come to my house. You'd find it to your advantage if you'd come."

"Thank you."

"We could make big money together if——"

He paused. Floyd was looking at him.

"Could we? If—what?"

"If you would let me use you."

"Thank you," said Floyd. "Perhaps we could."

"Why won't you come?"

"Well, the fact is, I haven't time. I shall have to wait to get a little richer before I can afford it. Besides I have a standing engagement."

"Oh! no, we won't squeeze you. I tell you what, come up to dinner to-morrow. I'm going to have a fellow there, an awfully rich fellow—want to interest him in some things, and I've invited him down. He is young Router, the son of the great Router, you know who he is?"

"Well, no, I don't believe I do. Good-by. Sorry I can't come; but I have an engagement."

"What is it?"

"To play mumble the peg with some boys. Haile Tabb's boys."

"Oh! hang the boys! Come up to dinner. It is an opportunity you may not have again shortly. Router's awfully successful, and you can interest him. I tell you what I'll do——"

"No, thank you, I'll keep my engagement. Good-by."

"That fellow's either a fool or he is crazy," said his friend, gazing after him as he walked away. "And he's got some sense too. If he'd let me use him I could make money out of him for both of us."

It was not long before Floyd began to be known more widely. He had schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. They were pronounced quixotic; but he kept on. He said he got good out of them if no one else did.

He began to go oftener and oftener to the City, where Miss Dangerlie lived. He did not see a great deal of her; but he wrote to her. He found in her a ready sympathy with his plans. It was not just as it used to be in his earlier love affair, where he used to find himself uplifted and borne along by the strong spirit which had called him from the dead; but if it was not this that he got, it was what contented him. Whatever he suggested, she accepted. He found in her tastes a wonderful similarity with his, and from that he drew strength.

Women in talking of him in connection with her said it was a pity; men said he was lucky.

One evening, at a reception at her house, he was in the gentlemen's dressing-room. It was evidently a lady's apartment which had been devoted for the occasion as a dressing-room. It was quite full at the time. A man, a large fellow, with sleek, short hair, a fat chin, and dazzling waistcoat pulled open a lower drawer in a bureau. Articles of a lady's apparel were dis-

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covered, spotless and neatly arranged. "Shut that drawer instantly," said Floyd, in a low, imperious tone.

"Suppose I don't, what then?"

"I will pitch you out of that window," said Floyd, quietly, moving a step nearer to him. The drawer was closed, and the man turned away.

"Do you know who that was?" asked someone of Floyd.

"No, not the slightest idea."

"That was young Router, the son of the great Router."

"Who is the great Router?"

"The great pork man. His son is the one who is so attentive to Miss Dangerlie."

"I am glad he closed the drawer," said Floyd, quietly.

"He is said to be engaged to her," said the gentleman.

"He is not engaged to her," said Floyd.

Later on he was talking to Miss Dangerlie. He had taken her out of the throng. "Do you know who introduced me to you?" he asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Drivington."

"No, a little girl."

"Who? Why, don't you remember! I am surprised. It was just in the doorway!"

"Oh! yes, I remember well enough. I met a beauty there, but I did not care for her. I met you first on the stairway, and a child introduced me."

"Children interest me, they always admire one," she said.

"They interest me, I always admire them," he said. "They are true."

She was silent, then changed the subject. "A singular little incident befell me this evening," she said. "As I was coming home from a luncheon-party, a wretched woman stopped me and asked me to let her look at me."

"You did it, of course," he said.

She looked at him with her eyes wide open with surprise.

"What do you suppose a man said to me upstairs?" he asked her.

"What?"

"That you were engaged to someone."

"What! That I was engaged! To whom, pray?" She looked incredulous.

"To a fellow I saw up there—Mr. 'Router,' I think he said was his name."

"The idea! Engaged to Mr. Router! You did not believe him, did you?"

"No, of course I did not, I trust you entirely."

She buried her face in the roses she held in her hand, and did not speak. Her other hand rested on the arm of her chair next him. It was fine and white. He laid his on it firmly, and leaning toward her, said, "I beg your pardon for mentioning it. I am not surprised that you are hurt. Forgive me. I could not care for you so much if I did not believe in you."

"It was so kind in you to send me these roses," she said. "Aren't they beautiful?" She turned them round and gazed at them with her face slightly averted.

"Yes, they are, and yet I hate to see them tied that way, I ordered them sent to you loose. I always like to think of you as arranging roses."

"Yes, I like to arrange them myself," she said.

"The fact is, as beautiful as those are, I believe I like better the old-fashioned roses right out of the dew. I suppose it is old association. But I knew an old garden up at an old country place, where my mother used to live as a girl. It used to be filled up with roses, and I always think of the roses there as sweeter than any others in the world."

"Yes, I like the old-fashioned roses best too," she said, with that similarity of taste which always pleased him.

"The next time I come to see you I am going to bring you some of those roses," he said. "My mother used to tell me of my father going out and getting them for her, and I would like you to have some of them."

"Oh! thank you. How far is it from your home?"

"Fifteen or twenty miles."

"But you cannot get them there."

"Oh! yes, I can; the fact is, I own the place." She looked interested. "Oh! It is not worth anything as land," he said, "but I love the association. My mother was brought up there, and I keep up the garden just as it was. You shall have the roses. Some day I want to see you among them." Just then there was a step behind him. She rose.

"Is it ours?" she asked someone over her shoulder.

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"Yes, come along."

Floyd glanced around. It was the son of the great Router.

She turned to Floyd, and said, in an earnest undertone, "I am very sorry; but I had an engagement. Good-by." She held out her hand. Floyd took it and pressed it.

"Good-by," he said, tenderly. "That is all right."

She took the-son-of-the-great-Router's arm.

. . . . . .

One afternoon, a month after Miss Dangerlie's reception, Henry Floyd was packing his trunk. He had just looked at his watch, when there was a ring at the bell. He knew it was the postman, and a soft look came over his face as he reflected that even if he got no letter he would see her within a few hours. A large box of glorious old-fashioned roses was on the floor near him, and a roll of money and a time-table lay beside it. He had ridden thirty miles that morning to get and bring the roses himself for one whom he always thought of in connection with them.

A letter was brought in, and a pleased smile lit up the young man's face as he saw the handwriting. He laid on the side of the trunk a coat that he held, and then sat down on the arm of a chair and opened the letter. His hand stroked it softly as if it were of velvet. He wore a pleased smile as he began to read. Then the smile died away and a startled look took its place. The color faded out of his face, and his mouth closed firmly. When he was through he turned back and read the letter all over again, slowly. It seemed hard to understand; for after a pause he read it over a third time. Then he looked straight before him for a moment, and then slowly tore it up into thin shreds and crumpled them up into his hand. "'An enjoyable episode,'" he quoted under his breath. Ten minutes later he rose from his seat and dropped the crumpled letter into the fireplace. He walked over and put on his hat and coat, and going out, pulled the door firmly behind him. The trunk, partly packed, stood open with the half-folded coat hanging over its edge and with the roses lying by its side.

Floyd walked into the Club and returning quietly the salutations of a group of friends, went over to a rack and drew out a newspaper file with which he passed into another room.

"Announcement of engagement: Router and Dangerlie," was the heading on which his eye rested. "It is stated," ran the paragraph, "that they have been engaged some time, but no announcement has been made until now on the eve of the wedding, owing to the young lady's delicacy of feeling."

That night Henry Floyd wrote a letter. This was the close of it:

"Possibly your recollection may hereafter trouble you. I do not believe it will, but I may have misjudged you in this as I did in other things. I wish to say that I do not hold you accountable in any way. I simply made a mistake."

That night a wretched creature, half beggar, half worse, was standing on the street under a lamp. A man came along. She glanced at him timidly. He was looking at her, but it would not do to speak to him, he was a gentleman going somewhere. His hands were full of roses. He posted a letter in the box, then to her astonishment he stopped at her side, and spoke to her. "Here are some roses for you," he said, "and here is some money. Go home to-night." He pushed the roses and money into her hands, and turning, went back up the dim street.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

In its eulogy of a famous and beloved American, who died the other day, a contemporary newspaper remarked that "he was one of those fortunate creatures who seem never to be compelled to do anything that is contrary to their inclinations." That Mr. Curtis should have so impressed a coeval observer recalls Lowell's estimate of his friend,

> Whose Wit with Fancy arm in arm,
> Masks half its muscle in its skill to charm.

If he seemed to do nothing that he did not wish to do, no doubt it was partly because he brought a gracious performance to even unacceptable tasks; but the other reason may well have been that his inclinations were so uplifted and disciplined that he could afford to follow them, and that in following straightly after duty he had approached that enviable elevation where

> Love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security.

Hardly any better fortune can come to a conscientious man than to find his inclinations fit and feasible to follow. In many cases it happens, through no fault of his, that he cannot do what he wants to. Obligations are laid upon him that he is bound to discharge, and in discharging them he has to turn his face whither he would not choose to go, and do the work that is put before him rather than that his heart is in. But in very many other cases the choice is within his reach, if only he has the manhood to make it and the resolution to stick to it. If there are lions in his path he must have grit enough to drive them out of it, even though that is a tedious process. When the choice is a high choice, and the man is a strong man in earnest, the lions have to move out. The average man, of course, prefers to go round them, even though the détour gets him into byways that are not of his choice.

By far the most potent factor in these days in luring high-minded and able men from doing the work of their choice, is the superior opportunity of money-making in other directions. That avails too often to win born-writers away from letters, and to keep born-statesmen out of politics, and born-preachers out of the pulpit. To most Americans poverty is not absolute but relative; not a matter involving the necessaries and reasonable comforts of life, but the question of living on an equal scale of luxury with one's associates. Many men to whom high-thinking might have been possible have suffered an aversion to plain-living to turn their intellectual energies into more commonplace channels. Many others, who cared little for luxuries for themselves, have drudged and humbled their talents to procure them for their families. It was said not long ago of Beaconsfield, in contrasting him with Salisbury, that "He possessed nothing, and he did not want to possess anything. He never really owned an acre of land in his life, and if he had just enough money for current expenses he was thankful not to be troubled with more."

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If that was truly his disposition it was a superlatively fortunate endowment for an intellectual man who had no mind to do what was contrary to his inclinations.

Inclinations of so high an order that their fulfilment brings contentment and honor, and of so stanch a quality that they can withstand allurements of wealth, ease, or office bought at any cost of independence, are so essentially a part of the individual who possesses them, that they may be accurately and more succinctly defined as character. Men who have such inclinations are not common, but men who follow them out are rare. If Mr. Curtis followed his, it was up the hill and over it. He even voluntarily placed between himself and their fulfilment the gratuitous obstacle of a great debt for which he was neither in law nor in equity responsible. They led him away from allies of life-long association, through much that was hazardous and much that was disagreeable. He followed them with admirable constancy. To have possessed such inclinations was not an incident but an achievement, and to have followed them out was victory — a victory whose richest fruit was that it gave to American citizenship an ideal Independent.

A FAVORITE contemporary explanation of human abilities that are so far out of common that they seem occult, is the suggestion that they indicate the survival of senses or instincts that belonged to man in his earlier stages of development, and were lost as he progressed. The signs of such lost faculties, it is averred, are still to be seen in the lower animals, as when the carrier-pigeon shapes its flight without a compass, or a dog comes home a hundred miles across country without asking the way. The reason why such faculties have been lost to humanity is understood to be that men have ceased to need them. The development of language has permitted some to decay, and the decreased hazards of human existence have made others unnecessary, and they have disappeared through disuse. In their place have come special aptitudes suited to the new conditions of existence, such as the reading faculty, a miracle of optical training, but too common to be wondered at. That, though, fails a little of being a perfect illustration of these substituted faculties, because it is deliberately and methodically acquired. There are other faculties, and the signs and promise of still others, which are more nearly analogous to the lost animal instincts in being a sub-conscious development, incident to the conveniences or the peculiar perils of contemporary human life. One such curious faculty is the familiar ability to awaken at a set time, which is an outgrowth of the multiplication of time-pieces and of the need of acting on the minute.

The existence of a still newer and more curious faculty was noted the other day by a newspaper correspondent, in a dissertation on contemporary existence as studied in the exceptionally contemporaneous city of Chicago. He remarks two developments of it, which he calls the bridge and cable-car instinct. A vast amount of daily local travel in Chicago crosses the Chicago River. But commerce makes constant use of the Chicago River, and the travel across it goes over draw-bridges. The well-known propensity of draw-bridges to be open when you want to cross them is reported to have developed, in some of the inhabitants of Chicago, an instinct that admonishes them when a bridge that they are approaching is about to turn, so that they can hurry and cross it in time. What has stimulated the development of the bridge instinct is that, in Chicago you must usually cross a bridge to catch a train, and to be "bridged" means usually to miss the train.

"In the same way," says the correspondent, "the man with the cable-car instinct can tell when a cable-car is coming, even when the bell does not ring, and so save his life." Of course there is a suggestion of humor about these cases, but there is nothing scientifically amiss about the development they attest. The growth of a cable-car instinct (which in many American cities will be a trolley-car instinct) is likely to be promoted as other instincts are, by the survival of the fittest. Just as the infant monkey who doesn't clutch the limb, falls and is killed, so the American street-babe, whose trolley-car instinct is defective, fails to grow up. Nor is it more to expect of the sub-conscious intelligence to take note of passing cars while the conscious mind is otherwise engrossed, than to

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expect the faculties of a sleeper to measure the lapse of time.

It is only within the present generation that the inability to see an electric current has been a source of peril to man. Surely we are entitled to look for an instinct that will meet that case too, so that a man may perceive what is going through a stray wire before he takes hold of it and gets killed.

THE way in which the word "Pessimism" gets flung about of late shows how much like children the maturest of us are in our relish of a new one. Even short memories run back to a time when it was never heard in speech and seldom met with in writings. But now one encounters it at every turn, in both talk and print; and it is made to serve as the label of almost every expression of discontent with the existing order of things, and of almost every degree of the disposition to contemplate aught in life that is sorrowful.

Of course the abuse of a word is no new fault; and it is one that may easily have too much to do made over it. Never got proportion a scanter courtesy than in some of the exhortations of the purists. But this continued crying out of "Pessimism," "Pessimism," has a gravity much beyond mere verbal extravagance. Agreed as most men are, and as most men always must be, unless the race sinks into utter listlessness, that strict pessimism is a paralyzing philosophy, to clap the term upon every production in art or letters that leaves the reader or beholder at all saddened, is to set a stigma on many things that do not deserve it. And more and worse than this, it is to encourage people to shun consideration of everything but what keeps them individually comfortable and complaisant. Indeed, intimations are not lacking that a state of public opinion is already coming to pass which accounts it an offence to be serious.

It is perhaps in respect of literature that the sensitiveness to pessimism exhibits itself most strikingly. From the prevailing tone of literary criticism one might infer that the first, and often the only question, asked concerning a new book is, "Is it pessimistic?" And in the majority of instances the verdict is one of conviction; so that the complaint is frequently heard that the literature of to-day is tainted with pessimism through and through. Moreover, appeals begin to be addressed to it to purge itself and strive to become cheerful, more like the literature of other times. But the large number of convictions is due, I am persuaded, to the vagueness of the general conception of the crime; and three-fourths of the convicts, had they been examined with more insight, would have been let off.

We have a leading case in that of Thomas Hardy. Since the publication of "Tess" Mr. Hardy has been brought to bar by friend as well as foe, and condemned by both. "Nothing but an abominable pessimist," says the foe. "A genius of great power," says the friend, "but pessimistic." Yet the worst that any observer not grown a little distraught over pessimism will be able to discover in Mr. Hardy is an artist who is much attracted, for purposes of portrayal, to those phases of life which, once accepted as the whole of life, must make men fatalists and may make them pessimists; but which Mr. Hardy himself does not so accept. Unquestionably Mr. Hardy's fondest choice for his canvas is men and women whose fate is almost, or quite, taken out of their own hands by force of temperament and circumstances. Very likely this choice is dictated in part by a cool professional sense that these are the men and women whom he can make most of; that, with powers of the nature and measure that he judges his to be these are the material with which he can best deal. And when not dictated thus, by deliberate selection, his choice is probably made for him by the people themselves. As he sits thinking whom he will next portray, people of the fated sort first press upon him and catch his attention. In other words, Mr. Hardy, like many another artist, is most impressed with the fated section of mankind. But I do not find that he anywhere gives us to understand that this part which most impresses him is the very whole.

If it be anything more than leaving the reader uncomfortable that the charge of pessimism, as commonly laid against current literature, comprises, I am unable to discover on what it is grounded. As with Mr. Hardy, so with most other notable cul-

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prits; their actual commission has not gone beyond this, which, as I have aimed to show in Mr. Hardy's case, is a good safe distance from absolute pessimism. As for absolute pessimism, indeed, I doubt if it is possible for a creative writer ever to come to that. He becomes a creative writer from a natural bent, amounting at its best to a genius for separating men from the mass and individualizing and vivifying them. Under a settled sense that men are mere atoms, and life a mere whirlwind snatching them up and casting them away to destruction, must not his creations grow ridiculous to him the moment they are begun? What folly it would seem to be depicting even a fool, if the artist did not have lurking in him a sense that not all the world are fools, and that for the generality of men it rests with themselves to determine whether they should be fools or not. It is hard to conceive of a novelist writing, for example, from an honest conviction in himself to a like conviction in his readers, that love is a flattering illusion, and lovers the jades of a relentless fate, whipped on, without liberty of choice, to bring new creatures into a world from which it is desirable only to escape. The novelist must needs be keenly alive to the deficiencies of men and to the confusions and perplexities of life; but without a rather exalted conception of humankind, his pen, I should think, must be paralyzed. While seeing "what fools these mortals be," he must still feel, "how like a god."

As to cheerfulness in literature: it would be interesting to know to what particular period people look back who are zealous to restore to literature its cheerier days. The nearest approach to a cheerful period that literature has heretofore enjoyed was the eighteenth century. If it was not then always cheerful, it was at least unfailingly lively and gay. But the eighteenth-century literature pulled down thrones and threw society into the bloodiest revolutions. And it is because only of its destructiveness that a pessimistic literature is deemed so dreadful.

The Elizabethan literature is sometimes described as more than cheerful, even joyous. And so under one aspect it is. It discovers in its makers a relish of life as keen as children's. But so far is it from shunning the dark and sorrowful that it fairly gorges on blood and woful wail. Nor is it in the least solicitous for happy endings; rather oftener than not, the close of the tale leaves the scene piled high with hapless slain. Indeed, a little consideration of the Elizabethan would help very greatly to an apprehension of the shallowness of many of the objections raised against the literature of to-day. No one thinks now of accounting it anything but great; yet it cared as little to leave the reader with pleasant emotions, or to openly put in the hearer's hand at the end of the play, for a souvenir of the performance, a dainty packet of hope, as any literature could.

The truth is that much the larger number of the great productions in literature, of whatever period, exhibit life in its darker phases. They are permeated by a profound sadness. Even the "Iliad," which we commend for its swift, lusty, wholesome sweep and movement, its freedom from morbid introspection, leaves as the deepest of its impressions a melancholy sense of the pitifulness of man. No modern novel searches out life's nethermost blackness as "Measure for Measure," "King Lear," and "Hamlet" do. We class Molière among the comic writers; yet he brings the reflective reader nearer to tears than to laughter. One of the intensest lovers of spiritual beauty was Hawthorne. And yet what newer writer puts a suit of deeper sables on our spirits. Fate nowhere shows sterner and more implacable than with him.

In the matter of mere cheerfulness, then, there is, on the whole, not much difference, I fancy, between the literature of our day and that of other days. In the matter of animation, though, we shall have to allow ourselves to have suffered a loss. Unquestionably literature commands now no such copious flow of animal spirits as it commanded formerly. Still many a reader who accounts himself entirely innocent of a pessimistic disposition, but who has never had his reflections sobered by excursions into the confessedly sportive passages in the older literature, will be quite reconciled to have the vacancy go unfilled. It would be well for the people who are so sensitive to all excesses of gravity to remember that no other part of literature has proved so perishable as the fun.

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FAC-SIMILE BY GAST.

"YOU MUST LEARN TO FORGET."

—See *Apples of Gold*.

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